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Sermons and Addresses

OF

HIS EMINENCE

WILLIAM CARDINAL O'CONNELL

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Sermons and Addresses

EDUCATIONAL IDEALS[1]

My dear Young Friends: —

I am very glad to be able to speak to you to-day. The spell of old memories is upon me as I return to this familiar place and stirs within me a feeling of brotherhood as I come back to find you standing where I stood years ago.

The system by which you have been trained is no theory of educational charlatanry, no course of intellectual empirics, no chain of pedagogical experiments; but a course of training tested, corrected, and justified by the strain and the success of centuries.

In the province of purely intellectual training, you have been equally and singularly fortunate. You have not been allowed the license of choosing a course of studies, a decision which no young man in college curriculum is competent to make.

Had the choice been given you of a wilderness of elective studies ranging from the comprehensive to the merely perfunctory, all alike tending to the goal of an academic degree, it is quite possible that you might, yielding to some youthful impulse, have been deluded into some one-sided, inadequate line of work which would

[1] Address delivered by His Eminence (then Bishop of Portland) to the graduating class of Boston College, June, 1902, and here reproduced in view of its prophetic forecasting of the events of 1914 and since.

have left you in partial mental paralysis to the end of your days.

Young men, you have been fortunate, not only in what you have gained, but also in what you have escaped.

There is a false and perverted ideal of education in the modern world, radically Protestant and Teutonic. The ideal is material, worldly success. The system fostered by it fashions, not men, but money-machines. It is fundamentally and essentially sordid and utilitarian.

Before entering upon this phase of the matter, I desire to say that this is a question of generals and not of particulars, of a system and not of the individuals who may espouse it, of its logical results and not of its accidental ones.

The distinctive traits of a race or of a religion have a momentum and volition of their own, irrespective of the merits of individuals, and the fact that Protestantism is the cherished creed of thousands of sincere and noble men and women, that the Teuton races have their great natural virtues, does not change the fact that the logical tendencies of that creed and the dominant characteristics of those peoples are solidly opposed to the best interests of true Christian civilization.

The system that formerly went by the name, Protestantism, could not stand a year among a logical people. The ultimate results of that system were evident from the first to the Catholic Church, and in the Council of Trent she did not shrink from cutting off all Northern Europe when she saw it ineradicably infected. But the deluded votaries of the new philosophy followed their phantom of intellectual freedom, what they in their simplicity called intelligent examination of the basis of reli-

gion; and the rush down the steep has gone on for three hundred years, until it has pitched into the sea of open infidelity.

The group of theories popularly gathered under the title of Protestantism is nothing more than a discord of denials; a mass of contradictory hypotheses in varying stages of decomposition, living unconsciously upon the few truths borrowed from the old Church, and parading with a brave show to the unlearned under the old-time shibboleth.

The basis of it all is an hypothesis, — that there is no such thing as certainty in religious matters, — in fact, its philosophy abhors certainty as hampering freedom of thought.

When the fundamentals of a religious system are devoid of solidity, what hope can there be of a lasting superstructure?

Hence, with modern Protestantism the hold on the supernatural, the sanction of morality and the basis of ethics are gone; and it is absolutely impossible to build up a true system of education without these things. Christianity considers man as a creature of God to be moulded to the ideal of Christian manhood, which is Christ, the Lord. But how can this sublime ideal hold its place when the whole basis of the supernatural has become a matter of doubt and theory?

All these things were clear long ago to the leading exponents of the system. They were compelled to abandon the old-time ideal of manhood because it embraced certain things which they did not believe. They had to fashion a workable and utterly unsupernatural ideal of manhood, a code of natural honor, a principle of civil rectitude, the apotheosis of external respectability.

Examining the state of religious thought to-day outside the Catholic Church in dispassionate estimate, what is there for man? Nothing but bare mental acumen and the theory of material progress. So Protestantism has taken these, the human intelligence and the material world, has analyzed and refined them, and now holds forth the result as the sum of all that is best and noblest in the life of man.

It places before the young man, at the crucial time of his life, as the one thing worthy the striving, the one goal of all endeavor, the one really desirable thing in life, a purely human ideal. It holds up to him as an inspiration, as heroes and demigods, men whose life-work has been money-getting, men whose boast it is to be moved by naught except figures. All this is solemnly put forth and sedulously cultivated in the mind of the young man as the ideal life.

I have said that this system is not only Protestant, but also Teutonic. The two words are co-sympathetic. The illogical, material Teutonic mind lent itself easily to Protestantism.

The Teuton lives in the frigid North. Nature gives him little; life is hard, and toil and material labor must supply for Nature's frugality. The sky is niggard of sunshine, and when it is most generous the mists and the forests defraud him of much of its brightness. His heart is cold and his vision hazy — except to feel and to see keenly what he must provide for his sustenance during the long, cold winter.

The Latin lives in sunshine. Nature is bountiful and provides all. Winter there is none, the sun works upon the fertile earth, and man almost without labor rejoices in plenty. His mind is clear, for he knows neither mists

nor forests, in his heart is red, bounding blood, and so by nature he inherits a logical mind and a heart full of sentiment. Nature provides for his sustenance and he is free to think and feel for the immaterial and the ideal.

The Teuton civilization is in itself material. The Latin civilization is ideal, artistic. Whatever of the immaterial has entered into the Teuton has come by contact with the Latin. The Roman missionaries brought to the cold North not only the religion of Rome, but the civilization of Rome, its arts, its architecture; and if the Teuton has anything of the elevating sentiments which have lifted him above his natural utilitarianism, it is due to the fact that the Catholic Church, with her Latin humanities, has brought him to the light of faith and the sunlight of Italy.

When that light of faith went out, as it did when England and all Northern Europe shut themselves off from Rome, the old materialism and utilitarianism, the illogic and the unreason in religion, came back to the Teuton and left him as he is to-day — faithless, with his eyes and his heart turned earthward, and with only the veneer of Latin civilization left to cover his natural uncouthness.

Where the Catholic Church prevails, not in name, but in reality, there one is sure to find, along with the highest ideals of religion, the best monuments of human genius; where she is less influential there just as surely are to be found the worship of mammon, the dross of earthly wealth, and the lack of that sublime inspiration of the ideal which creates true genius.

To one who knows the characteristics of both peoples, there cannot be the shadow of a doubt as to the immeasurable superiority of the Southern peoples over the Northern in everything except physical force and money.

We are often told: Look at the Catholic countries! Where are they in the march of progress? And look at the Protestant nations, how prosperous they are! As if prosperity meant superiority and intellectual strength! What is the origin of this mistaken notion? It is the product of the same hideous principle of the survival of the fittest, that is, the strongest in brute force; the echo of the maxims, crush and win, kill and occupy, that have lifted the Teutonic race to its bad eminence among the nations, to the position of a cruel and heartless oppressor of every weaker race, grasping with rapacious hand the fruit of their higher genius. It is this principle of national life that has made that race the most cordially hated in the world, and it will be fortunate if the same principles, engrafted upon our American life, do not produce like consequences for our own land.

Consider the effect of these principles upon our higher institutions of learning. The studies which were formerly looked upon as the indispensable accomplishments of a gentleman are by the pernicious license of eclectic courses relegated to the same desuetude to which the Teuton relegates his more refined and cultured Southern brother.

Over the door of this college may be read its motto, the same that is carved over the portals of the Roman College founded centuries ago: "Religioni et Bonis Artibus." This and this alone can be the motto and ideal of every true college and university, and no amount of money or piles of brick and stone can change it.

You will, therefore, observe that two systems of education, radically different and inevitably opposed, occupy the field of modern thought. You must choose one or the other with its logical consequences.

The Catholic system is designed to educate man, a

creature of moral and intellectual faculties, to fulfill his duties and responsibilities to the best that is in him, for the God who made him. The Protestant system aims to educate man, a creature of mind, whose moral faculty must be subordinated to worldly success. Since in this philosophy the moral law is destitute of any adequate sanction, the mind alone is trained, as if man had no accountableness except to himself and his own idea of justice and honor.

Stripped of all its finery, its high-colored phrases, there is the system of education which is offered to you in place of a Catholic ideal and code of action and of life.

We may say without exaggeration that this philosophy of Protestantism has had its way and an open field of action. It has done what it would with the nations that adopted its principles. Supposing, what is not true, that we conceded to it all the works of science in these later days, all the inventions that have revolutionized time and space and multiplied the sum of human conveniences. Is the last word then said? Science, especially in the century just gone, has indeed worked marvels. It is a fair tree and plentiful has been the fruitage, rich and satisfying to the wants of man who has awaited its blossoming and maturity with such expectation.

The moral condition of society, the criminal statistics, the triumph of might over right, these comprise the reverse of the picture. Passing over the misery of the voiceless millions who can never have culture of the mind, but who need God to make life supportable and society safe, it needs but a glance at the condition of the modern world to show the ineffable sorrow and bitterness that weigh down man, and the immense void in his heart.

Man has been able to subjugate matter and fashion

it to his uses. But to the great questions that agitate the soul of man science gives no answer. The thirst for truth, for the good, for the infinite, is not allayed by the accumulation of life's conveniences, and these only lull to sleep the moral anguish in the depths of the human heart. So does the Supreme Pontiff in his last great Encyclical point out with sureness the weakness of any system of life or education that ignores religion.

There are certain elemental forces of nature whose terrific strength does not often come home to us. We watch the thin thread of vapor curling from the crater of the volcano, and we say that it is asleep. Yes, it is asleep, while the furious furnaces below are held in check by the ponderous rock strata above them. But when the foundations of the mountain are shaken, when the fissure is opened that lets the sea into that fiery heart, then begins the process of the gathering might of steam. Outwardly there is little sign, a low rumble, a puff of vapor. But the time comes when the awful forces of destruction burst through the rock barriers and sweep onward with the awful forces of demoniac energy. You know the results.

Human nature is an elemental force with awful possibilities and potentialities for evil unless it is held in check and balanced by the mighty power of religion. If the foundations are once shaken, the great hope of eternity, the sanction of the moral law removed from the heart of man, terrible consequences are sure to come.

For a long time there is no sign, while the hidden forces gather strength; there is only the far-off rumble of the godless multitude, only the thin vapor of social unrest, but the time will come when it will burst forth, when the multitude has worked out the problem for

itself, and may the strong hand of God bear up the men who live in that awful time!

Amid all this, I would have you note that the marvels of science, the conquest of the material world, are good in themselves. Science has but unlocked the portals of the vast treasure-house wherein a wise Providence had stored up riches for the use of man, and it all comes about in God's own time and season. Likewise in the prosperity of the nation we all share; in the throb of the mighty engine, in the tumult of the mart, in the restless surge of commerce by which man earns the indispensable daily bread. But above all this are the higher things which man may not forget and truly live.

Therefore, my young friends, believe me when I say that you have much to be thankful for in the true ideal and right formation of character which you have gained within these walls, and you may cheerfully count as well lost many other good and useful accessories, the external grandeur, the parade of academic wealth, since you could not have these without at the same time absorbing the contagion of a system of education that is radically wrong.

You will now go forth to your life-work, whatever it may be, whether to enact an important part in the drama of existence or to plod away in a small one. But in any case I would not have you sit down as drones or wax hopeless in the face of opposition, the great achievements of others, and the vast intricacy of modern life and action. Remember this, that for any good result there must be self-reliance and a great deal of hard and persistent work. Remember, too, that you know as yet very little about yourselves. No man knows what is in him, what possibilities, what power for good, until he has tried and tried long. In a manner, you are a new force in the world.

Every young man is. The men who loom large in the history of to-day are but the boys of yesterday.

Your Church, in this land of unutterable promise, of magnificent achievement, of glorious future, your Church calls upon you to comport yourselves as her soldiers and fight manfully in life, that the glory which comes to well-done work may be her glory, that you may renew in your own lives the history of those mighty men of past times, who in every order of society, in every class and line of action, have wrought out their own lives in patience and hope, and so glorified their great Mother. Look back and take note of them, my young friends, and remember that as their Church and their countries counted upon them, and counted wisely, so your Church and your nation, our country, count upon you, and God grant that these hopes may not be in vain. To redeem this country from the threatening danger of a barbarous ideal and bring it to a civilization that is Roman is a work to which each graduate of a Catholic college may be expected to lend his best energies.

The saint works, the man of the world works, all who do anything for God and for themselves work, and work hard; only the drone is idle.

You may fail as far as men are concerned. Men honor the worker who has won fame and recognition; they have no time for the many who have labored well and have failed of earthly reward. It is given to few to reach the top in any line of striving.

But in the Christian sense, in the economy of God, no man who is true to his God and to himself can ever fail.

Strive manfully in life; do your part well; it is your duty; but do not forget that worldly success is always disappointing. The giants of this world's achievements are

often not happy men. The only things that can sweeten life are the faith, the manhood, the conscious rectitude, the sterling integrity that have been here inculcated in you. May this truth guide you through life; may it sweeten your hours of triumph and strengthen your days of adversity; may it be ever with you to the end, the best of this world's gifts, the grandest, noblest thing that life holds for man, the true ideal of Catholic education and the model of Christian manhood.

THE TOWER ELOQUENT [1]

I AM happy to be able to offer my sincere congratulations to the great architect [2] who to the honor of the whole nation has reared this stately tower, majestic in its strength, noble in its simplicity.

Art has a language all its own which clearer than any words speaks straight to the human heart. This wondrous power of expression, architecture more than any other art has always possessed. It was most natural that in the Church of Christ who spoke in parables this language was from the beginning employed to turn the hearts of men from the cares and the strife of earth to the consideration of their high destiny.

The cathedrals of old Europe are so many records filled with all the imagery and symbolism that taught men the peace and beauty of the Kingdom of God.

And this tower, though no sacred shrine, still, though its stones are dumb, teaches to all who behold it a noble lesson, not merely of strength and beauty, but of perennial faith and hope.

Like a huge giant it stands secure, poised upon the broad and strong shoulders of the Old Custom House. And from that base it lifts its majestic height, stone upon stone, until it reaches its lofty eminence.

It does not spurn the ancient landmark at its feet, but rests upon it with perfect security and confidence. Then,

[1] Address at formal opening of the new Custom House, Boston, January 22, 1915.

[2] The late Robert S.Peabody.

rising sublimely above it, it points its pinnacle straight up into the firmament, where God abides. Raised high above the noise and turmoil of the city streets, it thus speaks its noble message: —

On the strong foundations of a solid experience build all your high hopes of new achievement. What is ancient must aid what is modern. They stand not apart, but each must aid the other — the old by the strength of its foundations — the new by the boldness of its hopes and aspirations.

Man lives on earth, but every kind thought and noble deed builds higher the soul of his vision and his power.

Man's feet rest upon the earth, but his soul, like the pinnacle of this noble tower, is striving ever to peer beyond the clouds of doubt into the perfect serenity of heaven by faith and hope. Thus, this living monument teaches the sublime lesson of all mortal life.

THE POWER OF FAITH[1]

WHAT a pleasing sight in the eyes of God is this sanctified gathering of men of faith and conviction, made clean and fed with the Bread of Angels!

When we think of the horrors which God witnesses over half the world, surely what He looks down upon here must be doubly gratifying to His divine heart.

The influence of this retreat is not confined to those who have made it; it has a power outside of and beyond yourselves that is incalculable. At a time when pagans knew only passion, selfishness, and hate, they beheld the opposite virtues in the lives of the Christians about them and said among themselves, "See how these Christians love one another." The very sight of Christian virtue was a great lesson.

So now, when the virtue of faith seems utterly lost to millions about us, when there is little to be seen but skepticism and doubt, and the sneer of pseudo-science, which have succeeded in emptying hundreds of churches, but have failed utterly to help one man to live better and to die easier, day after day for months past the capacity of our churches has been taxed to the utmost by crowds of men from every walk of life and every race in the land, before and after days of hard work, sacrificing their needed rest and recreation to gather at the altar and listen to the sublime lessons of Christian duty. What can unbelievers say but this: "See how these men believe! What a wonderful thing is faith!"

[1] Address at conclusion of retreat held for the members of the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston, in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Palm Sunday, March 28, 1915.

Such influences move the world. Even the envy they arouse is a tribute to their power. You cannot soon forget the lessons learned, the grace and strength acquired in this retreat. Though life is filled with difficulties, there is not one that this retreat has failed to solve for you. Though life is beset with alluring temptations, there is not one that grace does not enable you to overcome. During these days you have meditated on yourselves, on the world, on life. Now you know them well, and that knowledge is a tremendous power. If you are true to that knowledge you will never know defeat. God is with you. If you can only see Him always at your side, life will hold no terrors, no problems.

A Belgian soldier at Ypres was sinking under an onrush of the enemy that seemed utterly overpowering. His head drooped, his face mirrored his despair. He sank back against the trench and his lips tremblingly framed the sad thoughts of his depressed soul: "Of what use is it to struggle? What can I do alone?" He looked up and saw the figure of his heroic King, sad-eyed but unconquerable.

"You are not alone," said the King; "I am here with you."

That was enough. The faltering soldier became a hero.

You, too, my friends, feel from time to time the bitterness of the struggle for God and faith and truth. You, too, sometimes sink disheartened in the trenches, looking out upon what seems an implacable and overwhelming foe. But you have only to open your eyes to see that there beside you, living and life-giving, is your King.

You have seen Him to-day. He is with you now.

Trust Him; stand with Him; He is your God. He will never leave you unless you drive Him forth by sin. Take to-day the sacred palm, bear it as a pledge of Christ's victory over sin, and may it be also the pledge of your eternal triumph and a blessed eternity with Him.

THE UNIVERSITY'S FUNCTION[1]

We stand to-day at the beginning of a new era in the history of higher Catholic education in America. Five and twenty years ago men and women, energetically devoted to the interests of the Church, gathered about the foundations of our national University. To-day we are witnesses to the magnificent progress with which God, in His loving Providence, has blessed the institution thus begun. The intervening years, it is true, have been years of labor and of sacrifice, but of remarkable success withal.

Standing here, on this quarter-century anniversary day, we rejoice and gladly acknowledge our gratitude for the goodly heritage these years have bequeathed to us. But we also look forward with much solemn thought to the years to come and to the work still before us.

Institutions, like individuals, have their duties and their responsibilities, and both may hope to succeed only on condition that they take careful thought of these duties and responsibilities. At the opening, then, of this new era in the life of our great institution we may well consider it imperative for us to remind ourselves of the ideals which gave our University existence, and to fix firmly in our minds true ideas of the scope and the larger, even national, duties and responsibilities of a Catholic University.

[1] Opening address at the academic exercises held in the new National Theater in Washington, D. C., on Thursday afternoon, April 15, 1915, at the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the Catholic University of America.

Let us begin by recalling that the University is, first of all, a home of culture, a center whence culture radiates through the country. Its first office is to mould men of culture, of learning, and of trained habits of mind, men of large views and of broad sympathies, men of careful and sound judgment, men of refined manners, tastes, and interests; men, above all, of noble ideals and of high standards of life.

By the exercise of this office it really becomes a training school for the whole nation. The men thus trained, going out into the world, become apostles to all the people. That which they have acquired they disseminate, even, at times, without conscious or deliberate effort. Men of education and of higher position in life, they are, consequently, men of influence, men whose very habits beget imitation. Through these, then, the University determines, we may say, both the quantity and the quality of a nation's culture. As it forms its students, so does it form the nation; as it does its work well or badly, so does the whole nation gain or lose.

The University, however, is much more to the country than a disseminator of culture; it has another and more important office to fulfill. It is the training school for those who later are to wield great power in the everyday life of the nation. The University trains the future legislators, jurists, educators, and journalists, and imparts to them the knowledge and inculcates the principles which they later, in their high positions of power, will apply. It unfolds for them the story of the past; of the rise and fall of empires, of the success and failure of great movements, of the far-reaching consequences of various policies, and so interprets for them the lessons of the world's experience.

Through its courses in political science it explains to them the origin and the nature of law and of government, the rights and the duties of citizenship, the purpose and the functions of the State, and so prepares them in their attitude towards civic affairs. In the courses of social science it tells them of the vital problems of the social body, explains the principles of conduct involved in the varied social and industrial relations of the individual, and suggests remedies for the many economic, moral, and social ills which afflict the nation.

In the school of pedagogy it forms the minds of the future educators on the matter of educational ideas and indicates the principles and the methods to be applied to the nation's schools. Finally, in the classes of philosophy, it imparts deep and fundamental notions on the questions of the nature and the destiny of man and the relation of human institutions to both.

So, it forms the future men of power and in great measure determines beforehand the character of their public service. As a training school, then, of public leaders, the University is bound to be a great force and to exercise a tremendous influence in the affairs of the nation.

It would be difficult, in fact, to overestimate this influence. Through the men it trains and sends out into the world, as also through the writings, addresses, and public activities of its teachers, it in great measure dominates the lives of the people, and even fashions the character and destiny of the nation. It reaches out into every remotest corner and into every department of the nation's life, and thus all classes, from the men who sit in the highest courts and legislative halls, down to the little children at their desks in the rural school, fall directly

or indirectly under its sway, and consciously or unconsciously live out their lives under its all-directing influence.

The University, therefore, may well consider that it has serious business in hand, and that it is burdened with heavy responsibilities. The whole nation is deeply interested, and looks on with anxious eyes, trusting but insistent. Happily, this truth is too manifest to need more than passing notice. Certain aspects of it, however, because of their special importance, call for considerable emphasis.

Thus, the University is under heavy obligation to be practical, to keep in close touch with the conditions and problems of the country it serves, and to develop along lines suggested by these conditions and problems. This duty is the more to be emphasized because of the ordinary tendency of university training to isolate the student from the world of the common people, and because of the danger, always present, of setting a value upon learning for its own sake rather than for its bearing upon the practical concerns of life.

It should be, then, not only a seat of learning, but a seat of such learning as will best promote the welfare of the people. Only thus can it be truly at home in the land, and merit popular encouragement and support.

If we examine the Universities of the Old World we shall find them strong and productive only in so far as they accept and act upon this principle. The worth of every University is measured by the closeness of its contact with the body politic and by the success with which it meets the nation's needs. In every age thoughtful men have recognized this fact, and the story of university reform is the story of earnest endeavors to identify these

centers of culture and learning more intimately with the interests of the whole people.

The University must be an institution for the people, keenly alive to the people's needs, devoted heart and soul to the people's advancement politically, socially, and morally. It must ever concern itself deeply and sincerely with the problems of the day, keep well informed of all great movements, and hold itself steadily to the task of grappling with present difficulties and threatening evils.

To the University's moulding influence the country sends its chosen youth; these the University must so direct and inspire that on their return to the world of active life the country may recognize them as its own, citizens of unmistakable worth, men for the people and men for the times.

As the University should be practical, so also it should be conservative; it should hold in high consideration all that the past has bequeathed to the nation, including naturally the nation's genius, character, and traditions. The human race is centuries old. Each epoch has had its struggles, some leading to failure, some to triumph, some still unsettled, the perplexing heritage of every age; but all have begotten examples of noble manhood; all have led to the accumulation of rich funds of knowledge and to the working out of high principles and splendid ideals.

These constitute a precious inheritance, a veritable treasure and a most helpful means to happiness and success. These the University must revere and preserve, their benign influence it must foster and diffuse over the face of the land.

Each family of the race has, also, its own proper heritage. Each nation in its evolution has developed institutions, originated laws, formed ideals, worked out far-

extending principles and policies and, even through misfortunes and errors, has wrought glorious achievements, and produced noble types of cultured and heroic citizenship. It has also developed a character or genius or spirit, call it what we choose, which is the strength of the national life, and which may not be lost or impaired without far-reaching evil consequences.

The University should hold itself under obligation to treasure and to conserve these results of past labors, sacrifices, and experiences. It should aim to build up the future on the past, upon the institutions, customs, convictions, and ideals, dearly purchased and handed on by those who served the nation through by-gone years. Inspiration and guidance it should seek in the great deeds, noble labors, and splendid victories of other days. It should be, as some one has said, the organ of memory for a country, that what is fairest and truest in the nation's past may be preserved and handed on for the ever more glorious up-building of the nation.

To what the past thus gives it must add present achievement. It would be pusillanimous to make a fetish of the past. With the heritage of the ages no people may be content. New conditions create new needs, new problems, and, not least, new opportunities. Life, too, as it advances, gives new knowledge and new wisdom. The past alone will not suffice. But unfortunate would that nation be which would rashly break with the past and cast aside either carelessly or impatiently the fruits of labor and experience. The University, then, must be progressive, but it must be prudent: it must protect the nation against rashness and must count it a sacred duty to honor and cherish the nation's heritage from the past.

Here in our own American commonwealth, we Catho-

lics are deeply interested in university education for the simple reason that as loyal American citizens we have deeply at heart whatever is of vital concern to the Church and the Nation. As devoted members of the Church, we are anxious to promote the welfare of the Church, and we know that one way of serving this end is by promoting the welfare of the country. Our very strength in the land and our intimacy with the various phases of the country's life fortify and deepen our concern for the country's welfare.

Not so long ago we were few in numbers and had scant opportunities for material betterment. Virulent opposition made struggle and sacrifice the necessary conditions for our progress. To-day we stand before the country in all the power and grandeur of our giant growth. Our temples of worship, our schools, our cross-crowned homes and asylums devoted to every need of humanity, cover the land from shore to shore. Sixteen millions in number, we share largely in the privileges and responsibilities of citizenship, and through our leaders help in a special way to discharge the national functions and to further national ambitions.

Being thus intimately identified with the nation's life and constituting so large a portion of its people, we cannot be indifferent to its interests. Whatever affects the country's welfare affects us no less than our fellow countrymen of other religious beliefs. Our country's problems are ours; its needs are our needs, and in its destinies are wrapped up our own. Great social, economic, and moral questions, because of the tremendous proportions and the far-reaching importance they have assumed, are to-day causing grave concern to the thoughtful and sober-minded. They are questions which we, too, must

meet not only as patriotic Americans whose national welfare is at stake, but as loyal Catholics whose fundamental beliefs are involved and, in some instances, endangered.

A double interest, then, we have in the welfare of the country, an interest both Catholic and American, and only the stronger for being double. The existence of this Catholic University is an evidence quite as much of our interest in our country as of our interest in our Church. Its office, as we understand it, is to be a strong force for the welfare of the Church and State, to train great leaders for the service of both, — men of broad views and sympathies, men of deep convictions, high ideals, and noble purposes, whose influence will be always for humanity's greatest good, and who will bring to the solution of every complicated situation the best principles and methods that science and religion can suggest.

The country, then, quite as much as the Church, has reason to desire that this Catholic University should fulfill well its office, and meet generously its responsibilities. Both Church and Nation are anxious that it should sustain and develop culture and refinement among the people, and that it should send out trained men keenly alive to the country's needs, and provided with the best methods and sanest principles wherewith to meet these needs. That it will not fail, we may well believe.

The Church, whose favor and protection it enjoys, has ever been the patron of learning and the custodian of civilization. Her interest and her success in university training are well attested. Paris, Oxford, Cambridge, Bologna, Leipsic, and Louvain, — all are hers. No other institution in our country so well knows the people's needs, because none other so closely as she is in touch with the people's life.

Only let this University be true to its office and responsibilities and no single force can work greater good for the country. To be thus true it must be in perfect harmony, not only with the spirit of faith, but with the spirit of democracy and the spirit of progress which characterize the American people. It must be in accord with American genius and character, guided by the absolute security of the spirit of God manifested by the teaching of the Holy See.

While perpetuating and emphasizing the precious traditions of the Church, her inspirations, her approved civilizing principles, and her lessons of long experience, she must be also insistent on the preservation of all the glories, all the best institutions and inspirations which a century of effort has won for the American commonwealth.

All this, we know, our University sacredly engages itself to do, and so we are warranted in saying that, in the truest sense, it is and will continue to be an American Catholic University, — the great protector and promoter of true Catholicity, the great protector and promoter of true Americanism. Thus, both Catholic and American, it will be universal and national. Its national sentiment and trend will give it local force. Its Catholicity will keep it in constant and unerring touch with that tremendous spiritual world-power which has maintained the whole truth, among all nations, in all ages, the Chair of Peter.

Twenty-five years are scarcely a day in the great life which awaits our Catholic University of America. But that brief day has been blessed in many ways by God's Providence and Wisdom. That God may continue to protect and guide it through all its glorious existence is our fervent prayer to-day.

FALSE AMERICANISM[1]

THE work you have accomplished this season has been most creditable, not only in what has been done, but in the manner and method of accomplishment. Straight, open, and fair, as befits men who have the truth and are working for principle, you have stated your position clearly and carried it into effect, never descending to the level of your antagonists, who, the moment they see our good cause making progress, begin to employ the methods of the braggart and the bully, mistaking abuse for argument.

If nothing else had been accomplished, there is reason for congratulation in this, that you have prevented the enactment of an amendment,[2] which would be as much of a disgrace to Massachusetts as her old-time "Blue Laws" were. I do not intend to dilate on the men and methods behind this attack upon us. They are welcome to all their spite and bitterness; we want none of it. We shall stand just where we are for what belongs to us. Not a hair's breadth less will we take, and we demand not a shade more. All the insults, threats, and billingsgate to which these people resort will only serve to show that, as is not unusual, we are welcome to fight and work for this country, but are not supposed to ask for our legitimate rights.

[1] Address at a meeting of laymen for the seventh annual convention of the Catholic Federation of the Archdiocese of Boston, at St. Alphonsus' Hall, Roxbury, May 2, 1915.

[2] Sectarian amendment to the State Constitution concerning appropriations for Catholic institutions.

Those who feel that way about us condemn themselves without a word from us. They may talk forever, but they know less about democracy than the last Oriental immigrant landed on our shores. All this sound and fury about our religion and the Pope and the Vatican is merely a cloak for selfish scheming. What do they know about religion? Not one in ten thousand of their best educated men knows what he is talking about when he discusses Catholicism. As for the rank and file of them, their ignorance is simply pitiable.

But, I repeat, all this talk is merely a cloak. They are merely trying by this noisy twaddle to cover up the real point — that they want everything, including what is ours, for themselves alone. According to their view, you may work in their sewers or mills, but must never even hope that your children will take the honorable share of civic life which you are earning for them by your loyalty to the country, your industry, and your willingness to share the dangers and burdens which entitle you to reward.

When we sift the mass of clamor and abuse heaped up by these self-styled Americans, we find that the active principle of it all is selfishness and jealousy, the two main causes of all the evil in the world, and particularly of the awful war that is now destroying Europe. Now, let me say to them, once for all: —

"We are not deceived by your talk. We are not going to let you stir up our people to an anger of retaliation, though you richly deserve it.

"We are going to keep our good humor, because we know that hundreds of thousands of our non-Catholic neighbors are our good friends and are thoroughly ashamed of this miserable attempt to weaken all the

best forces of order and law. But you will not intimidate us for one moment.

"If you think our people are asking for anything undue, argue with us, reason with us. But if you attempt to browbeat us, you are wasting time and energy. When you try to put all this unjust, bitter, and vulgar bigotry and misrepresentation on the basis of religion, we content ourselves with informing you that you do not even know yet what religion means.

"There is no Pope, no Cardinal, no Bishop, no Jesuit in disguise behind our men. They have intelligence and manhood, and therefore understand their rightful position — and they intend to defend that position."

I stand on this platform to-day simply as an American citizen. I was born here in Massachusetts. My family fought for the preservation of the Union and has suffered for the cause of freedom. And as an American citizen, I call upon all you men here to stand firm against this false Americanism, to stand firm for your faith and civil rights, and all true Americans will stand with you.

RELIABLE LEADERS[1]

You do well, Sir Knights, to gather here this morning to ask God's light and assistance in the deliberations of your annual convention.

The character and trend of your association have become matters of manifold importance. The selection of those who are to be put in charge of your organization, who are to guide its action and control its destiny, is no trivial affair. It is fraught with many possibilities for good or evil, and, therefore, must be a matter of great concern, not to you only, but to all the community. For there can be no doubt that the character and quality of the leaders beget imitation in the ranks. Either they stimulate to new energies, arouse to higher ideals, quicken to better accomplishment of duties, or they allow indifference and decadence to sap the pristine vigor of the organization. Either they are eager to heed and follow wise and spiritual counsel, or they go their own way in folly.

Surely such a choice cannot be a matter of indifference either to you or to me, — to what you represent or what I represent. In the past your path has been well chosen. We feel confident that you realize too well your responsibility to take risks. There are many signs giving evidence that your importance in the community is growing; your field of benevolent activity is widening, and you have become a target for evil darts. You have

[1] Address to the Knights of Columbus of Massachusetts, at St. Cecilia's Church, Boston, May 11, 1915.

no need now to be reminded that just in proportion to your fidelity to the purposes and ideals of your Order you must be prepared to encounter antagonism and suspicion. Only the men and measures that succeed are bound to meet enmity and antagonism. So you may congratulate yourselves that at last you have become important enough to be worthy of calumny.

When an organization is innocent of evil, and intent only on good, opposition, far from hurting it, only strengthens it.

You have nothing to fear from misrepresentation, but it must, nevertheless, remind you that you are being followed closely and watched narrowly. That is perhaps uncomfortable, but it will do you more good than harm, for it will show you the need of rousing yourselves to your best endeavors. Put your most reliable men at the front, stand more and more closely to your Holy Mother, the Church, your sure guide, and then march securely on to ever-increasing usefulness and vigor, — growing more faithful in spirit as your influence grows. Remember that, as I have often told you before, you are a Catholic organization, pure and simple, in your allegiance and faith, and an American Order in your true patriotism.

I have just finished reading the address of the President of the United States delivered at Philadelphia,[1] and that address ought to be read in ringing tones at your convention and at the meetings of every organization in America.

Here is an expression of sentiment universal in sympathy and lofty in its appeal for human brotherhood. It makes our love for America greater because it founds

[1] Address at Convention Hall, Philadelphia, May 10, 1915.

itself on justice and truth and eliminates sectional jealousy and discord.

It is the utterance of a noble heart and truly illuminated mind. It is thoroughly catholic and national. God bless our calm, noble, and high-minded President!

God and country, — that is your watchword. Be faithful to it and God's blessing will be upon you.

FAITH AND CITIZENSHIP[1]

My purpose in attending this meeting to-night is to encourage a greater interest in Federation on the part of the Catholics of Lowell. The Federation is an organization intended to increase the love for religion in the hearts of Catholics, and to make better known and better understood the doctrines and principles of our faith by those who are not Catholics.

This united action is bound to result in a more enduring spirit of faith and in a better citizenship. We are working not only for the progress of the Church, but for the welfare of the country. Of all the countries in the world the stability of our nation depends most upon the uprightness and morality of its citizens; and uprightness and morality depend upon one thing alone, — religion.

The stability of this Government does not depend upon learning and philosophy, but upon the realization by its citizens that in all their actions they are responsible to God.

There was no lack of philosophy and scientific learning in the countries now at one another's throats, while the whole structure of international law and civilization is tottering under the greatest blow it has ever received.

There was no lack of international pacts, and agreements, and treaties in every country in Europe now locked in a life-and-death struggle. They boasted of their enlightenment and culture. But we have, nevertheless, seen agreements torn into fragments and treaties disregarded as scraps of paper.

[1] Address to the Federation of Catholic Societies in Associate Hall, Lowell, May 16, 1915.

Of what avail, then, is the boasting of learning and enlightenment? It is not knowledge of principles that constitutes morality. It is the will and determination to follow right principles and not merely selfish ones. That power which can move the national will at all times, even under the stress and strain of crises, to follow right and law comes from religious training alone.

Federation, therefore, safeguards the power and stability of the State by strengthening the sense of moral obligation toward the Government and toward humanity. But it also seeks to make clearer to those who are not of the fold the meaning and purport of the Catholic Faith.

That there is a most singular and surprising lack of knowledge with regard to our religious principles and our position is a fact which is, alas, only too clear. Most of the current information is gathered from tainted sources, or inherited prejudices, or, what is equally common, from malignant and vicious panderers to bigotry, men who trade upon the credulity of others for purely selfish purposes.

Such people not only fail to understand our position, — they do not wish to understand, — and they are determined not to allow others to understand.

That there should be such people in a community calling itself enlightened is a mystery. But the mystery is here, and it is a very disagreeable fact. All this is the potent cause of needless divisions and discord that injure the harmony which ought to exist between fellow citizens.

The situation resolves itself into this: Catholics discovered this country, labored for its upbuilding, helped to frame its Constitution, gave their energies to develop

its material progress, and gave their lives for its security and permanence.

For all this, which they are ready to do all over again to-morrow, they demand equal rights guaranteed by the laws and constitutions of State and country.

A little, noisy group of self-constituted guardians of liberty thrust themselves forward with all the assurance of the "three tailors of Tooley Street" to say, "We, the people of the United States, impose our veto." Such effrontery and insolence would be inconceivable were they not a fact.

Not only do they dare attempt to make the Constitution a scrap of paper, but they flood the country with infamous and vulgar literature, full of indecency and calumny. They are, of course, not foolish enough to believe these things, but they know that there are thousands of men and women whose whole mental outfit seems to be antagonism to everything Catholic, and they trade upon these poor ignorant dupes for their own selfish ends and purposes.

Now it is the duty not only of every Catholic, but of every honest man, to make the truth known, to state precisely the position of Catholics in the country, and to put to shame this miserable attempt to arouse racial and religious antagonisms. We want every one to have his legal and constitutional rights, and we shall insist upon having ours.

This, in a word, is the purpose of Federation, and every American citizen who understands what liberty means must rejoice that for the sake of public morality and righteousness, and for the safeguarding of the permanency of this nation, there is such an organization for justice and right.

THE CHILD'S TRAINING

To the Reverend Clergy and People of the Diocese, Health and Benediction.

Among the manifold instances of the love of our Blessed Lord for His creatures, His exceeding affection and solicitude for children stand out conspicuously in the Gospel accounts of His public life.

It is easy to understand the reason for this. Children have every quality that appeals to the heart of Christ: innocence, purity, candor of soul, docility, and confidence.

We all remember that touching occasion when the Disciples in their mistaken care for Him would have kept the little ones away, lest they should annoy the Lord. Christ, however, seeing them, said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not."

Mindful of this command, it is our duty to bring the children near to Christ, and see to it that they grow in the qualities which He loves and which make them in a special sense the sons and daughters of God.

We should be all the more watchful and zealous in this duty because we know that all around us to-day are influences which tend to instill into young hearts irreligious thoughts and ideas and to alienate the little ones from Christ.

Let us now examine briefly these wonderful virtues of childhood which render their possessors so pleasing to our Blessed Lord, and indicate in passing some of the dangers which tend to weaken and destroy them.

Innocence has its enemy in a premature worldliness that dims the brightness of the young heart and kills or injures deeply the very qualities that should be the protection of early years.

The purity of youth is menaced by the moral degeneration that pervades the world, an evil that sweeps unchecked among those who know not the Christian law and extends its baleful power even to the faithful and their little ones; in a thousand unseen and subtle ways it advances its outposts in mature souls, and from them inevitably spreads to the children themselves.

As sin robbed our First Parents of that candor with which they were originally endowed and made them the slaves of deceit, so do these worldly influences, coming from the same source that corrupted their hearts, spoil that honesty and straightforwardness natural to childhood.

Docility disappears from the heart of the child when parents forget or give up their divinely appointed places of guides to the younger generation, when the child is left to its own devices, or rather abandoned to random influences and the agencies of evil.

Some of the widely advertised and boasted educational systems of the day tend inevitably to the destruction of docility and the ruin of discipline. Even under the most favorable circumstances the right training of a child is a difficult art, calling forth the fullest powers of a soul richly endowed with grace and wise counsel; it must be begun in infancy, so that the growing mind may advance under proper direction and rule. Yet what do we behold all around us, wherever the young are made the victims of novel and noxious educational theories? Childhood is sacrified to the Moloch of destructive formulas; teachers,

instead of using the wisdom and experience of their years, deliberately encourage little ones to say and do whatever fancy or chance puts into their small heads.

Too often thoughtless parents admire the performances of their misguided offspring as smart and precocious. Little do they dream of the bitter pangs that will be theirs in later years as a result of this unnatural forwardness. The plea that they must learn to express themselves is the pretentious pretext of a very vicious training.

The plague has even entered our own gates; it has begun to infect the children of Christian parents, causing them to forget the ideals of true boyhood and maidenhood and to suffer the destruction of innocence. We have only to observe and listen to realize that the evil is abroad among us, busy with our own children.

The present age is the era of luxury, and luxury ought to have no place in any life, least of all in the life of a child; it is certain to produce physical and moral weakness, to corrupt the noblest faculties of the soul, and render its slaves fit only for pleasure.

Yet this is precisely the bringing-up that many children are receiving to-day at the hands of unwise parents. Nothing is denied the child of the period; he is pampered and cajoled, not trained. The result is that at an age when youth should possess the will-power to choose wisely that power is gone, and in its place is a craze for evil allurements.

Every life, no matter how well protected, has its trials, losses, and sorrows. Men and women must be prepared early to meet these crosses in a strong Christian spirit, and to recognize the blessings concealed under them. Luxury and its accompanying influences wither the for-

titude of the soul, and make it incapable of patient industry and perseverance, but simplicity of life forms the Christian character, and by wise discipline it builds up that strength of soul that gives us the foundations of true life and forms the pillars of society. Any other ideal or rule is evil and sure to work harm.

It were bad enough if the weakness of foolish parents produced bad fruit only in their children, but it goes on to work havoc with their children's children and succeeding generations. Hence the enemy must be met at the beginning; parents must open their eyes and cultivate the principles of true parental duty, so that kind firmness and uniform discipline may give to those committed to their care that strength and resolution of soul that are the best endowment and most reliable inheritance they can carry into active life.

The world is not the smiling paradise it appears to inexperienced youth; it is filled with difficulties and temptations, and the sooner children are prepared to meet realities the better for them and for society.

What school of life could be worse for a growing child than a home where scenes of vanity, selfishness, and discord are daily enacted before innocent eyes, where pleasure is the sole object of existence and the will of God and His law are ignored! With such examples before them, children are bound to grow up selfish, rebellious, prone to evil, enemies of society instead of its supporters, liabilities to Church and State and not assets, and are finally doomed to wretchedness and heartbreak.

Look now upon the family where God's will is law, cheerfully and quickly obeyed; where Christian discipline is the rule; where father and mother present to their children a good example of restraint, strength, and

affection; where corrupting influences are sternly banished and all things regulated according to the highest standards. Such is the home in which tranquillity reigns and the goodly spirit of a well-ordered household is ever manifest.

One of the first lessons to be taught to the child is confidence in God, in the Church as God's representative on earth, and in the parents as His agents in the home. This confidence must be carefully nurtured, for it is the rock on which man and woman later on will stand firm against the assaults of evil and every trial. The best way to instill this quality into the young heart is the example of it made daily visible in the parents' lives.

It would seem according to modern ideas of education that the most sublime purpose of training is the attainment of self-confidence. Any one who knows modern child-life, even superficially, must realize that there is no need in these times for any special cultivation of this much over-rated virtue. Of course, all children ought to be taught a certain amount of self-reliance, and when it is obvious that individuals are lacking in this quality they should be gently led to the attainment of it. But self-reliance unrestrained and rampant is a very repulsive thing. Excessive self-confidence is the mother of the grossest and most revolting egotism, bad enough among those of ripe age, but in children its presence is painful to those who behold it, it is so unchildlike and therefore unnatural.

The sublimest and most beautiful self-confidence is the unfailing hope that God will help us if we do our best, and the recognition of the fact that even our very best without God's help will accomplish but poor and unsatisfactory results. The habit of confidence in God is culti-

vated by daily prayer and supplication for His fatherly assistance in all that children undertake. Such reliance on God's aid, far from weakening initiative and courage, only stimulates them, for they are the very conditions upon which God will grant His support. As a child who gives the impression of wanting to appear wiser than its parents is a very sorry sight, doubly so is the youth who has not learned to look to God's wisdom and strength for continuous guidance and encouragement in all his undertakings.

With so many dangers lurking to entrap childhood, with evil entrenched everywhere, what are parents and guardians to do to insure a coming generation of sterling and dependable men and women?

First and most important, essential in the highest degree, is to get back to the Christian system of training and development, to follow strictly the rule laid down by the Lord, "Suffer little children to come unto me." Everything in the home must dispose the little ones to come near to Christ; they must learn that He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life; that their souls in time and eternity are destined for His sweet service.

There need be no vagueness as to the true model of the Christian home since God Himself has portrayed that abode in Nazareth, where Christ lived so many years and was subject to Mary and Joseph, where the joys of obedience, work, and union of hearts were the influences animating all three. The Holy Family is a shining reality which ought always to be kept before parents and children, and especially in this day, because it gives the remedy for worldly notions and false systems and illustrates the true rule of family life.

Constant watchfulness is one of the most important

duties of parents; if they fail in this they are unworthy of the names of father and mother; if they care only for vanity and display, what wonder if the children follow the evil example! We all know, alas, that this fatal path entered upon in childhood eventually leads to moral destruction.

Religion must ever occupy the highest place in the Christian home. Side by side with careful training in God's law must come frequent use of His sacraments, so needful in the years when budding passion is developing like a poisonous plant in the soul. Thus will the little ones be brought near to Christ, endowed with noble qualities, and formed on right ideals.

An excellent custom, now unfortunately more honored in the breach than in the observance, yet which is of great power in sanctifying the home and training children for the future, is family prayer. At least once a day all should unite in this devotion that purifies and sweetens the whole household.

The printed page has its dangers, and great ones too. It is fatally easy to-day for the child to happen on reading that is rank soul-poison. Recreation also must receive parental attention and the companionship of the children's hours of play be safely guarded. It is a grave omission for fathers and mothers to neglect this, for many a little one, carefully protected and taught at home, has come to disaster through bad companions. "Suffer little children to come unto me" is a command, a law laid down for parents, and the only right way to bring up a child is to see that it is near to the Lord at all times — at home, at work, and at play.

The children of this Diocese are mine, for I feel I am their father in God. The growth of their souls in purity

and strength is one of my greatest solicitudes, and the tenderest affection of my heart goes out especially to the lambs of the flock. I feel this responsibility very deeply. I want them to know my voice, to hear it, and to love it; to remember me in their prayers and esteem. They will walk as we lead them in faith and work. This grave responsibility is ours, dear Christian parents, and we must guard and fulfill it as one of our highest duties.

It is a most inspiring and consoling thought for me to reflect that I can be of such great service in bringing the children to our Blessed Redeemer, for in a few years these little ones, whose solid foundations of faith and piety are now being laid in so many thousand homes, in so many of God's temples, in so many schools conducted by devoted Religious, will be the sterling men and women of this Diocese, the strength and support of Church and State in the coming time.

The duty of parents always has the same unvarying obligation and pressure, but now on the return from recreation and vacation, when naturally discipline has been somewhat relaxed, it is time to reflect and return with renewed vigor to a fresh consideration of them.

It is my earnest wish that parents read and explain this message of mine to the children, that they may realize that my heart is with them, and that my constant petition to Almighty God is for their growth in holiness, their welfare and true happiness. I pray that they will begin the school year with eager minds and bodies invigorated by rest, and realize how precious are these years of preparation both for time and eternity, so that they may make the fullest use of the opportunities presented to them now. Only the most diligent work and study will prepare them sufficiently for their future

duties, a noble filling of whatever place they are destined to hold.

They must flee idleness as one of the worst evils of life. This does not mean that they are not to have recreation, which is the wise use of unemployed time to give strength to the body and soul. Idleness is purposeless frittering away of time, one of God's most precious gifts. Let them begin to value their lives as of inestimable worth; let them realize even now that God has given them something definite to do in the world, and that He will hold them accountable for the use of His sacred gifts in the accomplishment of this work. Each hour idly spent brings its penalty and its quickest result is unhappiness. The busy are always happy. They who see high and noble purposes in life are too much occupied to be easily worried and disheartened.

Let them learn to love study. The miner descending into the depths of the earth well knows the sordidness and discomfort of his surroundings, but he forgets these in the quest for precious metal; he digs and searches, and as each period of labor is rewarded with a nugget of gold or silver, all thought of fatigue, of clinging soil, and stubborn rock is as nothing.

As the workman familiarizes himself with whatever can help him to attain the object of his search, so should the student habituate himself to serious effort in delving into the treasures of knowledge. A well-stored mind is a wonderful preparation for life. The wealth of the mind is a treasure that no one can take away; it is the key to whole worlds of wisdom awaiting the patient industry of those who are determined to obtain it. The nuggets of knowledge which the toil of the student brings forth are part of the wisdom of the ages. The

lives of all the saints and heroes, the men and women who have accomplished wonderful things for God and fellow man, form a rich store of human experience which study reveals. The secret of their goodness and greatness will be found in a lively faith in their eternal destiny and a desire to follow God's will to the very end of their strength. And from a realization of this same faith and obedience to God's will must come the vital spark which in due time will develop the children of to-day into the sterling Christian men and women of to-morrow.

Surely the children of this Diocese are not indifferent to what their future lives ought to be; they do not want to be drones in the hive, accomplishing nothing, making no step in advance. God has blessed them, and all the children of this land especially, in opening to them such bountiful fields of opportunity.

Far be it from me to point out the great merchant princes and captains of industry as models. The atmosphere of the business world is filled with the exaltation of false ideals, certain to breed disappointment, full of peril to mind, heart, and soul. Our children should be warned of these dangers, against this fever of money-getting, this blind ambition to attain high places of doubtful honor, for they are all symptoms of a pervading and fell disease. Not that way lies happiness, and after all, happiness is God's greatest gift to man on earth.

No; what we wish to point out now is the fulfillment of life's highest destiny in a cheerful, contented, fruitful, and laborious life, sanctified by love of God and the noble charity of a Christian heart. This alone brings "the peace of God which surpasseth all understanding."

In this way life is freed from that canker-worm of care that eats away cheerfulness and joy. If worldly prosperity comes honestly and by God's will, it is a real blessing to be used for His glory and the benefit of humanity; and if it does not come, something else does come, a million times more precious, and that is the calm contentment of mind and heart in the knowledge that, having done our duty in this life in high or low position, a just God and most loving Father keeps constant watch over our daily trials and successes, notes strictly how achievements and crosses are borne, and stands ready at the gate of Eternity to render the sublime reward for lives passed in His service.

May God bless the children of this portion of His Vineyard; may He lay His hand on their little heads and draw their tender little hearts to His Sacred Heart, so that they may become a source of consolation to their parents in school and at home, that the lessons they are now learning may not only prepare them for this life, but also fit them for the glorious place reserved for them in heaven.

WILLIAM, CARDINAL O'CONNELL,
Archbishop of Boston.

Given at Boston,
on the Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady,
August 15, 1915.

STRIFE AND PEACE[1]

It is a most encouraging and consoling sight that I behold here before me, this large gathering of the Guild of Retreats.

When a few years ago I called the Passionist Fathers to this Archdiocese, I had in mind two things, — first, the good influence of a monastery where dwell a body of holy men dedicated and devoted to the contemplation of Christ's sufferings and death, an influence that would be sure to spread over a community like Boston; and second, the establishment of a place of spiritual retreat for our men. So I set apart and dedicated this hill to God for the realization of these two projects.

No situation could be more appropriate than this; no Order more appropriate than the Passionist. From this spot you can really look out upon life at your feet and measure its worth.

The vision before you is broad and deep. Down there is the throbbing city whose mills grind out prosperity. Yonder is the harbor at whose great wharves the ships are waiting to be laden with the products of the land and to bear them across the oceans to other shores and bring back treasures in return.

Below in the distance is a line of white vapor that stretches along the river and soon is lost beyond the hills; it marks the avenues of steel that link us with the other

[1] Speech delivered on occasion of reception tendered His Eminence, the Cardinal, by the Guild of Laymen's Retreats, at Blessed Gabriel Monastery, Brighton, Sunday, September 19, 1915.

great trade centers of the land. Along those rails men and merchandise are being hurried day and night in the mad race for business and pleasure. Below, too, is the busy mart thronged with men eager for gain, for more and more and more of gold and the glory of prosperity.

We see the Chamber of Commerce surrounded by the temples of finance and know that in and out of the doors thousands are moving: keen-eyed, nervous men with taut faces, their steps alert with the victory of the hour, or with weary, lagging pace and countenances seared with anxiety and the agony of defeat.

The streets are alive with a motley multitude, — some beaming with joy and the carelessness of youth frankly in search of pleasure and amusement; some showing the scars of defeat; some scarcely able to drag their tired bodies and still more tired minds; some revealing in their hard, drawn visages the price Success exacts from her votaries; women, too, whose faces tell of folly and girls prematurely aged by the worry and the turmoil.

The amusement halls are down there. Men must seek some relief from the racking tension, else they would go mad, but after a more or less unsuccessful attempt to loosen the bonds of gripping anxiety, they come back to realities. They have laughed a few moments and felt free, but scarcely have their feet touched the pavement when the laugh is stilled. The whole grim phalanx of serried forces is again before them and the smile dies on their lips.

Across the Charles rises the Stadium where the young learn the secret and power of that bodily strength which the Moloch, success, demands, will accept greedily, and day by day reduce to dust under its grinding wheels.

Afar on the Waverley Hills is the cluster of buildings

that tell of minds wrecked by the excitement and rush, either of business, or of striving beyond powers for success or pleasure in vain attempts to escape the grind. In their eagerness to elude one tyrant they have only fallen into the power of another still more merciless. The one is grim of visage and the other wears a smile as a mask, but either, if allowed complete mastery, demands the whole man, mind and body.

Just beneath us, its cloistered corridors visible from where we stand, is the quiet Hospital of St. Elizabeth, its wards filled with those who in the battle of life have been bruised and wounded and have entered there to get back the strength necessary to enter the combat again, or to obtain consolation of soul as well as bodily health to enable them to go on with life, or if that is not to be, to meet the end of all in confidence and peace; to look forward with hope and trust to the hour when death, the gate to a peaceful eternity, ushers them into that state where suffering shall be no more and sin and sorrow cease.

Over in the valley "lieth a village white and still," the City of the Dead. For those who rest there the grind is over. Whether they have succeeded or failed few know, and fewer care. In that silent democracy there is no distinction except a few feet more or less in a patch of earth, a few inches in the height of a monument above a grave.

All this wonderful scene, filled to overflowing with significance, is stretched out under our very eyes. Here are wealth and power and success. Here are the struggles and the warfare, the fortress, the trenches, the relief station, too; the whole story of life's battle is being enacted at our feet.

Is this all? From this distance it all seems so puny. The men seem like ants and the city an anthill. Is it for

a few inches more of earth in the pallid city of the dead that men ruin health and peace and happiness?

St. Elizabeth's and the Waverley Hills tell of the price all this pays.

Are we then mad enough, as some seem, to think that a miserable moment of success, even when obtained, is worth the ache, the fever, the exhaustion, which they who chase the bauble suffer?

Ah, no! Look again. On every hill about you another lesson is taught. The temples of success are down there in the din and turmoil, but far above them the temples of God overlook the field of conflict. Their spires and crosses speak another message.

Even down in the mart, face to face with shop and mill, is the reminder of a force infinitely more mighty than that of success in trade or commerce or pleasure.

The Church is down there, too, in the busiest thoroughfares. Above the din of traffic, the babel of voices crying their perishable wares, is heard the sound of the church bell, the voice of eternity's forces, the forces which never die.

Were it not for the constant, silent, penetrating influence, the ever-present, ever-persistent power of the house of God, the world would be one vast madhouse, a ruthless, raging mass of men and women, pushing all before it, trampling down everything that checked its maniacal rush for the attraction of the moment, — money, fame, or pleasure.

They little realize how much they owe to the presence of those divine voices. But if for a moment they stopped to consider what must certainly happen were those influences not at work in that whirlpool, among the thousands, curbing, reproving, warning, guiding, even encouraging;

if they reflected for an instant what would eventuate if the influences so oft forgotten, quelling the turmoil, were to be withdrawn, leaving the humanity of a great city without monitor, guide, or curb, leaving, in the absence of spiritual power, nothing but a law thus deprived of foundation and sanction, a law of mere brute force, the slave of the most ruthless and relentless; if all this were pondered but a moment, they would tremble and blanch with terror and kneel in the very dust of the streets before these neglected temples of God.

They would bow their heads in solemn thanks and reverence to those men of God whom they now pass with such scant courtesy on their way to the temples of trade and to the worship of the man with the biggest money-bag.

Ah! What an arrant fool the city is! Look it in the face down there and measure it from this height and distance.

Down there it seems to say: "I am the be-all and do-all. I give you success and fame and wealth." But from this height we discern the prisons and the hospitals and lunatic asylums — and the graveyard.

So we answer: "Yes, you give us these things if we are fools enough to purchase them at your price. But we know your price. It is too high for the little you give in return. Up here is the blue sky of heaven; up here is the untainted air from the refreshing sea; up here are rest and peace.

"What can you give us in exchange for tired nerves, weary brains, exhausted frames and wasted lives? Unless you can promise us more than success, which too well we know you surrender only to the few, unless you can give us something more than that prosperity which merely

enkindles thirst for more money, envy of others and covetous jealousy, we have no thought of turning over to you our souls as well as our bodies."

Even success brings its penalty. Every man set up an inch higher than his fellows is the target of calumny. The house of every man's treasure must be guarded against the avarice of his neighbor.

We must look the city in the face most of our lives, — on the same level with its streets and thoroughfares. We are a part of it, and while we have our lives to make and others to provide for, we must live in it, work in it, and be grateful for the opportunity it offers.

But all the time we must be on guard against its rush of ambitions, its jealous conflicts, its merciless grinding out of the best there is in mind and heart.

It is to keep a sane, normal, solitary standard in life that we seek the sanctuary for the needs of our toil and labor.

It is to keep conscience and heart free from the pollution of false estimates, from the foul and vicious atmosphere all about, that we fly to the shelter of the Church.

Most of our lives we must look at the city, but unless we are willing to lose the sense of real proportion, the sense of the true value of things, the sense of the worth of our immortal souls above all things on earth, unless we are prepared to lose God and faith and reason itself, we must, from time to time, be able to go out from the city, to look down on the city, to look over the city.

Then, and only then, with the horizon not confined by the ramparts of trade, the towers of mart and mill, of bank and store, but stretching out far over all its confines, out to the hills whence comes strength, and up to the heavens where dwells God — then if the devil, or

the world, or ambition, indicating the scene, says to us: "All this will I give thee, if bowing down thou wilt adore me," you can answer with a power which despises the offer when made at such a price: "The Lord thy God shalt thou adore, and Him only shalt thou serve." For "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

It is that you, and all who will, may have that true estimate of the world, of life, of the city of wealth and all else, that we have planted here this sanctuary of rest and peace, and have called here for refreshment and strength all those who labor and are heavily burdened.

No wonder the number of those who heed that sweet invitation is growing by leaps and bounds. No one who has tasted this experience has ever forgotten it. No one to whom this vision of God, the soul, the world, has once been given, can ever forget it.

The whole meaning of life changes. Everything takes a new significance. Labor becomes lighter — we know now why. Suffering, failure, hardship, all take on a new guise. We have solved these great problems, not under the glamour of the market-place's false atmosphere, but in the pure air of God's presence.

Success! Prosperity! These two have found a new interpretation — they mean more than ever, but in another life. Every problem of existence finds its solution here, as we look up to God and down at the world. And we carry back to our tasks, our cares, our homes, a clearer knowledge of what it all means. In our hearts is a calmer, surer contentment, peace and happiness.

You have learned this here, you have tasted and touched what before you only dreamed possible. Go back and tell the world.

The day will come when the men from miles around will say: "God bless Cardinal O'Connell for this haven of rest, this mountain of the Lord, where we talked with God, where we saw the true meaning of life, and where in the din and suffering of battle we experienced a forecast of Heaven's peace."

THE NEED OF CATHOLIC TRAINING[1]

We have reason for congratulation on this occasion in the large number of students gathered here. The growth of Boston College has been remarkable, especially during the past four years. In it lies a most encouraging proof that Catholic parents realize thoroughly the necessity of religious training, not only in the elementary grades, but also in the higher branches of learning.

There is small need to dwell on this truth, which has been explained time and again until even the children themselves understand it and discern the falsity and shallowness of the arguments in favor of purely secular education. Of course, there are parents who still ignore the voice of the Church and of conscience, — on what pretexts we cannot say, — but the responsibility is theirs, not ours; we have done our full duty in the matter, and the blame must rest where it belongs.

Events have made the need of religious training so manifest that even non-Catholics have begun to perceive the lamentable deficiencies of a curriculum in which Christian doctrine and practice have no part; experience has demonstrated its dangers to the individual and the nation. The best that can be said for it is, that it develops keenness of intelligence, money-machines; surely an ignoble result.

The Catholic ideal of spiritual training hand in hand

[1] Address to the Students of Boston College at the Mass of the Holy Ghost, in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston, on Monday, October 4, 1915.

with secular education has arrested the attention of the leading thinkers of the day, because they recognize what the lack of it means; they see that education without religion is one-sided, that it paralyzes all true culture. Perfected human machines are wonderful in their way, but not worth the zeal and labor expended on them. To gain this unsatisfactory result, elevation of the mind and rounding out of the character have been sacrificed and ignored.

The advocates of machine education often ask: "What is the use of spiritual training in education?" The greatest and most essential of all: the sanction of morality, refinement of the mind, development of right ideals. These assuredly cannot be dispensed with. Indeed, any other view would make brutal materialism an ideal.

If there is to be among us any place for the flowering of genuine culture which develops the mind and the heart, it ought to be the college, where the entire environment inspires youth to its acquisition, where something better than the gospel of materialism is preached, an institution whose function is to form the fabric of our civilization and direct the true progress of the age. Such a college is yours.

You are beginning the scholastic year. The best and highest ideals are displayed before you. Your duty is to take advantage of them, not mechanically or listlessly, but with conscious, energetic action. Everything in your college life is filled with lessons of Christian manhood. The authors of the classics you study, though pagans, needed but the spark of Christianity to set their souls aflame and raise them to the seventh heaven of St. Paul. That spark is alive within you.

The study of philosophy interprets and clarifies the

problems of life. It is not to be regarded as a collection of dry formulas, for it is the business of philosophy to make ideals dynamic. Hence it is the duty of the student to segregate himself in order to obtain the full benefit of all that develops and refines. Without this influence education is mere surface culture, does not penetrate the soul, and fails to produce true learning and nobility of mind.

You have also your religious duties; they are a part of your training; you cannot take or leave them as you choose. The Crucifix in chapel and classroom gives you the true measure of the world. Your professors in their religious garb, in the daily working out of their vocation, are not only teachers but exemplars. Then there are Mass, Confession, and Holy Communion; they are essential, and you must make them a living force in your daily college life.

Thus, along with your efforts in literature, science, and art, will proceed these mighty influences, beautifying and strengthening your every action, making God a reality in your studies, an eternal standard by which to determine the value of existence, by which to strive and accomplish.

The Mass of the Holy Ghost is celebrated in our presence to sanctify this occasion, to enable you to begin the scholastic year with the blessing of God, the light of His Holy Spirit, and the warmth of His love. Coöperate with these to-day and persevere in this coöperation every day of the year.

This is the real preparation for life, the grounding of your studies and aspirations, your minds, hearts, and souls in God's will and God's grace; making each day and each effort a fulfillment of His law. In this way

your faith will not only indicate to you the way, but will infuse strength to follow it. This influence is so strong that there must be positive resistance if you want to take the wrong way, and that is criminal.

Your parents, the Church, the College, are giving you their best. If you are faithful and eager in response the results will be better and more fruitful than you dream. As the years pass and the struggle of life goes on, you will realize more and more the blessings God has placed in your hands to-day.

PAROCHIAL ZEAL[1]

I WANT to offer the reverend pastor of this church, the assistant priests, and all the people of this parish my most hearty congratulations. Surely it is an occasion of joy for all. The laying of the cornerstone of a new church indicates a great fact, — the growth of religion in a locality, and it should certainly be a matter of pride and congratulation to the whole community.

I cannot conceive on what grounds any one who believes in human happiness in this world and for eternity can find fault with the growth of the Church, for it represents the growth of principles, the growth of respectability; it shows that men and women and children are taught their duties to God and their country.

Surely this new church, which stands for all that, means that this community is becoming more and more imbued with the principles of God and religion.

I rejoice with pastor and people, after their long years of hard work, in the success of which this day is a manifestation. It is no easy matter to gather the funds and keep together a community which will fructify into the growth of a new parish. It is a very hard and tedious work for both priests and people, but our priests and people are so devoted to the great cause which this church represents for them that all the labor is forgotten in the happiness of having here among them a local habitation and home for our Blessed Lord in the Holy Eu-

[1] Address at laying of the cornerstone of the Church of St. Charles Borromeo, at Waltham, on Sunday, October 17, 1915.

charist, where He will live among them, sanctify, bless, and help them.

Hence, beloved people of this parish of St. Charles, I beg Almighty God to bless you a thousandfold to-day, and may your good works and labors for the cause your pastor preaches never slacken. Remember that after all, the least we can do for God, who has done everything for us, is to manifest the gratitude we owe Him before God-fearing people.

Where would the nation be without God and belief in God? We Catholics, who are to-day laying the corner-stone which is the foundation of this church, are representing more and more the foundation upon which the Commonwealth rests. Take away from the people the teachings of the Church, and what would be left but enmity, misery, mobs, and riots?

Therefore, beloved people, to-day is a great day for the city of Waltham, because it makes us realize more and more that here again a new foundation of faith is planted. May Almighty God strengthen this virtue among you all, so that on one final day, when everything on earth has passed away, you may all be reunited around the great throne of Him whose honor and glory are the object of the Church on earth.

THE CALAMITY AT PEABODY[1]

I HAVE come here to-day to take my place in deepest grief and sadness with the stricken parents of the dear little ones who met their death in the dreadful calamity of Thursday morning; a calamity which has plunged the whole community into mourning, which has well-nigh broken the hearts of the parents and has stunned me into a silence which I must break now to give comfort and consolation to those so sadly afflicted by this melancholy event.

Every now and then, by no one's neglect, by the fault of no one, so far as human knowledge can reach, by what is purely and simply an accident, some awful catastrophe happens, involving dreadful results to many: death, suffering, and sorrow.

We look about, examine, and inquire, — all the caution and care which human industry can apply have been exercised; every means of prevention which circumstances required has been taken, — and yet the dreadful event happens.

Certainly in this case, after official investigation, no one has been found blameworthy. The regulations of safety required by the law were fulfilled scrupulously; the Sisters, as usual, behaved like heroines, heedless of all danger to themselves, thinking only of the safety of the children. That to them is a commonplace; they are well used to that discipline, the habit of self-effacement

[1] Address at the funeral of the children who lost their lives in the fire at St. John's School on Thursday, October 28, 1915.

and the display of heroic courage in their thought of others. But it is easy to see that were it not for the perfect discipline of the school and the cool-headed unselfishness of the Sisters, the sorrow and grief of to-day would have been unspeakably more terrible to bear.

What can one say in the face of such things? Where no one is to blame, where all was done and even more than ordinary human effort could accomplish, and yet the tragedy remains! I need not say it. You fathers and mothers know that what words fail to express, faith and hope make strong and clear. Search your Christian hearts, bring out to-day from that storehouse of confidence in God, in His all-seeing wisdom, His eternal Providence, the thoughts which in a moment like this must be your greatest strength, as they must also be the only answer to all your questions.

Your little ones are with God. A moment and God had enfolded them in His loving arms and taken them home to Himself.

Think for a moment, and let the light of faith turn your thoughts from this terrible grief to what you know is as sure as that grief, — all the long-drawn-out suffering, all the sadness and disappointments, all the ills and illness of a whole lifetime, — things, all of which, had they lived, your little ones would not escape, by the laws of human life, — all these were narrowed down to a mere moment of suffering, a mere briefest interval of terror, and God's happiness claimed them for an eternity of bliss.

Their sweet souls were unsullied; their innocence still was angelic. In a moment of trial all the suffering of mortal life was over, and they were in the loving arms of their God, their Father, and not for all that earth

contains would they now leave the Heaven which they possess forever.

These are not words coined merely to console you, though God knows how I yearn to say something that will assuage your grief and make you stronger under such a burden. They are the truths you know, the truths you live by, the truths without which you could not live another day. You believe them, and that precious faith to-day must be your highest consolation.

Remember you are Christian fathers and mothers. Lift up your hearts to God — those hearts broken with grief and affliction — and say: "My dear Jesus, I know in very truth what suffering is. I know what You endured upon the cross. I know what Your blessed Mother Mary endured at the foot of Your cross. I do not entirely understand it all, but give me the power to understand; give me the strength to bear it for Thy dear sake. God's holy will be done!"

God gave you your little ones. Who can read life's mystery without divine confidence and hope? Give them back to Him generously. Dry your eyes after a little while and look up to where your children are waiting for you, — happy now; oh, so much more happy now than earth could make them.

They have passed through the crucible of suffering, — innocent, pure, and safe. Who shall say, for who now can know, how many less prepared than they will be spared an unprovided death because of their pain and death?

Life is all a mystery. Faith alone can solve it. Draw now upon that unfailing faith. Look up! Look up! God is above you, and in His arms, saved for evermore from all sorrow and anguish and grief and disappointment, are your own beloved ones.

Let not this terrible blow embitter you. That were fatal. God will be nearer than ever to you; for they who suffer are always nearest Him.

All the affection of a father's heart, hurt as your hearts are, I offer you. All the sympathy of understanding of one who realizes your affliction and the depth of your sorrow I bring to you. I wish I could make you realize how, not only I, but your priests, your friends and neighbors, and the whole community long to comfort and console you.

But I can do more than all this — infinitely more. I can recall to your minds and hearts your firm faith and confidence in God. I can remind you of God's goodness and love in the midst of life's awful mysteries, and I can say to you as God's minister and representative, Weep not; they whom you love are with God.

To the Christian, though tears must flow, and though still the heart be heavy, that word of faith and hope is stronger than grief, and before it, in time, all grief must pass. And this, too, will pass, but God's promises and God's love and God's mercy will remain forever to console and comfort you.

A CATHOLIC PRESS NEEDED

To the Reverend Clergy and People of the Diocese, Health and Benediction.

The supreme work of the Church, the salvation of souls, places upon her representatives the duty of inculcating revealed truth and of eradicating error by all legitimate means within their power.

The great missionary movements of the past, from Apostolic times down, were characterized by a strong and wise grasp on conditions. The Church overlooked no opportunity of delivering her message to mankind. The universal medium has been word of mouth, and ecclesiastical history recounts how faithfully and heroically missionaries labored to spread the Gospel through the Roman Empire, among the barbarian tribes of the North, and, later on, in America, among the aborigines.

This medium must ever be the first and principal one. The house of God, where the faithful are gathered for worship and prayer, is the natural tribune of the Catholic preacher.

A notable change in conditions, however, has come about, in the growth, pervasiveness, and influence of the printed word, especially in the newspapers. They have transformed the circulation of ideas. The daily press is a thought-dynamo of incalculable power for good or evil, according to the object for which it is used.

The world is always the same, — intent on secular matters, not on the things of God. The secular newspaper faithfully reflects the world, and only accidentally,

and as it suits its purposes, gives any prominence to religious truth. In its columns the highest and most sacred interests of religion must take their chance with a thousand other matters of news and topics of the day. Almost inevitably those interests are given very brief notice, or are distorted. They will never be upheld and adequately portrayed until there is a Catholic press, zealous for truth above all other things, vigilant, energetic — and well supported by Catholics.

It is often forgotten that the preacher has hardly more than one half hour in the week in which to instruct and warn the faithful, while the world, and particularly the secular press, has free swing and an uninterrupted hearing seven days in the week. This tremendous handicap must be met in some way, and the readiest and most effective is the Catholic press.

We cannot expect the secular press to do us justice; it is vain to hope that the great truths of religion and of history will be adequately placed before readers by an organization whose main interests are indifferent to religion. Yet, if we fail to utilize the printing press in the interest of truth and souls, the secular newspapers will monopolize it to our detriment.

There is hardly a great question of the day but has its Catholic bearing; the affairs of the Church in this and other lands are under discussion in daily newspapers constantly, and it is rare that justice, even grudging justice, is done to them. You cannot have grapes from thorn bushes. An organization whose reason for being is gain or political influence pursues these, not truth. No Catholic reader can fail to remark the uninformed and unsatisfactory treatment of any topic concerning the Church by the daily newspapers. Even if the editors desire to

deal fairly, the subjects are too technical, the field too extensive for any writers except those thoroughly familiar with Catholic doctrine, history, and law. The press is an engine of public opinion; it can be made to inspire zeal, to enkindle the fire of devotion in Catholic hearts, to increase the love of God, but in order to do this it must be in Catholic hands and be upheld and financed by Catholic coöperation.

Lamentable mistakes, unfounded rumors, and harmful statements are constantly circulated; an entirely wrong impression of what the Church represents, and what she has done and is doing, is being conveyed every day by a press which is concerned not so much with truth and falsity as with interesting news of whatever sort and a wide circulation. Our people are constantly complaining of this and other anomalies; yet they lose sight of the fact that the daily newspaper cannot be expected to do other than what it is maintained to do; that truth and adequate presentation of Catholic matters will never come until their cause is undertaken by representatives competent for, and interested in, this work, inspired by religious duty and supported by Catholics throughout the land.

Nothing has been said of the great field of literature. Whatever part of the modern mind is not influenced by the daily paper is directed by current fiction and books on topics of the day. The number of these publications is legion. They all have an animus, good or bad; each one, to some degree, edifies or scandalizes the reader. There is great need of a guide, a dependable, informed guide, for Catholic readers; and who can be depended on for this important function if not the Catholic editor? It is vain to expect any one else in the world of print to

have our interests at heart. If we want the work done, our young readers protected and advised, we must look to it ourselves.

This is the condition which confronts the Catholic public: the secular press is not intended for, and cannot be reasonably expected to treat intelligently or adequately all or any of these vital questions. The issue will never be met as it should be except by a Catholic press which is competent for its duties, and which is generously aided and supported.

Catholics of Boston have a competent press in the diocesan paper, "The Pilot," which now for over eighty-six years has guided its readers through the labyrinths of falsehood, ignorance, and calumny; which has championed and defended them against the false accusations of their enemies, which has ever been loyal to the Church, her leaders, and her interests. No one who knows the history of "The Pilot" can say that it has swerved from its duty as a Catholic paper. Throughout its long career it has been at all times staunchly Catholic.

To continue this great work it must have adequate financial support. For this we look to the people of this Diocese. In the past the coöperation of priests and people has assured the success of "The Pilot," which has become a real power for good in this community. For this aid we are indeed thankful, and take this occasion to express our deep gratitude. And we ask all to continue to show their loyalty to and interest in the diocesan paper by renewed efforts to give it a greater circulation and support.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

WILLIAM, CARDINAL O'CONNELL,
Archbishop of Boston.

November 8, 1915.

ST. ELIZABETH'S CONVENT[1]

THE dedication and blessing of this convent, the offering up of the Mass in this new chapel, mark another epoch in the splendid progress of St. Elizabeth's Hospital. This convent will serve as a home for the good nuns, who give their lives to the service of the sick, and at this altar every day the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass will be offered up in thanksgiving to God, in devout prayer for the sick and suffering, and in commemoration of all those whose aid and generosity have made this hospital possible.

We wish we could invite all the friends of St. Elizabeth's, all those who in the historic campaign of 1914 worked for the success of this great project. But to welcome here all those good friends we should need a temple larger than St. Peter's in Rome, for they number hundreds of thousands.

So we have asked you to come here to-day to represent them, that you may see with your own eyes the crowning story of this hill-top and the great work here being accomplished for God and humanity, that you may kneel here in thanksgiving for God's beneficence, and that you may with us beg God's choicest blessings upon all those who have in any way assisted in the realization of this great project: the trustees who plan and guide, the nuns who labor and pray, the physicians who heal and console, the nurses who watch and minister, the benefactors who assist and support. For all these we are

[1] Sermon delivered on the occasion of the dedication of St. Elizabeth's Convent at Brighton, Sunday, November 21, 1915.

to offer up the great Sacrifice, and upon all these we devoutly ask the blessing of Almighty God.

At the same time we pray God to continue His mighty assistance in the carrying on of this great work of charity, for we are never to lose sight of the fact that St. Elizabeth's is no place merely of experimentation, much less a business affair; it is a place above all where the spirit of faith and charity is at home and at work.

It provides the very best possible treatment for those having means, but the very best also is given with equal attention and equal solicitude to those who have not a penny to pay, as far as the means of the hospital can reach. And it can do its work best, and make the sphere of its service widest, only by steadily insisting that those who need no charity must not consume what is intended solely for those who have nothing to give; for true charity is founded on justice as well as on generosity.

Already St. Elizabeth's is a glorious success. It is second to no hospital anywhere from a scientific point of view. It has the best site possible, and that alone contributes much to the well-being of the sick and the speediness of convalescence. It has a staff equal to any other in efficiency, skill, and devotion. They are all still young men, and by their energy and intelligence have already gained a well-merited reputation in the community.

We have the very last word in equipment, an excellent laboratory and an unexcelled X-ray department, and only recently we have installed a complete dental department. The kitchen is of the most modern and satisfactory type, over which presides an excellent chef with a competent corps of aids. The food is the best the market can supply, and it is served perfectly. The system of ventilation leaves nothing to be desired. The system of calls by elec-

tric signals is noiseless and vigilant. From cellar to garret everything is shining with neatness and cleanliness.

In a word, whatever is best in mental and material equipment St. Elizabeth's possesses, but beyond that, and pervading all, we have the inspiring atmosphere of religion, of faith which lifts suffering up to spiritual heights and hope that stimulates both body and soul by its wonderful buoyancy. The spirit of religion is here, diffusing itself throughout the whole house, bringing to the suffering patient, the doctor, the nun, the nurse, the highest motives of action and endurance.

From the start the public has recognized all this, and the wards and the rooms have always been well filled. Even the best conveniences which the hospital offers are given at the most moderate prices, and hundreds — in fact, the number is only limited by our means — are given every possible attention free of all expense.

The number of accident cases which St. Elizabeth's is called upon to care for is enormous; and we do not hesitate to say that the city owes the hospital a great debt in this particular regard. Again and again death must have inevitably ensued if those suffering from injuries and accidents had been obliged to be carried to the City Hospital. The very proximity of St. Elizabeth's has saved many such lives.

So all of us here to-day have good reason to rejoice anew in beholding an institution so beautiful in its architecture, so splendid in its situation, so perfect in its equipment, and so successful in operation as our own St. Elizabeth's has now proved to be. A great project has been well and successfully realized, and we all offer our grateful thanksgiving on this day to Almighty God by whose blessed guidance and help alone what three

years ago seemed next to impossible is to-day a visible reality.

Until now the good nuns have not had even the decent comforts of life necessary for such responsible work. Their thought has been the sick first, and last of all themselves. How they have borne the labor and fatigue during all these years is a mystery to all except to themselves, whose habit of life is to deny themselves everything that others may gain by their sacrifice.

To-day for the first time in the history of St. Elizabeth's Hospital those who have labored hardest for it have a place to live, and, what means far more to them, a place for worship and prayer, for that is the greatest luxury as well as necessity for the religious life, worship and prayer, and that is the secret source of all their energy and devotion.

When after the long weary vigils by the bedside of the sick others seek rest and recreation, the nun retires into the holy of holies, and in the atmosphere of God's presence, in the stillness and composure of Nazareth, all fatigue vanishes, the spirit is renewed, and the mind and soul are refreshed.

That is the secret of the nuns' cheerfulness and happy service. That is the reason why each day they take up smilingly not only their own burden of hard work, but the added burden of the suffering sick, who, unable to bear it alone, find in the good nuns those who are eager to carry it for them.

In providing this simple but convenient convent under whose roof Christ Himself dwells in the Blessed Sacrament, they are given at last a proper place wherein to gather strength of body and fortitude of spirit, both so necessary in the life of hospital service.

Here in this chapel they will gather every day, and several times a day, to ask and to obtain for their sick charges that which only the Great Healer Himself can give; and here at this holy altar the priest will offer up the Holy Sacrifice for that purpose also. As long as this hospital lasts, and may that be for centuries to come, every day the blessing of God will be invoked upon all those who in any way have helped to build and maintain it. The merits of that Sacrifice and those prayers will follow them beyond the grave. For generations after they have passed away their names will be remembered here and constant prayers offered for the eternal repose of their souls.

No benefactors, however slight their offerings may be, will ever be forgotten, and we venture to say that nothing they have done will profit them more than the assistance they give to this great work for God. Men very soon forget, even the nearest relatives often forget, and not unfrequently are ungrateful. God, the Church, St. Elizabeth's, will never forget.

I cannot allow this occasion to pass without a word of praise which is an absolute debt. From time to time in my work here in the Diocese I am simply compelled to recognize the hand of God, guiding and helping me in the various important enterprises and affairs entrusted to my vigilance and care. In all such matters I can truthfully say that I use all human industry to learn what is best to do, but I feel often convinced that no amount of human industry can account for certain results, and I know, and I am constantly made to feel, that God is my helper in a thousand ways. The more difficult the enterprise the clearer is the evidence of that help.

One of the most important of all things in the carry-

ing out of large plans is the selection of the right men upon whose absolute coöperation I can depend; and in this more than in anything else, I repeat, I know that I have God's assistance.

We are trying to-day to give credit to every one who has helped to make this hospital an actual, successful fact. And I want in simple justice to say that when all accounts are settled this hospital in all human probability, and according to the human methods of weighing things, would not have been built, or at all events could not have come to its present successful issue, had it not been for the untiring interest and coöperation of Dr. John Slattery and Dr. Thomas Harrington. The world will never know the long period of anxious consultation, collaboration, study, and work that these gentlemen gave unstintingly, both in the building of the hospital and in its maintenance.

Twice a week, and oftener, I have had them in consultation and conference concerning every slightest detail of the life and service constantly going on within these walls, for you must know that St. Elizabeth's is a little cosmos of its own. Hundreds of people are concerned in one way or another in the conduct of its affairs. In a certain sense it is like a large hotel in which the cooking, washing, and managing must be strictly supervised.

Every one knows that a patient by the very nature of things is often whimsical and difficult of management; then there is the staff whose duties must be regulated; the nurses among whom discipline must be maintained; the working men and women whose employment must be regulated and directed. The work which a superintendent of this hospital must face daily is a tremendous task. That it is daily being accomplished with the utmost

satisfaction and completeness is a great tribute to pay to any man, and that tribute is due in simple justice to Dr. Slattery.

It scarcely need be said that in all good work the clergy are always in the vanguard. In everything proposed for the advancement of the Church and her interests in this Diocese, our faithful priests are all, not only willing, but eager to give every possible coöperation and financial aid. And God alone knows how often that willing and efficient help saves the day for God and the work of God.

To them, too, St. Elizabeth's will ever be a monument of priestly service and help, and for that matter not only St. Elizabeth's, but every other good work building up the conspicuous glory of the Church here tells anew the story of the fidelity and the zeal of the priests of the Archdiocese of Boston.

It so happens that on this day we commemorate the opening of an epoch for the hospital and the closing of half a century of labor of her who presides over the convent. On this occasion we are celebrating the Golden Jubilee of the faithful and devoted Sister Rose. Many of those fifty years have been given to the service of St. Elizabeth's, and as she looks back over that time it must seem almost a dream to her to behold in this splendid institution the development and fruition of the little community which she came to Boston to assist and guide.

For fifty years of religious life spent in the most complete sacrifice of self and service of God she gives thanks to-day, and we are happy to join our prayers of thanksgiving with hers for those five decades of a holy and active life, given entirely to God. May God spare her

for many years and give her, both in this life and in the next, the reward for faithful service in His name!

May all the community of good Franciscan nuns, who are in reality the life and soul of everything accomplished here, receive each day new signs of God's special love for them who have chosen Him for their all! May they find their labors here the road to perfect happiness! May the thousands whom they have consoled in sickness and in death increase the brilliancy of the crown which God has certainly prepared for them for all eternity!

THE CATHOLIC POSITION[1]

THE growth of interest in Federation among the Catholics of Middlesex County is a source of pleasure to us all. The purpose of Federation cannot be stated too often. It is primarily a movement of education and enlightenment. It aims to ground more and more deeply than ever our own people in the knowledge of Christian ideals and the Church's interests, and to spread the true idea of the Church's position among those who are misinformed or prejudiced.

Both these objects are important for all of us. It is quite certain that until our own people realize this duty they must expect to be misunderstood and misrepresented. Moreover, if we are unable to set forth clearly our own position and point of view, we cannot fairly blame others for not understanding us.

I often wonder how intelligent men and women can mistake so obvious a fact as our historical position, but that they do mistake it is undeniable. I sometimes try to explain to myself the secret of the bitterness so frequently manifested against Catholics, and I am forced to one of two conclusions: either such foes take no trouble to find out what the Church really stands for, or they purposely distort facts for reasons of their own.

The first is easy to realize. The Church is a very ancient institution, and it requires long study and thought

[1] Address at Columbus Hall, Somerville, Massachusetts, under the auspices of Mount Benedict Council, Knights of Columbus, November 28, 1915.

to grasp all the phases of her long life and the various reasons for her conflicts with powerful opponents. It is no small task to analyze justly the methods used by her enemies to prejudice popular sentiment against her regulations and decisions. She has withstood emperors and rulers unflinchingly and thwarted them when in greed or tyranny they sought to oppress the people. This dauntless championship of the lowly roused against her the most bitter enmity in high places, and in time the lawless exponents of worldly might had their revenge.

Emperors and rulers have great prestige and the material power to enforce their will; they can offer much that the ambitious and covetous desire, and thus can gather about them courtiers and adventurers ready, for the sake of selfish interest, to espouse their cause. The Church, however, as a rule, has to stand alone. God and the right are on her side, of course, and these always win in the long run, but sometimes the run is very long. In almost all these contests the people have looked on helpless; they were merely the oppressed whom the Church fought to defend, the prize that monarchs and their minions sought to exploit.

Meanwhile it has often been found convenient by rulers, in order to confuse issues, to accuse the Church of interference in secular affairs, when the fact was that she was only voicing eternal principles against tyrannical violations of the people's rights. The spokesmen and apologists of kings performed their office with minds intent on their own advantage and advancement. The rich and powerful in a kingdom naturally made common cause with their master. In such a crisis the Church could only reiterate her changeless principles: "Thou shalt not," "We cannot"; "Ne facias," "Non possumus."

The world in general has always been interested mainly in its own aggrandizement and amusement. Principles of equity that interfere with these objects are usually ignored. We need not go back through the centuries to verify this; we see it exemplified under our very eyes. The influential, the rich, the strong take what they want and are often skillful enough to succeed in offering seemingly cogent arguments for their action, arguments which, at a convenient time, they will explain, were only secret pacts that cannot be kept, measures of public expediency that events have abrogated, "scraps of paper" to be torn up and thrown away.

We are assisting at some of these performances. They ought to enable us to see very clearly what a simple matter it is to brush aside an eternal principle and to make it appear that such procedure is after all only the sensible and practical thing to do. This has ever been the habit of the statesmanship of expediency.

This cynical practice of monarchs and governments has had deplorable consequences for the Church. She has always been the unarmed neutral. Whenever she stood in the way, — that is, against error and wrong, — it was always an easy matter to set up the cry of manifest expediency, which in nine cases out of ten means some one's ambition or avarice, and the Church was overborne. Solemn promises were solemnly repudiated, treaties broken, and the triumph of falsity made seemingly complete.

It seems complete, not merely for the moment when it wins the day, but what is worse, it seems complete for a long time afterward. Volumes are written and spread broadcast, proving in a fairly convincing way — unless one happens to know both sides of the story — that the "scrap of paper," meaning a sacred and inviolable com-

pact, ought to have been destroyed. It is explained with elaborate care that any other course would have impeded "progress" — for "progress" is always a convenient word in such situations; that nothing has been eliminated except a troublesome agreement that had outlived its usefulness.

It is but natural that those who, two hundred years after the event, read the volumes written to gloss over and explain away a crime should consider them finally authoritative and make up their minds that the Church's claims were supremely impertinent and unduly aggressive; that they should say to themselves that the explanations set down in the pretentious volumes prove conclusively that the stand of the Church in the controversy was patently against "progress" and consistently reactionary — for "reactionary" is another favorite word in the mouths of those who overlook the fact that its real meaning is, whatever stands immovably but inconveniently for eternal principle and eternal right.

That the world at large should arrive at such a conclusion is very sad and wrong, but such is the way of the world. It has always been the rule and thus will doubtless continue. Neutral nations, principles of equity, the Kingdom of Christ are found exceedingly inconvenient when they oppose "progress," that arch-hypocrite word of all language.

It seems incredible to us that such pleas can delude intelligent people, but they can be made to sound very plausible when uttered at the right moment and by those who know how to declaim them loudly enough amid appropriate stage-settings.

Certainly it should not be difficult for us who are living through these sad and terrible days to discern the process

by which history is only too often written. One has but to read each day the accounts sent out by the various war agencies, each paid and solemnly bound to set forth its own side exclusively, to realize what a tangle the historian of two hundred years hence will have to unravel to ascertain the real causes of this war and to determine the modicum of truth in the various statements made.

There can be no doubt in the mind of any intelligent man that inventions have been sent forth as indubitable facts, that practically every prominent personage on both sides has been purposely maligned to inflame popular sentiment one way or the other as the case might be. There can be no doubt that secret pacts have been made and published and denied as convenience and partisanship dictated, that the Balkan conditions have been exploited to the advantage of one side or the other, and kings and prime ministers calumniated and besmirched as the expediency of the time demanded. There can be no doubt that the sacred position of the Pope has been misrepresented whenever such tactics seemed expedient.

In a word, it is next to impossible to-day, taking into consideration the mass of assertion and contradiction extant, for even the most fair-minded and intelligent among us to make up their minds unreservedly and absolutely about the primary right and wrong of the questions so hotly debated. Indeed, unless a man has interests at stake or takes either sympathy or prejudice as his guide, he will be puzzled at the whole problem and will finally conclude that he cannot decide the matter at the present time. Even when peace comes, it will require years to hear all the testimony, and even then a decision will not be easy for one who wishes to be thoroughly unbiased.

Now, if we who witness this awful wrangle of the nations find it all but impossible, putting aside interest and sympathy, prejudice and emotion, to disentangle with absolute fairness this mass of contradictory testimony, what, I ask you, are we to say of the historian who will set himself to sift it in the year of grace, two thousand one hundred and fifteen?

When that time comes, the world will probably care very little one way or the other. Events will have shaped themselves and will have been accepted as a *fait accompli*, and for most men that settles everything. Success is the final and conclusive argument for the ordinary man. This is so true that even the measure of success the Belgian historian will obtain in his hope of interesting the world in what is now taking place in his beloved and ruined country will depend very largely on who finally wins this war. Such is the way of the world.

You marvel at this, perhaps. Let me ask you, then, who has ever denied that both Poland and Ireland have suffered enormous injustices? To what degree has the world at large interested itself in their plight? The world at large is very likely to accept success as the best and practically the only answer to demands for justice. It will not take the time to bother about what it rates as lost causes.

We come now to the matter to which all that has been said is but a prelude. We realize how much the world is swayed, as is quite natural, by self-interest, by local interests, by national interests, by money, trade, and the thousand factors that enter into the consideration of any large question and help to swing the balance one way or the other, while truth, knowledge of facts, and strict justice have often little to do with the final decision and settlement.

These lamentable facts, however, should not influence us to lend an ear to wholesale calumnies or to lend a hand in adding to the torrent of hate that takes its rise in falsehood. Both as Christians and as Americans we have not only the right, but the duty, of remaining neutral, of avoiding the contagion of international strife, and of laboring with universal fraternity for world peace and amity.

Let me apply this principle, by which we should be guided, to a very practical matter, which concerns not merely international peace, but, what is at present as pertinent, domestic harmony in the nation, without which we may prepare forever, yet never attain to the best preparedness, which is the strength that proceeds from national harmony and concord.

Any unsophisticated Bostonian reading the Monday morning papers would imagine that a certain element in this community was doing everything in its power to seize this government for its own purposes, to rifle the State treasury, to set up a State within a State, and to bring about the bugbear of a union of Church and State and other evils too numerous to mention. Such is the trend of the violent harangues that consume the sacred hours of Sunday in some quarters.

That these statements are mere inventions and misrepresentations, or else the delusions of overheated or diseased minds, is as well known to every Catholic man, woman, and child in this community as their daily prayers. The Catholics in public office who are accused of being concerned in this imaginary conspiracy know that such vaporings are absurd. They know that we have never even remotely hinted at what they ought to do or ought not to do in official matters. They know that on

the very rare occasions when we meet them, and that is at open, public, social gatherings, we have never spoken a word concerning their public position or public duties. On the contrary, if it be proper to emphasize this matter, they appreciate the fact that, as if by mutual silent assent, anything touching such topics in the slightest way has been studiously and religiously avoided. They all know this; the Governor, the Mayor, and whatever other Catholic officials we have.

They know, too, that more than once we have discountenanced in general terms any appearance even that could be construed as a shadow of ecclesiastical influence; that in a certain sense we have, perhaps, gone too far, almost to the point of leaning backward, to avoid any such possible suspicion.

Yet, in the face of all this, which is a matter of common knowledge, Sunday after Sunday and week after week, we see the same charges repeated in print, until we begin to wonder whether those responsible for them have lost reason or conscience or both.

There is small room for doubt that there is a settled purpose in the endless reiteration of this stupid nonsense. That purpose is that the community may be excited to suspicion of our influence and that, as a result, the disturbers may have things their own way. I am not surprised at such maneuvers by political demagogues, but with all the respect I was brought up to have for ministers of every creed, I find it hard to reconcile such actions and utterances with common honesty.

Thousands know that such accusations are utterly baseless. There must be thousands, too, who doubt them, especially since the last election, when the fomenters of discord forgot us for the moment and directed their vitu-

peration against their own. But there are doubtless other thousands of half-educated men who are credulous to the point of believing such things. When I behold such exhibitions of ignorance I wonder how some people among us can have the effrontery to talk about the "Dark Ages."

Never in the history of the world, even when illiteracy was well-nigh universal, were there such exhibitions of crass credulity as one may witness to-day in the attitude of a certain small portion of the population of this country towards the Catholic Church.

The explanation of this phenomenon is to be sought in the process which I have outlined with regard to the present war. The lies invented in the past for demagogical and controversial purposes have been published and republished through the centuries. Many never take the trouble to investigate, and others find it to their advantage to continue telling the old stories. Thus the false tradition is transmitted by one generation to another, until even the well-informed and fair-minded man finds himself in a tortuous maze and the ignorant and prejudiced find in what they hear only more fuel for the fires of religious hate.

While, therefore, this persistent repetition of evil tales, which our people all know to be atrociously false, achieves some success among deluded sectaries, it defeats its own purpose in a fatal way, for it literally compels Catholics to conclude that a certain class of these preachers are mere charlatans and unworthy of any respect whatever. It does even more than this — it effects perfect solidarity and unanimity among Catholics.

From our point of view this is naturally a great gain, though we wish the cause were different. The mystery

is, that our opponents should labor so strenuously for our advantage, which is exactly what they do in employing such methods. Besides the regrettable features of all this, there is certainly a humorous one, which we cannot help but remark at times. It is this: some of our people who know full well our absolute neutrality and aloofness in matters political disapprove of our attitude and are of the opinion that we ought to take sides, a course on which we have no intention of entering, even under the strong provocation given us.

On the other hand, these preachers whose harangues about us fill the air, who profess to see in the election of every Catholic to office the hand of the clergy, deliriously cry out, "No union of Church and State," which means, of course, "No Catholics in office; no one but our side ought to be elected."

You can easily appreciate the fact that with us, looking at both parties to the controversy, it is a case of "Blamed if you do and blamed if you don't." The drollery of the dilemma helps to relieve the pathetic gloom of the situation.

Until the true position of Catholics is understood there will be no rest. We all want a peaceful, happy, law-abiding America. We Catholics are laboring for that with as much energy and good-will as any others in the land. We want no political union of Church and State here. We merely want harmony between the two.

We have perfect freedom for the Church, the greatest freedom perhaps she has ever enjoyed. We want and will accept nothing else. We desire to live side by side with people of other beliefs in peace and concord. In religious matters they have a right to go their way; so we have a right to go our way.

We can say in all honesty and frankness to non-Catholics: —

"We have at times some co-religionists in public office who, let us say, are not exactly saints. Well, so have you. You wish it were otherwise. Well, so do we, for our part. You know very well that if we attempted to improve matters you would be the first to accuse us of interference, so we prefer to remain entirely aloof, which is just what we are doing.

"We cannot but regret that very often it is plain that the sort of Catholic you want in office is one who in almost no sense is a real Catholic at all, yet all his defects, if he exhibits them, will ultimately be thrown in our faces, and we must accept even that in silence; for even a bad Catholic can always claim the right to the Church's forgiveness and mercy. The conditions are hardly fair, but that is what happens.

"We regret that you will not take our word for these things, because such a stand reduces us to silence in many affairs about which we are in a position to speak for the general good. But the privation is your own fault, since you prefer no information at all to that which we can best be supposed to know and best be able to give you.

"It is plain that the longer this thing continues the wider the divergence will become. Yet we are all citizens of a democracy. We are all interested in one another's welfare, or we ought to be. More than this, we are bound in conscience to be interested in the welfare of the nation.

"It seems only natural for every fair-minded American to ask: 'Is this perpetual spirit of distrust ever going to bring us one inch nearer one another? If you

say something false about us and about our people, do you really want to know the truth, or do you prefer to repeat the insult, even though it is false?'

"Yet this is certainly what is being done Sunday after Sunday by men who say they are Christians. Such conduct is not even gentlemanly. It is certainly not Christian.

"Well, all that Federation means to accomplish is to tell you the real truth about our position. Of course, if you straightway assert that Federation is merely a political organization intended to bring about the dreaded union of Church and State and the rest of that trite litany, you need expect nothing but further mischief, for you are deliberately poisoning the wells. It is hard to see what good that will accomplish.

"We certainly stand for one thing, and that we intend to do at all costs, steadfastly and stanchly. We stand against the unworthy and miserable campaign of malicious lies that sow only hatred. We stand against the sly maneuvers which would impose silence upon us so that you alone may be heard. We stand against the pitiable attitude which the public records reveal, that while you are getting all the public money distributed all your own way, you deliberately arouse a false suspicion that we want even the smallest share of it, when in the fullest justice, in the minds of those who respect justice, we have as perfectly an equal right to it as you have.

"We stand against the exclusion of any man from office on account of his religion. We stand unalterably and absolutely for complete freedom of religion for all. We stand unflinchingly for our fullest and freest rights as American citizens.

"We are ready to die for this country, and until that

duty faces us, we are determined to live in it as free men, Americans, Catholics. We want no religious controversy; we will have none of it; it rarely accomplishes anything good, and more often produces only bitterness.

"Those who really want to know our history, our belief, our principles can easily do so. But it will naturally not be from those whose historic hatred for everything Catholic makes them unreliable guides. When I want to learn something about Unitarianism, I shall certainly not inquire of Billy Sunday, but of Mr. Taft.

"We want and desire to respect the ministers of all denominations. We want them as Christian gentlemen to work for harmony and concord in all matters for the peace of all. It must be obvious that while endless abuse, virulent personal abuse, is hurled against us, we never retaliate. No Catholic would ever be guilty of such infamous slander against any minister as he is constantly hearing against his priests."

We want to live in the present, unembittered by prejudices based on past dissensions in centuries long forgotten and in lands far distant. Federation will strive for that; that is why it has my blessing; that is why "The Pilot" should mean so much to you all.

In an atmosphere overladen with calumny and antipathy, unless there is a medium by which you can be truthfully known, a voice which speaks honestly and fearlessly your side of these questions and these interests, how, I ask you, can your position be properly understood? Who in the end will be to blame for this misunderstanding but the Catholics themselves who, while valuing their Faith and all it means to them in time and in eternity, are still too indolent, or too indifferent, or too selfish to help maintain and propagate the only means

by which these interests can be defended and made respected.

The Catholics of Somerville realize their duty; and to-night they must begin in real earnest to labor for harmony and concord, and for the spread of the truth concerning our holy and historic Church, the true mother of civilization and the true inspiration of the highest patriotism and the surest happiness for mankind.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL SEMINARY[1]

THE students of this institution are most fortunate in all that concerns their training for the holy priesthood. They have a beautiful home where everything is done with one end in view, namely, to prepare them spiritually for the great work before them.

For prolonged, difficult, and trying work good health and a robust body are necessary. Therefore they are provided with what will naturally make them sound and sturdy men. These conveniences, however, are not intended to minister to mere ease, much less to luxury, since these are always dangerous and sap vigor. Whatever is provided for the proper comfort of the Seminarians has as its purpose to be a stimulus to harder work by insuring needed rest after the strain of constant study.

Mentally too the students here have the best that the Diocese can furnish, a corps of professors absolutely devoted to the duty of outfitting them intellectually with the best ammunition for the war which, as soldiers of Christ, they will have to wage against irreligion and infidelity.

To-day, more than ever before, the priest must stand forth in the community as a man of real and solid learning, mentally the equal of the best cultivated minds about him, and superior as far as love of study and laborious intellectual work can make him.

[1] Discourse delivered at St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Massachusetts, Wednesday morning, January 19, 1916, on the opening of the new building.

There should be no shirking in this. The priest who in these days, when the very foundations of all faith are being attacked by the false glamour of a specious boasting, is content to amble along mechanically, to live a routine existence, satisfied with worn-out and easy-going saws, which meaning little to himself, mean even less to his congregation, is often a hindrance to the work that the Church wishes done; certainly he is no help.

Nothing is clearer to-day than the fact that the men and women who fill our churches are eager to learn more and more about the Church, her practical relations with the world and the life of the present. Their love of the Church, every day more manifest, only increases their eagerness to know more of her wonderful history and her power in the life of men and nations.

They are anxious to know the origin of the errors which beset the human mind and the truth in all its phases. Thus alone can they grapple successfully with those fatal blunders of the human mind that lead it far astray from our Lord, from a holy life, from the hope of heaven.

No mere mechanical repetition of half-digested, half-felt formulas will accomplish this. The truth of the Church is God's truth. It is intense in its own dynamic force only when propounded with the perfect confidence in its infinite power which a clear faith, genuine study, and reflection alone can give it.

"*Fides ex auditu.*" Men must first hear the truth, but it must be a live message, not the droning of run-down machinery. The priest who neglects this very essential fact of his most solemn duty commits a crime for which, not only he, but thousands will pay in the base coin of indifference, for a cold and indifferent congrega-

tion, barely complying with what is rigidly necessary, is the logical result of priestly service without zealous energy.

There is no place in these days of intense activity for an ecclesiastic who in the field of business would be relegated to dusting an office. Intelligent, hard work is necessary to attain the requisite knowledge and the habit of industry.

The stimulus and glowing example of this you have before you every day in the professors who have gone the world over, — to Paris, Rome, Innsbruck, Washington, — to bring to you here the best fruits of ecclesiastical learning, which these great Catholic schools have cultivated to maturity.

Spiritually, you have here every advantage. You have put all else aside so that, growing in holiness, you may lead others in the path of Christian perfection. For this, you well know, the two things absolutely necessary are humility and obedience. If you obtain these two keys to the spiritual life you are in possession of the initial powers which, even more than learning, give the stamp of genuine leadership to the priest.

Intense love for the Vicar of Christ, the love which causes you to suffer when he suffers, and is ready to render every help to him who bears the burdens of all the churches, must characterize your training here and your life hereafter.

Be animated through and through with a strong and real attachment to him who sits in the Chair of Peter. He is for you Christ on earth, the real Vicar of Christ, our leader, our father, and our guide.

Learn to love your Bishop. Stand with him. Let him see that in times of difficulty and wearisome trouble he

can really lean on you. Do this, not that he may reward you. That is poor loyalty and in the end brings little comfort to any one. But do it because as priests you ought to do it. Without the stanch and steady support of his diocesan clergy what can the Bishop do? How can the Church progress? The chief strength of the Bishop must come from the obedient, serviceable, joyful help and affection of his good priests.

THE CHURCH'S FOES[1]

It gives me great happiness on this occasion of the Federation meeting to come to spend a part of the day with you, my beloved people of South Boston. You certainly have reason to know that the Archbishop of Boston has a particular affection for this district and its people, and the people have responded by loyalty and coöperation to their Archbishop's affection and care. We are compelled to admire the remarkable sincerity and goodness of the people of South Boston, whose priests, after long experience here, cannot find words strong enough to speak of their sterling qualities.

The work of Federation is one of preparation, of education and defense. It hurls no defiance at any one; the Church never has; she has always submitted meekly as long as she could. But there comes a time when self-respect compels men to assert their rights and take their own part. That time has arrived for us here in Boston and for Catholics all over the country.

As a young priest I was witness, as no doubt you all were, to the great growth of the Church in this country. Here in this Diocese, and especially in Boston, it was phenomenal. Churches multiplied with amazing rapidity. When the parochial school system began, the same energy was manifest. This progress was the result of generous self-sacrifice on the part of priests and people, of a large expenditure of toil and money. When this was done, we began to fold our arms and admire it.

[1] Address to the Federation at South Boston on Sunday, February 20, 1916.

Yes, it was worthy of congratulation. But some there were who watched that progress with jealous eyes, following it step by step, striving to undermine it whenever they could. The churches were built and the schools filled, but who was to protect them? There seemed no need of protection; we were living in a day-dream of universal peace.

On the surface, all was calm and brotherly. But my eyes saw something of the real conditions even in those years. Then I took up my duties at Rome and learned there, where the activities of the Church's enemies center against her Head, something of the methods employed by them. I saw the spirit that had ceaselessly animated our foes through all the centuries past, and was working with redoubled vigor. God alone knows the secret of this hatred against the Church, her ministers, and her children. We can only repeat that prayer of our Saviour on the Cross: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Although we do not know the reason of these things, of one thing we are certain: we have the truth which Jesus Christ brought to save men, which He planted in the souls and hearts of His Apostles that they might spread it throughout the world. This is the truth that created nations, that preserved civilization and learning. Step by step with all that knowledge of the truth and all that grandeur of principle has advanced a diabolical hatred of the truth and of justice. We cannot explain the hatred manifested towards our Lord and Saviour "who went about doing good," as the Church, following in His footsteps, has ever done; but it existed then and is in the world to-day.

Now this hatred arises from two sources: Ignorance and

Malice. Federation is going out to meet both these foes with square, honest, fair dealing, with eyes wide open and all faculties ready.

Federation says to these enemies: "You say you do not understand the Church. Then the Church will teach you and make sure and clear the values, principles, and foundation upon which she stands; she will explain to you her methods, and then, if you will listen, there will be no excuse for not understanding, for you will know our position exactly.

"We stand for that historic Church founded by Christ, carried by the Apostles to the ends of the world, and preserved until this day by the power of God. If you wish to oppose the power of God, that is your affair. We do not fear Malice. We are neither cravens nor cowards. We have our faith and the knowledge it brings us. We cherish this faith more than all else in the world and we must defend it."

When I came to the Diocese nothing could be more splendid than the work of the priests and the activity of the people along certain lines. They had built gloriously, and the impression seemed to be that the work had been completed; that all could sit still with folded arms. They forgot for the moment what has taken place elsewhere. They did not think of France and her magnificent churches and schools. They lost sight of the fact that one day the enemies of the Church made common cause, and in a clever way, for they are fertile in popular phrases, bade her go. "We want," they said, "your church buildings and your school buildings and everything material that enables you to work, but we do not want you. Depart." Do you think that is impossible here in our land? Do not deceive yourselves. The same forces that wrought

that destruction in France are at work here, and they will do here what they did in France if you allow them. There is only one thing that holds them back now — they are afraid.

So far Malice. I speak now of Ignorance. The malicious have a mysterious control of the ignorant. That has been evinced in the history of the Church through all the ages. Listen to the malicious interpretations of everything we do, every act we perform, every procession from a priest's house to the vestibule of the church caricatured, misrepresented, maligned. Is that ignorance? No; the facts are there but they are not honestly described, yet the multitude reads the travesty and believes it.

I read in the papers this morning that the police had a dragnet of ten thousand men all over New York City to catch one man. That one man said that because of his knowledge, his learning, he had come to the conclusion that science must annihilate religion, superstition! This conviction he attempted to put into action. That was the simple conclusion: that science must annihilate religion! Poor, ignorant, sinful man! God help him! Who has misled this man? He had picked up a smattering of knowledge about explosives. Now this omniscient of science says: "Let all the churches retire; I am in possession of all knowledge; superstition must die." This is insanity; the poor man is a maniac. But do not forget that the enemies of religion and society have again and again used the lunatic, who for all his fanaticism and wildness is at least sincere. He takes the subversive theories which they hold vaguely, and which they fear to put in operation and follows them out by acts that ruin perhaps thousands of lives.

There is need to be very watchful of these miscreants

who threaten to blow up public buildings even though it takes ten thousand public servants to catch one law-breaker. Suppose the false theories and their crazy dupes be multiplied by ten thousand! How will you catch the millions of evil-doers? If they who are actuated by malice are determined to eradicate religion, what is left but anarchy? Where is any form of government safe? Precisely because the Church has proved again and again, even in the face of the basest indictments, that she has been basely maligned, we know that her foes are deaf to truth, relentless, sleepless. This is what malice accomplishes with the ignorant.

It is not surprising that we Catholics, being human, feel all this keenly. The Church has raised up peoples that were sunk in destitution, taken them lovingly in her arms and brought them back into life; made them again great nations. But for her there was no gratitude. Look at the poor priests of France to-day. They were expelled from the land they loved, subjected to every sort of humiliation. I saw them all over the Orient. Poor men, they could hardly speak of France without weeping.

The love and devotion of the French priest for France is one of the most touching and beautiful things one could behold. His France! It is next to his God and his Church. These men were banished from the land they loved and for which they were ready to die.

Where are the millions that came from the miserable auction of churches and schools? The government officials do not dare to answer. Poor French priests, poor French nuns, who have given their lives and talents to build up the schools! But now that France is in danger of her very existence, who are the first to rush home

from exile to fight the enemies of France ? The priests who made France, who built up France, built up her education, her literature, her art, her architecture.

There comes a time when silence is a crime. We learned that from France. We must not wait here until it is too late.

This is the whole meaning of Federation.

We want nothing from our enemies. Nothing that is theirs! We would not accept it, would scorn it, would find no use for it. Everything that is good and really valuable they owe to the Church: their knowledge of God, their knowledge of letters, their knowledge of what the Church means, their very prayers. And since they left her and persecuted her, we want nothing that is theirs. But we do claim our rights, and we shall have them. There are two things never to be forgotten: first, that internal sanctity, the sanctification of one's soul to which we have an inherent right; and second, the common, human, civil right to kneel in the open before God and worship Him according to the dictates of our conscience.

The first comes from God and He will protect it. The second is a civil right, and we must see that under God we protect it. God will demand from you first of all, if you are animated by the spirit of your faith, that you protect yourselves, speak for yourselves, stand forth in the forum, tell the truth about these matters. Then there will be fewer lies and calumnies.

Nor do your rights end here. As American citizens you are eligible to public office. We want all that is due us; all that American law and the American Constitution guarantee us. We want these offices, not merely as Catholics, but as citizens, and we will not tolerate the

efforts of any class to deprive us of them, and to rule us out on a sectarian issue.

We want perfect security, not a fantasy of peace, not a sort of fool's paradise, and therefore we must use our voices, make ourselves felt, warn off those who for any reason or for no reason are attempting to undermine our faith or our civil rights. The plan of campaign followed by our enemies is ever the same: you can read it in the story of the Church everywhere. It is: "Attack the Bishops; get the priests separated from the people; get the people separated from the priests, and after that all will be easy." What the enemies of the Church fear to-day and have always feared is that Catholics will stand together: Bishops, priests, and people. What they intend and have always tried to do is to separate them. "I will strike the shepherd and the sheep of the flock shall be dispersed." The trick is centuries old; the world knows it well.

With whatever gift of speech or word of mouth that God has given me, I have striven, little by little, to din this message into the ears, minds, and hearts of the priests and people, for both needed it. I have done this, I am doing it now, and I hope to die doing it.

Men and women, stop and think. Ten years ago how many public advocates in this city of Boston had you? When I came here I knew them. Something had to be done for the good of the Diocese, for there were but four men who could go out into the forum and tell the world what we wanted. The reason for this? The answer is clear.

Some duties are difficult. First, you must learn; second, you must give up your time to go out and address the people. It is no small task to make the truth clear.

It requires great study, and those who have done us service, God bless them! can testify that it is no easy matter to go over old volumes and extract the truth that is needed. It requires toil and thought to master the debt of society to the Church and the State to the Church. You may not have realized it, but few labors are more exhausting than constant public speaking. It wears out the nerves and the system.

Where are the men who can do this and will do it? Where were they when I came to the Diocese? We did not have them. Now we have men to hold up our hands in the struggle and work with us, thank God! God preserve them! Their number is increasing every day. They have the talent, and they give the time to study these subjects and bring them before the people in the open forum. When that much is accomplished, with God's help we can take care of the rest.

Once this task is thoroughly done, on that glorious day we can stand at the altar of God and pray for the good men who are doing this work for us and who in many ways can do it far better. We have no vocation for platform speaking; our place is in the sanctuary, and as soon as we can give over this work, — and the time is fast coming through Federation, — and have spokesmen to put on the platform, we shall gladly go back, and there by our prayers and the Sacrifice of the Holy Mass call down the blessings of heaven on these men who are doing God's work, are illustrating the work of the Church, and defending her rights.

Take this to heart, dear men. I want you to realize that the moment faith ceases to stir an enthusiasm that overmasters nearly everything else in our lives, and to make us realize that the Church is our greatest posses-

sion and that we must do all we can to defend her, that moment we are lost. The enemy never dies, never sleeps. He pursues every step we make in progress.

We who are leaders know more than we dare to tell. We realize conditions and must use all our efforts to defend what we have and to go on. We must stand together on the sacred ground purchased by our beloved fathers. Stand here in South Boston close to that old St. Augustine's Church which was the cradle of all that is worth living for, from which thousands have carried the Faith all over the districts around Boston. Keep the sacred fire alive as you gather in hundreds and thousands to worship God. Men and women, listen to one another; give courage to one another. Unite in the maintenance of truth and in the defense of the rights of the Church and the rights of Catholics, which are also in very truth the rights of God.

EULOGY OF JOHN J. MUNDO[1]

THE Church is cautious in her funeral eulogies. On such occasions she thinks not of human glory, but of divine justice judging human weakness. And so at the obsequies of her children she prays and asks that God may pardon their defects and offenses and leaves to Him to praise their lives and reward their virtues.

Many a king is brought before the altar in his coffin, many a prince is carried before the sanctuary. The great Sacrifice is offered for the departed soul and then silently the priest sprinkles the remains with the water of purification, performs the other ceremonies of the Absolution according to the burial ritual, and the cortege departs. No priest, knowing the lives of those men who, great in name, have often little claim to the Church's praise or gratitude, would dare stand before the altar and say what would be false, — and if he said the truth, it would be small glory to the dead and bitter consolation to the living.

Many rich men, merchant princes and money potentates, are borne lifeless into the temple of God, and after the funeral rites, they are borne away without one word of encomium. They are dead. While they lived they thought only of themselves; of their own luxury, their own glory, the satisfaction of their own will. The Church, God's interests, had no place in their days or their deeds. Now at last they are here cold and lifeless before the altar of the God they had all but ignored, and the Church

[1] At St. Paul's Church, Dorchester, February 22, 1916.

can give them only the charity of her silence. Perhaps they have not deserved even this, but the Church forgives and prays for them.

Here before me lie the mortal remains of a plain man. No prince, or great merchant, or famous financier is he. It is the body of John Mundo, and around his bier are gathered the whole body of the local priesthood, and a prince of the Church, a Cardinal of the greatest kingdom on earth, stands over his remains to do him honor and to speak his eulogy.

Here was a man who gave his whole life to duty. Gave it so simply that few of all the world knew anything about him. Here was a man of absolute honesty and integrity. Every year he reckoned up the millions gained by the great business house he served. The wealth of merchandise passed in review daily before his eyes, and he neither envied the owners nor became embittered by his own comparative poverty.

All this was nothing to John Mundo. He would have smiled in contempt at one who would argue much advantage from great wealth or unhappiness from lack of luxury. He knew better.

He saw the struggle for greed at close range. He simply kept to the straight, honest path and found his highest happiness not in chasing gold, but in helping those still poorer than himself.

What constituted this great difference? What is it that after all builds up the prosperity of a great firm and the welfare of a mighty nation? Is it the men whose names are blazoned abroad? Certainly prestige has much to do with prosperity, but in the last analysis what prestige can any firm or any country have without the absolute fidelity, trust, and confidence inspired by the plain

men whose names never appear, whose work is never in the limelight, but whose solid reliability constitutes the fundamental asset of great industries and great nations alike?

We need not be told that oftentimes commanders are merely figure-heads. The men behind the guns, behind the counters, behind the account books are not seldom the heads and shoulders and arms of an enterprise.

What was the power and strength of John Mundo's fidelity? You may say it was honesty. We hear much of this virtue of honesty. To me it is a cold, unfeeling quality and word. Why, in business every child knows that honesty is compulsory. Dishonesty means business ruin and the jail. Only a fool would lack honesty.

No, it was not mere honesty which guided the life of this good man. It was religion, — the religion which constitutes not human honesty, but divine justice. He envied no one, he wanted nothing that was not his, because each day to him meant another space to be filled with God's love and God's service.

The millions he counted meant nothing to him, his treasury was in heaven. Each day's labor was a task conscientiously done with his eyes fixed upon eternity. This is the difference between the mere honesty of trade and the supernatural justice of faith.

The one is cold, heartless, exacting and in the end selfish. The other is warm with the charity of God, overflowing in measure, as God's love is to us.

If mere honesty were the sole guiding star of John Mundo's life, having finished his day's work, he would have said, "I have earned my wages, now I shall rest and do what I like myself."

But just here John Mundo was different — different

even from many Catholics who far more easily than this good man might give as he gave to the welfare of the helpless and the needy.

For years this busy man, even after the fatigue of a hard and long day's work, dropped his labor in the office of his employer only to take it up again in the home of the orphan.

Only God knows how much of the present prosperity of the St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum is due entirely to the self-sacrificing efforts and interest of John Mundo, given after he had well earned repose. Any one else might be absent from the meetings of that institution, but never John Mundo. Scrupulously, with more anxiety than if the affair were his very own, he went over all the accounts and indicated here and there how by this economy or that the institution could have more to spend upon the needy little ones.

All this was done silently, without the slightest thought of any special merit. He was a Catholic. He took the obligations of his faith literally. Upon him rested, as upon every Catholic, the obligation of good works. But just here is the difference. He took up the obligations and duties which thousands are daily shirking.

John Mundo had no money to give. He was not one of those, only too numerous of late even among our own Catholic people, who have learned the habit of stacking up their gold, merely to have the miser's pleasure of looking at it. He would have laughed to scorn that selfish maxim foreign to his true Catholic mind and heart — "Get rich and keep your money."

John Mundo would never have become rich under any circumstances. It takes very little experience of men to learn that the type of mind that thinks only of getting

rich is a very inferior one. It does not require a high order of intelligence. It is a mixture of shrewdness and selfishness. John Mundo's mind was of finer caliber. He would never have been rich except by accident. Nor having acquired wealth would he have kept it merely for himself.

If it takes merely shrewdness and selfishness to make money it requires something even less praiseworthy than these to keep it solely for one's self. John Mundo had too much nobility of soul to care a straw for such unenviable distinction. No, he had no money to give. But he gave what no money can ever buy — he gave himself to God, to the Church, to the poor, to the orphan. And until the day he died he kept on giving that priceless gift beyond all gold.

A few days before he died I visited him. He was on his deathbed, weak and worn, the agony almost beginning. And what was the only thing on his mind? He regretted, oh so keenly, that he could not summon strength sufficient to look over the monthly accounts of the asylum. The books were near his bed, awaiting only the strength that would enable him to show his fidelity to God's cause up to his final moment upon earth.

Is not this sublime? This plain, unpretending, simple man had the soul of a true Christian prince. No wonder that in the simple toil and labor of his self-sacrificing life — a life lived for God — he was always happy.

How many of those who a few years ago were comparatively poor, and who now boast of millions, will ever know the secret of the perfect contentment and peace of John Mundo's life?

How many of these same new-made millionaires, to whom added wealth has brought only the canker worm

of silly pride and hard selfishness, will realize that they are losing all the power and secret of happiness, because their money has made them forget God, forget His Church, His poor, His interests? When they have amassed all their gold, and have found only disappointment, and the day comes when they are borne here lifeless for the mercy and alms of a final prayer from the Church they have done so little to serve, who will have the hardihood to stand where I do now to say one word of eulogy?

This is the lesson of John Mundo's life: there is something in life infinitely more valuable than mercantile or financial success, and there are higher duties facing a Christian than counting dollars.

There are duties to the world which we cannot escape. But if they absorb our hearts and minds, if they only make one hard and cold and cruel and heartless, then better one John Mundo than a million millionaires. Better a thousand times this man who, without silly social pretense or vulgar riches, gave of his mind and heart and industry and time what was due the world to the world and what was due to God to God.

May God give us more such men! Thank God we have many such among us. May God bring the lesson of John Mundo's life to those who have only forgotten God in His own gifts — who, having greater power to do good than this just man, do nothing at all, or only that which brings them vanity and selfish display, and which can only end in unhappiness.

God rest thee, honest, good, faithful man. Thy very simplicity is thy true greatness.

KEEPING THE FAITH[1]

I AM happy to be present to-night at this meeting, at which the Italian Council of the Knights of Columbus becomes affiliated with the great work of Federation. This union of coöperation on the part of the Italian Catholics is a happy sign and an auspicious augury, because it proves that whenever a movement is truly Catholic it touches every Catholic heart without distinction of race or nation.

The wonderful interest which Federation is arousing among all the Catholics hereabouts is a splendid indication that the faith of our people is a living faith, a faith which is not to be content with merely crying, "Lord, Lord!" and then falling back into the apathy which stifles action. No, it is a faith which realizes that life consists in action.

We must do something for God and His Church if we wish to convince even our own consciences that our faith is more than a mere word. Every Catholic knows what a pearl beyond price is the inheritance which has come down to him from generations of Catholic ancestors. But there is an enigma which all of us see, and which at times seems difficult to solve.

Why is it that in countries which were once universally Catholic, in lands where the Catholic faith really gave them all that they possess, — civilization, the arts, yes, even their own liberty, — in such countries one

[1] Address to the Italian people at the North End, in St. John's Hall, Boston, Sunday evening, March 12, 1916.

meets men who say they are Catholics, who would resent being considered anything else, yet who rarely give any positive evidence that they have any right to the name?

I have met them myself in nearly every Catholic country of Europe, and I have seen them even here, here where nowadays, thank God! the tide of Catholic activity is so high that it is rare to find a Catholic who does not openly practice his faith as well as profess it.

Well, why this strange enigma, I ask? And I can answer, it is no enigma at all once you really know the facts and the true conditions. It is because they have been made to believe the fallacy that even in inaction their treasure is safe.

They have hidden it away, this priceless pearl of Christian faith; they have covered it up and deposited it in a very secret and remote corner of their hearts and minds; so remote that they never go near it, so secret that they themselves soon forget where they have placed it.

But the strange part of this whole delusion is that there is always the very complacent idea in the back of their heads that when they need faith it will be there; that in the terrible crises of life when even they realize that to be without faith is to be absolutely destitute of everything they can count upon it. They say to themselves, "Ah! then I will open the secret chamber of my heart and out from the remote corner of my mind and conscience I will bring this wondrous pearl, my great inheritance, my Catholic faith." Thus they assure themselves that in those hours of mental agony, perhaps their last hours on earth, they can reclaim it in all its beauty, its rich consolations, its wonderful inspirations.

So they go through life, smiling astutely at those who daily practice their religion even at the sacrifice of many things which the world is constantly offering to men who have no conscience, who are willing to buy its wares by treachery to God. "Why not have both?" they say. "It needs only a little shrewdness."

Here is their foolish and unworthy philosophy: "Put your pearl in safe-keeping until you need it, by and by, when one is old. In the meanwhile go in and get everything you can by dishonesty, by treachery, by double-dealing, yes, even by letting it be understood that though you were a Catholic once you could not help that, you were born so, — for one must be practical in a hard world!" So year after year passes with no Mass, no confession, no Catholic association, no public open profession of your secret allegiance.

All this time there is the pearl safely locked up in its secret drawer, secure.

Now, if to get money, or position, or this or that which the world offers, the pearl must be kept buried, why, what harm? Why not get all you can out of life, and at the end of life have the pearl, too? Why not? Why? Well, just because it is impossible to cheat God. That is a very simple reason, and for one who believes in God at all, a very convincing one. No, you cannot have infidelity every day and faith when you want it.

Have you never heard of a treasure buried so securely that it never could be found again? Have you never heard of the great doors of a safe refusing to budge just because for years they have not been opened, and had become so rusted that nothing could separate them and nothing could move the hinges? Have you never heard of muscles atrophied for lack of exercise? Have you

never heard of minds run fallow because they were left inactive? Have you never heard of hearts grown cold because they had become purely selfish, and how love and affection had died forever?

These men pride themselves on their shrewdness, but they are simply feeble-minded. No, you cannot keep your faith in a strong box out of sight, out of mind, all your lives and then imagine you will have it to turn to just when you need it. No, it will not be there: "You shall seek me, and shall not find me." They flatter themselves that they value their faith in hiding it. Why? They have in reality sold it.

They want the false things the world offers and the truth which God offers, both at the same time. You cannot have them both. You must choose. You may deny your faith either by word or action, and go out in search of many gaudy beads and gilded trifles, and maybe you will get them.

There is no doubt at all that even now in our day, and, shame to say it, right here among us, you can have a good many things if you deny your faith, which you would have to fight for otherwise all your lives.

Yes, nearly all the difficulties which Catholics find about them would soon dissolve into thin air once they were willing, like the apostate Judas, to betray their Master. The thirty pieces of silver are soon ready. But you take them at your peril. The day must come when you would give them back; yes, and all the world, if only you could see your Master again. But it is written, "You shall seek me, and shall not find me."

The secret sects do their work in Italy, in France, and in Portugal well. The victim thinks when he is lured into them that he can put away the pearl secretly; that

he may ride to position and influence by hiding the pledges of his baptism. But he soon finds that it is no longer hidden. It is lost, lost forever.

We know, and doubtless you know, of men who in their last moments wept and cried aloud in agony for a minister of God that they might recover the treasure of faith, of religion, of the last sacraments.

But the guard was at the door, the guard that mocked them, that saw them die clamoring for the priest who would never come because the guard was there to see that he could not come.

That is the way thousands in Italy, in France, in Portugal, and in Mexico have paid the penalty of trying to cheat God, of trying to keep their faith and sell it, too, of hiding their Catholic inheritance during life in order to get what was offered them by those who hate their faith as Lucifer hates Christ.

There is one sentence of Christ infinitely just, and therefore infinitely terrible, which no one who has ever heard can ever forget, — "Every one therefore that shall confess me before men, I will also confess him before my Father who is in heaven. But he that shall deny me before men, I will also deny him before my Father who is in heaven." Jesus Christ will not be cheated, His faith will allow no compromise. Take it or leave it, but you shall not deny Him here and have Him hereafter. Choose.

In these days of awful sadness the horrors of war are opening the eyes of many in Europe. Before the shrapnel and the shell they are driven to a true estimate of all things. What in that crisis avail their subterfuges, their compromises, their double-dealing? What with death staring them in the face matter all the vile threats of

the secret organizations which turned their priests adrift, closed their churches, and bade them conceal their faith?

A thousand messages from the battlefield bring back assurances that after all neither Viviani nor the rest of the blasphemous brood have succeeded in putting out the "lights of heaven." And millions upon millions of men will find through the hell of the battlefield the road to faith and heaven again.

Will they keep it? Will they listen once again, when at last peace has returned to all the earth, to those minions of infidelity who before bought their great inheritance with gold or frightened them into apostasy by threats and persecutions?

We shall see. But we cannot believe that the bright vision of Christ appearing amid the flash of cannon can ever be extinguished for them again. We cannot believe that the terrible voice of a conscience often betrayed, but now audible above the roar and din of musketry, can ever be silenced.

No; all over Europe there is already visible the rosy dawn of a long and brilliant day. When the smoke, which for months has blurred the vision of her fertile fields and beautiful towns, has at last cleared away, a new Europe will appear, a Europe on her knees before the God she has sinned against, a Europe that has had enough of the rags, of the false trappings of infidelity and doubt and the gospel of disorder, a Europe turning once more with eyes which shall see clearly, though still bedimmed with bitter tears, the old Faith triumphant at last over all her enemies.

And once again Europe will turn in her chastened pride from deceit and lies to the plenty of her Father's house. Once again she will cast from her too greedy

hands the spoils of Beelzebub, and kneel penitent and shriven at the foot of Golgotha, looking up once more to that Cross which she has insolently banished; for health and restoration and national order and enduring peace will come only from Calvary.

The war is teaching the whole world many needed lessons. It is teaching the folly of pride, the insecurity of boasting, the hollowness of greed, the bitterness of injustice. But the war is teaching a lesson deeper than all these things because it combines and contains them all. It is teaching the world that God will not be cheated.

Either God, the faith of God, the law of God, with all the difficulties which that possession implies, but with the absolute certainty of moral security and eternal hope, or else the deceits of guilty conscience, the evanescent intoxication of ill-gotten wealth, the butterfly happiness of an infidel science. One or the other, but not both.

Which is the world to choose? Go ask the men in the trenches. Not the diplomat still searching for excuses, not the ruler still urging for a victory, not the merchant still plotting even over dead bodies for more gain. From none of these has the truth ever come.

But go to the man who has left all, to whom already the voice of the world is dead, who knows that in another instant all may be over forever. Go to him and he will tell you. And what will he say? He will cross himself and answer, "Jesus Christ yesterday, to-day, and the same forever."

We here are still safe, still at peace. But though thousands of miles away we see that man, he is our brother. We see the light of a restored sight in his eyes, as they look up through the smoke of war towards heaven. We hear his voice ringing across the width of the world,

"Jesus Christ yesterday, to-day, and forever." Let us take up that cry. Let us carry it into the battlefields of our everyday life. Let us make the world about us stand and hear it whether it will or not.

From this day, joining your cry to that of all the million voices of Federation, go out to your enemies, your false friends, those who would deceive you and those who would rob you of your Catholic faith. Go out and say to all: "I am a Catholic, a Catholic of proud and lovely Italy. Peter died upon the hills of Rome. Paul was beheaded out beyond the gates, and from the soil blessed and sanctified by their sacred blood, given freely for the faith of Christ, the great mother Church of Rome arose; from her, and from her alone, I will accept the truth of Christ.

"My ancestors were the princes of the royal kingdom of God. In the centuries of terrible persecution they daily faced death in the arena or partook of the bread of life in the Catacombs. In the midst of a war, compared to which this war is as nothing in duration and hatred, they never flinched. They faced Cæsar with a smile and went to death rejoicing. That was Roman courage — Italian bravery without bravado.

"And when peace came they brought the Cross and salvation and civilization to all the rest of the world. To Erin, worshiping in her Druid groves; to Albion, half savage in her foggy forests; to Germany, still under the hammer of Thor, — everywhere our fathers went; our fathers in race, in blood, and in faith.

"Do you think that with that history of my race behind me I am going to accept any religion made in Germany, or England, or any other except that born in Judea, where Christ gave the keys to Peter and made

him the rock of the Church's foundation? Ours, our very own, were all the great Popes by whose blessed influence were civilized the barbarian hordes and under whose blessed sway the nations of Europe were founded. The Gregorys, the Clements, the Leos — they were all our own.

"Dante and Giotto and Raphael and Michelangelo, these are all our blood relations, and they received their loftiest inspirations from the very Faith which we possess. Columbus is ours, and Cabot, and Vespucci. They, like us, loved the great Madonna Santissima, the great Mother of God. What can you give us that will ever blot these things from our memory?

"We have come here not rich in the goods of earth, and you call us poor. Why, whatever you have of civilization you owe to us, to us Catholics of Italy. Our earthly poverty is no disgrace. Our dear St. Francis took Lady Poverty for his own sweet bride and compelled kings to do her honor.

"But despise if you will our poverty, you shall not mock and revile the eternal patrimony of the soul which Rome and all Italy has given us, our Catholic faith. We are not cold and calculating as you of the foggy North.

"We want none of your worldly goods in exchange for the Catholic, Christian spirit of the religion of our ancestors. The Cross, the Mass, the dear Madonna, the whole sacred ritual and glorious graphic symbolism of our creed are dear to us as life.

"No cheerless, self-satisfied, and smug respectability without red blood or beating heart will ever take the place of all the glowing life and love of our Roman inheritance.

"What have you to give us in comparison with twenty

centuries of a noble Christian inheritance? Poor? What care we? Christ was poor. But ignoble hiding for fear or shame the bright badge of our holy Faith, cringing for doubtful favors at the expense of the greatest pride of our nation and blood, our Roman Catholic Church? Never, never! We are here to do our duty in all things, our duty first to God, then to this land we love."

Let this be the word of faith and truth to all who dare to come to us with a lie upon their lips: "We shall keep forever clear this our trebly noble glorious title. We are and shall be Catholic in faith, Italian in the noble inheritance of our race and blood, American in undying allegiance. True to the doctrines of our faith, true to the glorious history of our race, true to the high call of America in her need and in our honor, we shall proudly keep within our hearts a triple love and a triple fealty to the Catholic Church, to Italy, to America.

"There is neither diminution nor contradiction among these three. For true patriotism is not what you seem to imply by your peevish words, a merely mechanical thing which a hyphen can weaken. It is the heart-cry of fidelity to God, to race, and to country. We are Catholics. We want no other creed than Peter's. We are Italians by race, and we glory in our blood. We are Americans in a loyal and faithful citizenship with all that that implies."

Let this be your answer to all who ask, "Who are you, and what do you stand for?"

THE REWARDS OF SACRIFICE[1]

BEFORE the Mission comes to a close this afternoon and we prostrate ourselves in humble adoration before the Lord in the Sacrament of His love, I want to tell you what consolation and encouragement this scene brings to my heart. It is not a gathering of men for some worldly purpose, however good in itself, but an assembly of hundreds spiritually strengthened and revivified for the battle of life, gathered together to further the salvation of their souls.

I know what the Mission means — labor and prayer on the part of these good Fathers, who during the past two weeks have given themselves untiringly to the work of bringing down the blessing of God upon our parish and our city, and sacrifices also on your part. There is no need for me to speak of the zeal of these good missioners; you have all witnessed it. But I would point out to you the benefits of the sacrifices which you have made.

All the inconveniences the Mission has entailed upon you, all the efforts you have made to obtain its advantages, have meant a sacrifice of your own will, but a sacrifice that is manifold in its blessings. In giving up the false yet attractive pleasures of the world, the things which in the past may have cooled in your hearts attachment to the law and love of God, you have received back a hundredfold.

[1] Address at closing of the Mission in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Sunday afternoon, March 26, 1916.

Now as you are gathered here with faith increased and love of God rekindled you are enabled to thank Him for all you have so willingly done for the good of your own souls. You see your duty now clearly and realize, as perhaps never before, that sacrifices made for God and for your soul always bring blessings with them. You know now that your stand must be as Catholic men against sin in all its forms; you know now that tireless effort for the salvation of your own souls and of those dependent on you is a duty you owe to God.

You face a new spiritual era in your lives. You have renounced the allurements and temptations of the world, but this renunciation — of course demanding sacrifice — will bring you only good as yielding in the past has brought you only harm and bitterness of heart. It is because you have done this that your faces are now turned towards the light, and in that light you see your reward. Our Blessed Lord here upon His altar, with His arms outstretched to meet you and draw you nearer to Himself, comes in the Blessed Sacrament to give you grace to keep His law and remain close to His Sacred Heart.

Your sacrifices have done much good in other ways. If this scene gives me, your spiritual father and chief, such satisfaction, consider what joy it must give to Almighty God to behold you here to-day, true members of the Church Militant. Think what it means to our Lord who has redeemed you from sin and perdition to see you united to Him and eager in His service. With your hearts filled with gratitude for His grace, and with the determination henceforth to be worthy of what you have received, you kneel here as new men, with regained strength and courage.

God has given you everything; He has prepared every-

thing for you, but even He, the Omnipotent, must have your coöperation in order that the salvation of your souls be attained. That coöperation again means sacrifice, but one which you can make with joy. It must continue to the end of your lives.

Go forth, therefore, to your duties in the world, deaf to the voice of temptation, responsive to the word of God, and knowing that victory must be purchased by effort and pain. But this is easy with the grace of God. You know that the world and all its so-called joys and pleasures cannot procure for you the happiness that comes from a good conscience. A good conscience is worth all it costs. There is no happiness in this world comparable to the consciousness of union with God and realization of faithfulness to Him.

Now you are free from the domination of sin and are blessed with divine grace. May that great, powerful grace of God keep you warm in His love and obedient to His law. May He bless you and protect you and preserve you, Christian men, soldiers of Jesus Christ forever.

THE DUTY OF CATHOLIC WOMEN[1]

Both in the Old Law and the New God has threatened with terrible evils, spiritual and temporal, those who harden their hearts by selfishness and grow callous to the needs of those about them.

In fact, unselfishness seems to bring its own rewards, just as selfishness seems to carry its own blighting effects.

The unselfish are always at peace. They constantly feel that they have always more than they deserve and they are endlessly striving to make others happy. Hence their lives are one long day of God's sunshine no matter what storm rages.

Selfishness, on the contrary, brings its own torment. Every insignificant contradiction occasions murmuring and complaint. To-day the selfish person clamors for this — to-morrow for that. He is never at peace because he is never satisfied.

The smallest success of his neighbor annoys him. He can never be happy unless he is getting everything for himself. His eyes are greedy for the possessions of others. His tongue is envenomed against all who stand in his way. Every day is a day of jealousy and envy. Even when he has everything worth having in life he is still unhappy — unhappy because some one else has something which he has not. Until he possesses this he will never rest, and when after more heart-storms and brain-storms

[1] Message read at meeting of League of Catholic Women of Boston in St. Cecilia's Church, Boston, April 7, 1916.

he does acquire it, it is ashes in his hands and off he goes in quest of another bauble.

The unselfish person is a human being at his best; his mind is at rest, his heart is at peace. The selfish individual is a human being at his worst; torn with discontent, tormented by jealousy, and never at peace either with God or man. All his imaginary unhappiness is blamed upon others, and when even this does not calm his unreasonable complaints he does not hesitate to blame even God, his Creator, and the Providence which has given him all he possesses.

Now, as between the choice of a selfish and an unselfish life, no one who sees them both in operation can hesitate to choose.

It is the merest matter of everyday knowledge that those who have actually given up everything are in reality the happiest.

Take the example of the Religious. It is hard to mark degrees of happiness among the various Orders, but I think it is simple fact to state that the Carmelites, who have given up everything on earth, are the happiest of all. They are all far happier than any one we meet in everyday life, but the very happiest are precisely those who have retained nothing at all.

I adduce this merely as a living proof of the principle: the less self enters into our plan of life, the more life brings to us. On the contrary, the more we listen to self, the more we make provision merely for self, the more certain we are to miss happiness.

Human nature, even in its highest purposes, needs constant strengthening. Alone we are almost certain to drift back into the slough of selfish desires, selfish projects, and selfish plans. We need to be surrounded with

a wall against our own selves to keep out the evil influences which come in the train of selfishness.

Those who are busy with work for others, those who have little money and little time for self, are well safeguarded. We find that such people are usually much more generous-minded than those with plenty of time on their hands and plenty of means to gratify self.

The women who are engrossed in manifold household cares, who are occupied in effort for others, these are the least selfish; they are all the time thinking of others, doing for others. There is comparatively little selfishness among the poor. That is why they are the happiest people in the world.

On the contrary, women of fashion who have plenty of help in domestic duties are the very ones who grow more and more self-centered unless they make an effort to find a way of assisting others.

The first duty of such women is to help those in their own homes: not to abandon their first and natural duty merely to find an interesting outlet for activity. That will not bring happiness. The home must be the first field to cultivate with all the beautiful flowers of unselfish devotion and love. That done and time still left, then it is not only proper, but it is the duty of these women to enlarge their sphere of usefulness so as to bring aid and happiness to others.

Alone they can do very little, but in associations like yours the united efforts of good women produce incalculable good.

There is plenty of work to do, a great field as yet has not been touched. But what is primarily needed to produce the best results is organization. Organization unifies effort and multiplies results. But for efficient organiza-

tion there must be the greatest unselfishness, for in the organization the individual becomes self-effaced. If in personal good work self-effacement in some degree becomes a necessity, in organized charities it is an absolutely essential condition.

You must think only of the work to be done and how best you can promote that work. Nothing else must count. The moment you demand your own way in an organization you become a weakness to the organization. Work undertaken in such a spirit is worse than no work at all.

Still worse is it, when you cannot have your own way, to use your forces against the organization. I have seen at least one case right here among our own societies where a few people, because they could not control the Guild, retired from it and set up without leave or license or authority a little society of their own. The whole result of such action is evil. It is selfish and destructive. It matters not how much money they contribute in this way, there can be no blessing either upon their work or on themselves.

These Guilds, organized and working by the direction of the ecclesiastical authority of the Church, are in a sense a part of the organization of the Church. Those who work in them and for them and with them undoubtedly receive a benediction. Those who attempt to weaken the good they do or to weaken the forces which make for good are undoubtedly working against the intent of God and His Church, and that is a dangerous thing to do. If we add to this the fact that the principal reason for all this destructive influence is utter selfishness, we can see that not only can no good come of it, but rather lasting and regrettable harm.

In all things of this nature it is well to remember the words of our Blessed Lord, "He that is not with me, is against me: and he that gathereth not with me, scattereth."

If you want to see the fruitful results which such unity of purpose and organized effort can produce, you have only to look at the splendid solidarity of our Catholic men.

Is there any reason why the Catholic women should not produce equally good results? All that is required is unity of will, single-mindedness of purpose, to work not for yourselves, not according to your views, but under a unifying spiritual direction. Our Catholic men are animated by this spirit to a notable degree. I do not see why you should be incapable of it.

There must be real unselfishness, real faith, and real desire to do good. You must put yourselves in the background. But that is precisely the discipline which women even more than men need every day, the modern idea to the contrary notwithstanding.

You must remember that you are united under Catholic direction, to labor for Catholic purposes with Catholic methods and principles.

The Catholic has enough to do and more for the Catholic cause. Other causes will take care of themselves, never fear. They do not need your help and the fact is they do not want it.

So I pray that God may bless you all and give you still greater grace to do His work, the work which He asked you to do, the work He will reward you for doing.

Learn to forget yourselves in the happiness of others. Work harmoniously. Work together. Work for the

general good of the cause. That swallows up all personal pettiness and makes you great as the cause is great. Work in faith, that true charity may animate your lives, and the fruits of charity, peace, and joy will fill your souls and bring you true happiness.

TRUE PATRIOTISM[1]

THE men of Federation of the Archdiocese of Boston have good reason to survey the work accomplished during the past season with a profound sense of gratitude to God and a laudable pride in the part each has taken in its fulfillment. It has been a winter of hard and constant labor for all: the chaplains, the officers, and especially for those who have given unstintingly of their time and force in voicing throughout the length and breadth of the Diocese the high and unshakable principles upon which the work of Federation is founded.

If in any other diocese in the country, or for that matter in the whole Catholic world, there exists a more faithful and devoted lay apostolate we of Boston congratulate and applaud them. But certain it is, that from various dioceses all over Christendom messages of consoling encouragement have come to us with warmest words of admiration for our organization and for those who are spreading the knowledge of Catholic truth and Catholic rights.

We are passing through troublous times. The wars of the spirit are not less agitating than the wars of the sword and cannon, but the courage which sustains the high purpose of the soldier of Christ never flinches. He can pity and forgive, as did his Divine Master, those who do him injustice. Mindful of Christ's message to the world, he loves even those who hate and revile him.

[1] Address to Federation at St. Alphonsus' Hall, Roxbury, May 14, 1916.

But ever mindful, too, of his eternal duty to God, he fearlessly faces his foes. Armed only with the strength of his divine faith and certain of final victory, he calmly stands his ground against the onrush of the forces of infidelity, of ignorance, and of malice. He makes war against no man, but he will not play the coward and silently and guiltily let falsification and misrepresentation rob him of his lawful honor merely to prolong a false peace, which would use external appearance of less than doubtful friendship to undermine the existence of all that he holds dearer than life itself.

For if men rightly believe it glorious to die for love of country it can certainly not be less glorious to battle for the Faith, even to our last breath. The very greatest reason of all that we have to love our blessed country, to live and labor for its progress, and even to die, if need be, for its honor and preservation, is that here we are free to love and serve our God, to worship Him according to our glorious traditional belief.

We Catholics of America, more than any one else, appreciate all that that glorious truth and blessed freedom mean. To be free to toil, and enjoy the fruit of our toil, is economic freedom ; and the laborer must be thankful that not in bondage, but as a free man, he can make his home and be assured that his rights of hearth will be guarded by all the powers of the State.

But how much, how infinitely much more, is the fire of patriotism aroused by the thought that we may kneel before our consecrated altars and freely lift our hands to heaven in worship of the God who created us. That is the holiest of all patriotism. Without it, there can be no true patriotism.

Men have left their homes and all the sacred memories

that cluster around them, and with one last look of love, have gone out from them to seek others. But who will leave his God, and where would he go to seek another God? The land which banishes the worship of God deserves no love. The country which leaves its citizens free to worship God deserves our love, our toil, our very lives. For the greatest of all protection is that which protects God's altar. And that alone is undying patriotism which unites God and our own dear land.

From my heart of hearts I bless you all. Weary not; falter not. It is not enough to begin well; by God's sweet grace, we must work on—for the good of all that need our labor, for God, our sacred homes, our blessed country.

THE LOVE OF THE PEOPLE[1]

DEARLY beloved brethren, — I have listened naturally with sentiments of deep interest to the words of your pastor,[2] and while I understand and appreciate fully that any one beginning a difficult work, when encouraged ever so slightly, feels a deep sense of gratitude, I must also say in simple justice that in all this I am merely answering the call of positive duty and deserve no gratitude whatever.

It was not with any sentiment or desire to invoke either admiration or gratitude that here, as in so many other places, it has been my privilege under God to set apart a place of worship wherein His name would be revered and loved, wherein His sacred law would be enunciated and obeyed. That is the merest performance of an absolute and urgent duty.

When I came to this Archdiocese ten years ago, it was quite clear to me that it was my duty to look into and see what it was necessary to do, for I am responsible before God. It was necessary, I saw, to build in many places new churches. In outlying districts, far away from the mother church, people were fervent, devoted, loyal, and splendid in their faith, yet they had few of the gratifications which should come to them as children of the Church.

In rough weather the old and the feeble found a dis-

[1] Discourse delivered at the blessing of the Church of St. Ambrose, Dorchester, Sunday, May 28, 1916.

[2] The address of welcome by the Rev. John H. Harrigan.

tant church inaccessible. The little children, too, constituted a part of the great number more or less interested, and, of course, the consequences of such conditions are always soon visible.

It is natural that every mind and heart should desire whatever is theirs to grow and enlarge, but there is a limit to this. There comes a time when, unless the growing and enlarging qualities are looked after, there ensue not growth, but deterioration and decay, and unless these large outlying districts are well looked after, unless our Blessed Lord, in the holy Sacrament of His love, is near the people, their faith is in the end bound to suffer.

To provide for this want was my duty; and the comforting part of any work done for God, though it may be merely in the line of duty, is that it always brings much solace.

There is a word in the address of Father Harrigan this morning which has touched me very deeply, — the love of the people. We are not demagogues, we are not striving after any false popularity. God forbid! But after the love of God, the love of the people is the thing nearest my heart.

I want to win that love, because it will bring confidence. It will help me in my work. It will help you to see what I see. It will help you to do what I am trying to do, not for myself, but for God and for your children.

We among the elders, the older part of the population, have seen marvelous strides in the faith and progress of the people, in our own time, in twenty years. See what the Catholic Church means and signifies at the present day! See what it means, first of all, to her own children and to the great community in which we live and move!

To us it is our all, because by faith we know perfectly well that some day we shall appear before Almighty God to give an account of our stewardship.

But think of the great wealth of benediction which the Catholic Church, that sublime Faith, gives, with a law which is easily known as invariable in every condition of life; which protects the laborer and the poor; which guides the learned, the rich, and the ruler constantly and infallibly; which indicates the conditions under which we ought to live, and brings happiness; which sanctifies the family and keeps it pure and holy, and aflame with the fire of love and veneration; which brings up the little children in the law of Christ, in the reverence, obedience, and respect that are due to their parents, and is but the beginning of the larger reverence to society, the State, and the world which every one placed therein must learn sooner or later.

Consider this enormous moral influence so quietly, so subtly working all the time through a thousand different channels; through the word of God uttered here Sunday after Sunday by a priest who is one of you, whom you understand, whose only purpose in life is to guide you aright, whose duty it is to sacrifice his very life itself, if need be, for your spiritual welfare.

Let there come a catastrophe in the moral and civic life of the world; to whom does mankind turn? There is no other pervading, invariable law of love but the one taught and kept by the Catholic Church.

When the world is on fire and the people are forgetting the limitations and the law which govern states, to whom do they turn, whose voice must they hear? The voice of the Church rising calmly, solemnly, benignly, but always pervadingly there.

Here, in this little basement, begun with the generous sacrifices of our good people, who seem never to tire of giving and aiding when it is for the cause of the Church, the great rulers of the world might pass by and not even know of our presence; but here, just as visibly and just as potently as under the dome of St. Peter's, is that vital and active principle emanating from the altar, entering the hearts of the people, illuminating their minds, inflaming their souls, and keeping them straight in the law of God, come what may.

That is the meaning of this church, and from it goes forth the gratification that is the solace and consolation which come back to me after ten years of labor, in giving to the people what is theirs, the altar of God, where they may worship, humble as ever it may be.

It used to be the tradition with young people always to go to excess in their enthusiasm. Young countries want staggering monuments. Not I. I have lived where there are great temples and have seen them empty. I want the humble and the poor served well, and their churches built by their own hands. That is what I want, and I think that is what God wants.

THE KINDLY LIGHT[1]

This occasion is of much more than ordinary interest to all of us. It is the gathering of hundreds of men and women who, by the grace of God, have received the light of the True Faith of Christ and have followed its leading, and who now ask at the hands of Christ's One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church the Sacrament which will confirm their belief in all its sacred doctrines and strengthen their hearts to follow its commands.

If each one of those here present to-day could tell his own story, there would be narrated a wonderful series of events, each vividly describing the silent yet forceful, mysterious yet compelling influence of God's grace acting upon the mind and heart of man. And in all the chronicles of men's lives, there is nothing approaching the fascinating interest of that story.

Some of you from earliest infancy have seen glimmerings of the light which emanates from the City set upon the Hill, God's Holy Church. From afar, and through the mists of many vague opinions, some could always see, at least dimly, the beacon of the Church whose kindly light beckoned them onward.

With the years the glow of that illumination increased until it became a flaming torch beside whose radiance all other gleams were dimmed. And at last, kneeling down they adored the God of their souls made visible by the light of His Church.

[1] Sermon on the occasion of the Confirmation of five hundred converts in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Saturday, June 17, 1916.

Others for years never even heard the sound of her sweet voice calling them or saw the brilliancy of her radiance. They had been trained to turn their backs upon her. The legends of three hundred years, the fanciful myths about her arrogance, the calumnies about her character, her purposes, and her methods, had done their work even in youth. Her name had been so vilified and her beauty so maligned that as the Jews said of Christ, "Can any thing of good come from Nazareth?" so they concluded nothing Catholic could be either true or good.

And one day all that was changed. She revealed herself to them, not decked out in the rags with which her enemies seek always to disfigure her, but in all the bright beauty of Christ's spouse. On that day one glimpse of her truly heavenly face vanquished all lies and calumnies, and she appeared in all her loveliness, the sweet, tender, loving mother of men, gathering to her bosom all the children of God.

Others still, misled by the false maxims of a shallow world, thought of the Church as a social inferior, an assembly of the poor and unlettered. And one day they woke up to find that the truth is that she is the true aristocrat of all organizations, where there is equality of wealth and poverty, where the prince kneels side by side with the beggar, where the Pasteurs and the Newmans read from the same book as the apple woman and the cobbler the sacred psalm of a holy life, where worldly snobbery has no place, and where the congregation is neither a pedantic group of intellectuals nor a gathering of social prigs, but merely and solely a body of simple worshipers at the altar of the true God.

The Unitarian was warned that he would lose the lib-

erty of rationalism, and he finds that as a Catholic reason is only stimulated, not weakened; guided, not stifled by faith.

The Congregationalist was warned that he would lose his religious democracy under the tyranny of prelates, and he finds that he has just begun to realize the full meaning of religious democracy in a world of faith comprising all classes and all races. His terror of tyranny has turned out to be a mere fancy born of a myth. He rarely sees or hears a prelate, and as for tyranny, the laws are the same gentle counsels of guidance for all alike, Pope and peasant.

The Methodist was warned of the dangers of formalism, and he finds that until now he never realized how ritual protected him from liberties that were often ludicrous when they were not vulgar, and that outside the great central act of worship there is a whole universe where each soul is left absolutely free to find its own peaceful pastures of devotion.

The Episcopalian was warned of the terrors of the Papacy, and he finds that these terrors exist only in the imagination of excessively nationalized groups who seem never to realize that without a center there can be no circle; that as far as they are concerned there was far more pretension in Canterbury than they ever found in Rome; and, moreover, everything merely national can lay no claim to be international or Catholic.

And so around the whole circle; fears, worries, warnings, suspicions, which, once the door is passed, once one enters in and really sees with one's own eyes, disappear into thin air, or into the mere vapor of imaginations whence they come.

To every one of you must come instinctively the won-

der that others do not see as you now see. How is it that those who admit this tremendous spiritual power pass it by unheeded? Why do those who pass for learned men ignore a phenomenon which, even as a natural social fact, challenges the attention of observant men? There is the mystery. Who can solve it?

Men justly claiming to be learned are, where the Catholic Church is concerned, stupidly ignorant. Men claiming to be fair to her can be guilty of the most cruel injustice, since they will not even investigate her claims. Men who are open-minded to all else in life, to her close both mind and ears; and the worldly wise are content, when her name is in question, to believe the childish tales of silly, garrulous old women, whose testimony on any other subject they would laugh to scorn.

Mystery! Yes, a thousand mysteries. And out of that mystery you have come into the light which brings the truth under your very eyes. That is God's work, and when you look back and realize the vapors and mists through which you finally wandered into a clear day, you must know that it is not only a mystery but miracle; and that miracle is faith.

Tell now to all the world — you who have experienced it, seen it, touched it with your own senses and sensibilities — tell now to all the world the truth. Where is all the tyranny they pretend to fear; where are all the secret machinations they pretend to dread; where is the bondage of ignorance into which you have plunged, the idolatry you have found, the dread spell of Rome, the horrors of priest-craft, the dreary ritualism, the withering mental decadence? Surely you who have lived in both houses — that of confusion and this of light — have a right to speak and be heard.

But you have spoken and still are not heard. Ah, I know the story well. How it saddens your heart to find that of all else you may speak and your testimony will be taken, but of this, to you the most sacred thing in life, you may not speak, even to those you love most, or if you speak there is no response.

In such moments bethink you of Him who stands at the portal, the lamp of wisdom in His hand, the light of a sad disappointment in His eyes, and hear in the pathos of His tender voice as He stands there, so patient, so meek, so constant, — "Behold, I stand at the door and knock!"

There is one potent force greater than any words you can utter of the goodness and greatness of that mother whom you have found at last.

That is the force of the example of a holy life, a life glowing with the fervor of a convincing faith, exuberant with the love of God, overflowing in deeds of kindness, of patience, and of service.

That you may see even more clearly what the Church is to you, that you may walk even more firmly in the path she shows you, you have come here to-day to ask in the Sacrament of Confirmation light and warmth, guidance and strength, wisdom and fortitude. Receive it now; and true to your promises grow in faith and grace, faithful till the end.

THE HABIT OF STUDY[1]

It gives us all great pleasure, indeed, young ladies of the graduating class of 1916, to offer you our congratulations for the delightful entertainment which you have given us. It is the flowering out of many years of serious preparation and study.

It is a matter of satisfaction, as year after year we attend these graduating exercises of the various colleges and academies of the Diocese, to witness the constant, unmistakable progress all along the line of Catholic education. Not only do the number of pupils show a notable increase annually, but, what is more to the point, the standard of education is obviously higher and more generally attained.

We have only to listen to a short series of declamations and recitations to discern the excellence of diction and pronunciation. This means much. The language you will use in life with others is the English language, and the more thoroughly you know it and the more carefully you use it, the more effective an instrument it will be for you in achieving success.

It gives me happiness to say that I find in all the convent schools I have visited this year a distinct progress in this department of the English language. Years ago there was a serious lack in this, the more serious because it touches an important side of education.

Therefore perfect yourselves in the knowledge and use

[1] Address to the members of the graduating class of Mount St. Joseph's Academy, Brighton, June 21, 1916.

of correct English. Do not allow yourselves to fall into a habit of carelessness in speaking or writing, for language is one of the great norms by which the world estimates educated and cultivated women.

This brings me to another point most essential at the present time. The young ladies in their addresses have spoken of the future of the convent-educated woman. That future will be absolutely secure only on condition that you make steady progress and develop in yourselves day by day the training you have received in the academy.

Hitherto you have been preparing for life; the rest you must do yourselves. You must work with confidence and perseverance to fashion your lives under God's grace according to the high ideal which has been presented during your progress from class to class in this academy.

These words of mine have a most important bearing on your lives and for us in the Church who are waiting for you to share in the work before us. To be able to be of real assistance you must cultivate the habit of study. You have only begun to see what you have to learn. Up to this time you have been occupied with textbooks. The entire field of Catholic literature, Catholic knowledge, and Catholic science lies waiting for you to enter and to learn.

In the past, unfortunate though it has been and loath though we are to say it — but we must face the truth — young ladies whose parents have sacrificed much to give them a Catholic education and have spent a great deal of money for the learning of music, vocal and instrumental, and especially for the training of the mind, have on graduation closed their books and their minds, so that all that sacrifice and care went for nothing. This is more

to be regretted because there existed and exists now a dearth of the continuation of proper education among our Catholic women.

There is need of more Reading Circles, more facilities for what may be called post-graduate work.

Dear children, do not leave your books behind you; do not leave them closed, but begin to develop your minds. Read Catholic novels rather than the pernicious trash one sees on every side, and unfortunately so accessible. The tendency of the day is away from the best things of life. False ideals attract and draw to them the young women of the period: pleasure, dancing, theater parties, dinners.

These trifles seem to absorb their attention, while the great, inspiring world of the mind is neglected. You should not follow these false lights. You have enjoyed the best. It is your duty, and it ought to be your joy, to accomplish something worthy of what your parents have done for you.

These good parents, too, deserve commendation and and will appreciate a word of advice. Far more than the children, they are worthy of congratulations and recognition. The gayety of the modern world conceals much falsity. The knowledge of this fact comes only in later life. For this reason Catholic parents, wise from experience, are eager at any price they can pay to give their children, and especially their daughters, the benefits of a true education. Now they must prepare these daughters to face the world.

God's grace working through the Church and parental care is the only thing that will do this. The convent-school girl learns and feels this in the atmosphere of saintly women who have given up the world for God's

service in teaching. In this atmosphere the children have breathed in the truth of life, and now that they go out into a larger field, into the world, parents have a duty still: to do their best to keep alive and energetic the Catholic principles which will make their daughters an honor to the Church, of service to others, a comfort to themselves.

I trust, dear parents of these young ladies, that they go back to you well prepared to face life wisely and well, to be a credit and happiness to you. May God reward you for the sacrifices you have made for their sakes! May they all be returned to you a thousand times!

To the good Sisters I am glad to say that it means much to me to see how this school has progressed before my eyes. I know what it has cost and I appreciate the fruits of it. The spirit of work animating the Sisters of St. Joseph during the past five or six years has spurred them on to actual accomplishment that is amazing. The spirit of discipline, of unity and sacrifice has brought its own reward, not only in their own lives, but also in the lives of those they are training every day.

May Almighty God bless you all: Sisters, parents, and children!

IRISH FEALTY TO GOD[1]

BLESSED children in Christ, sons and daughters of the great St. Patrick, we welcome you here with a true Catholic and Irish welcome, such as the children of St. Patrick have a right to receive in this See and in this city.

When we survey the works which the Church has accomplished in this Diocese and in this ecclesiastical province, and when we study the history of these works, we find that they have all, practically all, been accomplished by dint of the self-sacrifice and sublime faith of the Irish people.

Therefore, as head of the Diocese, I heartily greet you, every one here who lives in the blood of our forefathers, and I bless you from the beginning of your Convention.

We had invited Dr. Livingstone, of New York, to address you to-day, but last night I was informed that he could not come. It was too late for me to provide another preacher, so I decided to give you the result of my own thoughts on the topic of the Irish race, a topic ever dear to my heart. But the thoughts and sentiments of a lifetime take possession of my being every time I stand, on an occasion like this, before a gathering of Irish men and women, so that it may almost be said that I need not a stimulating influence, but a repressive one, so strong is the feeling of enthusiasm that surges through me.

[1] Address to the delegates of the National Convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, Tuesday, July 18, 1916.

Boston, as a city, gives you welcome, though that will be extended to you in its own form, and from a mayor of this city worthy of his blood. It is but proper that your Convention should be held here, and that Boston should learn from the struggle of Ireland, as you children of Ireland, sons and daughters of the Gael, may well learn from the lesson which Boston teaches. Here on this soil was fought out that great struggle for liberty which succeeded only because this country was far enough away from the base of the enemy. Otherwise, without a doubt, it would have continued through the nineteenth century as it had dragged itself out with loathsome consequences through the preceding hundred years. So Boston may well greet the children of that nation which, not for a few years, but for countless generations and long centuries, has striven ceaselessly for liberty and law.

All the nations of the world are as the children of one family. That is not the pagan view, and it seems not to be the modern view, but it is the Christian view. As the children of the same family, the same faith, and many of the same blood relationship, will be different from one another and have different traits of character, so the nations, each in its own way, have their own particular traits and characteristics.

The Irish race — and here let me say I am stating simply historical facts — has exemplified from the very beginning its right and title to the possession of the greatest nobility of character the world has ever beheld among the children of men. Never once through all the centuries since Ireland received the boon of supernatural faith has she failed in her perception of it, in her guardianship of it, and the conservation of it for her children. It would appear that the Celtic race has been especially

endowed by Almighty God with steadfastness in the faith.

Long before the coming of St. Patrick the children of Erin showed that they possessed a religious character that made them specially receptive to the principles of Christianity. Even as pagans they never devoted themselves to the acquisition of temporal and material things. Even then they showed themselves in their island isolation far superior to the other native races of Europe in their interest and absorption in the great mysteries of life, so that when St. Patrick came to preach to them he found them ready as no other nation was. The natural purity of their hearts disposed them to accept Christian truth.

The Apostle of Ireland relates that all he had to do was to pluck the little trefoil and hold it up before his hearers to enable them to receive the divine mystery of the Trinity in Unity and Unity in Trinity. Once they embraced the law of Christ they gladly gave up for it all their possessions, their blood, their lives; they forfeited for it worldly honor among the nations, becoming, as it were, the outcasts of the earth. But they have never, by force of arms or the tyranny of centuries, yielded up that vision of God by the eyes of faith, that vision of Christ, that vision of the supernatural. This marvelous firmness and stability in faith is the most sublime characteristic that can distinguish any people.

We know full well that the world has other and lower standards, that powerful influences have been ceaselessly at work in attempts to detach the Irish people from their noble fealty and force them to give up their Catholic birthright. These influences scorned and vilified Ireland because she clung to God; they desecrated her

temples; they made a laughing-stock of the greatest names in her history, Patrick and Bridget, but all to no purpose. They robbed the faithful of worldly treasures and then sneered at them as poor; they robbed them of the opportunity of learning and then scorned them as ignorant.

But this ancient injustice is nearing the end of its sway. The world is beginning to realize the delusion to which it has been subjected. The cry of the Irish people for justice, ringing down the ages, has found a responsive echo in the heart of mankind. The democracy of England will yet pay the long overdue debt to Ireland.

In the light of that fast-coming day, let us of Irish blood and Catholic faith not forget the price our ancestors paid for this faithfulness to God; let us remember the blood and tears that have been shed in the great cause and remain steadfast to that glorious tradition and to that hard-won inheritance, the Catholic truth.

Of course we are not unmindful of, or indifferent to, the things of this world to which we have a right, but God forbid that the Irish people should ever forget that nobility of character which has marked them from the beginning, or barter even the smallest jot or tittle of that for all the goods and gold of the world. When the years of the world have passed away and the years of God have only begun, the beloved Patron, St. Patrick, and your beloved Patroness as well, women of Ireland, St. Bridget, will show you the surpassing worth of your lives of service.

Do not be blinded or dazzled by the ideals and standards that seem now to govern in the markets of the world. Why are the nations shedding one another's blood? What is the cause of all the turmoil and disaster abroad?

It is practically the lack of that trait of the Celtic nature, generosity of heart. They are greedy for more and more, and in their eagerness to possess more and more they have entered upon the course which has entailed such dreadful consequences. In contradistinction to all this the Irishman says: "I have been through three centuries of suffering; I have given up all that you are fighting for. You can never in the end gain in material good what I have suffered in three centuries for an ideal." Children of the Gael, sons and daughters of St. Patrick, never forget that.

For my part, I feel we are entitled to what God gives us as we prepare ourselves to deserve it. God has given great and noble things to our people, and little by little the Irish people, the fighters for right standards, will come to their own. But let us remember, whatever may be the purpose of others, never to draw away from the true ideals that guide us as Catholics, but rather strive to draw them more closely to our hearts. "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" What is the good of all the so-called progress in a material way if in the end the nations lose their souls?

Keep the soul of Irish lives ablaze in the love of faith and with the love of liberty. Keep it clear and clean, and when the souls of the nations come before their Maker to answer for the lives of their peoples and their deeds, Ireland can still stand with a pure heart before her God and say: "I have fought the good fight under the rules of Heaven, under the laws of the Church; I have kept the faith." May God bless you and preserve you. Amen.

IRISH WOMANHOOD[1]

My dear Ladies of the Auxiliary Association:—

If you knew the various obstacles I have been obliged to surmount, both yesterday and to-day, in order to be here with you, I feel sure you would be convinced that I am deeply interested in your aims and work. It is an inspiring thing to be able to bring together this great organization of men and its auxiliary organization of women, and to effect all this in the midst of the July heat is a remarkable achievement.

You have heard what I had to say to the joint Convention yesterday. Once we begin to speak of the courage and fortitude of Irish blood it is hard to stop. It is difficult to touch upon these stirring themes without feeling the thrill of magnetic fervor which the subject never fails to arouse in the sons and daughters of Erin.

We are all gratified that there is a ladies' auxiliary in connection with the Ancient Order of Hibernians. It is a providential idea; the tempering of the bravery and sturdiness of the men with the delicacy and refinement of the women. The men I saw before me in the Cathedral yesterday are strong, unafraid, impetuous. They have accomplished much good. They realize what the struggle between right and wrong means. Sometimes their intrepidity and enthusiasm carry them too far, verge on the extreme. Here the blessed influence of good women comes in, your influence, to allow nothing violent

[1] To the Ladies' Auxiliary of A.O.H. At Convention Hall, Boston, Wednesday morning, July 19, 1916.

to take place. It is your duty to work in patience and prayer, to moderate undue racial feeling and natural indignation against undeniable wrongs.

If you keep this duty before your minds the mission of the women of our race will be accomplished. Trust in God. He beholds your work and will reward it. Are we to forget the standard of St. Patrick because we live in a modern world? Shall we allow the serpent's poison to infect us? Are we faithful to that holy standard when encouraging violence and destruction? I admit the provocation. It is our test. It is just here that our religion enters to clarify the situation and tell us our duty. Such crises as we have lately heard of are the very trial of our faith. Such narrations tempt you to lose your heads and ignore reason. Hence it is that I tell you about the grace of God and speak of the high and patient spirituality of Irish women.

This doctrine is not in accordance with modern ways; it is contrary to present-day teachings. But you know well that God's ways are not the world's ways. Our Blessed Lord came down from on high, was crucified, and died on the Cross. God forbid that we should be led to measure Him according to the standards of the world's heroes and magnates. That would be blasphemy.

Here is a race of purity and strength; it has been treated abominably by another race that travesties it on the public platform before all the world, vilifies it in the most offensive terms. It is precisely this provocation that should reveal the quality of the faith of those so despitefully treated. My parents suffered much, as indeed the parents of almost all of us suffered. The story left an ineffaceable impression on my memory, and it comes back to me almost every day of my life. Almighty God has

given me so much I never deserved that I often think: "If only my father and mother who gave so much to me were here to enjoy it!" Yet they were happier than I. Again there is another thought: "What do all these things amount to? They are material things; they cannot satisfy human hearts." In the tragedy of suffering my father and mother were happy. I remember well what my mother used to say in any and every trial and crisis: "Welcome be the will of God." Would that we in this day of prosperity had the secret of that complete interior resignation.

Let us apply this to Ireland, the cradle of our race, the homeland of our greatest leaders. Ireland for three centuries underwent terrible persecution. Yet you will find there a happy people. Pass through England where all seems prosperous; journey on to France, a country of seeming gayety and good cheer. Return then to Ireland and you will simply revel in an atmosphere of solid, genuine happiness. God in His goodness has caused Irish sorrow to turn into joy.

Of course we must cherish the ideals of our race and must work for its prosperity. But do not be carried away by material prosperity. Let us remember that we must deal sanely with Irish questions. Merited prosperity is good, but it is not everything by any means. We often judge things by a false standard. Let us go back to the Irish standard, which is, that when we have God in our hearts, when we are strong in faith, He will supply the rest. When the warm blood of Irishmen grows hot, then is the time for women with true Irish ideals to cool that indignation and do the will of God.

This is your work. Sit quiet and do not be surprised if once in a while the men are carried away with fervor

and excitement. Their very sincerity sometimes leads them into avenues that are unsafe. Then is the time for the performance of your duty. Once you feel convinced that God rules this world and that we can do nothing without Him, your duty is easy. This is the task before you — to continue to be as you are to-day, the pride of this nation as you are the pride of Ireland.

OUR COUNTRY[1]

A LAND broad and fair and free, its shores washed by two mighty oceans, its giant mountains guarding priceless treasures, its trackless forests yielding the hoarded wealth of centuries, its mighty rivers bearing the fortunes of untold millions, its endless myriads of resources still scarcely touched, and beneath their surface boundless realms of prosperity and abundance; that is our country, — that is what in our admiring love for it we the children of this great nation are wont with good reason to call God's own country, America. No empty rhetoric is this; not fancy, but fact furnishes the reason of our enthusiasm for such a birthright as every citizen of America can call his very own.

Were this a gathering of financiers eager for still greater wealth, of merchant princes yearning for still bigger markets, of adventurers sighing for still richer fields, the story of this country's material resources, of mines still hidden, of rivers still wasted, of railroads still unplanned, in a word, the recounting of the money power of all these things still waiting to be energized, would be a theme to thrill such an audience eager to learn more and more of all of America's future and America's promise to those who can wrest her secrets from her and lead the way to her boundless treasure house.

And yet when all that fascinating story has been ex-

[1] At mass meeting of the annual convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies. Madison Square Garden, New York City, Sunday evening, August 20, 1916.

hausted, the true core of the hold America has upon our faithful love still remains unrevealed. To those who, like you here present, are dominated, not by mere material aims and hopes, and selfish purposes, but by nobler and higher impulses and instincts and ideals, the enumeration of the sources of wealth of our country while interesting enough to hear will still leave you not merely unimpressed but almost apathetic and cold. The reason is not far to see.

Well you know that out of the teeming millions of our population few indeed will ever be asked to sit at the banker's desk, few, very few, will ever occupy a chair at the board meeting, whose sole business is to count its wealth and make it grow to even larger proportions.

By far the great bulk of the people in America, as elsewhere, will ever bear the burden of the day and the heat, and the unknown millions here, as in every other land, must daily bend to the weight of toil and labor, — which well we know becomes at times a burden almost intolerable. Surely, to these millions the story of the wealth and the resources of America must have but a small fascination since they know full well that they will never see them or touch them or hold them.

There is but one thing in all this world that for these millions of toilers can lighten their burden and lessen the weight of their labor. It is the sacred light that shines through the gloom of the workman's life converting his tribulation into a joyous hope. It is that sacred spark of heavenly fire which amid all the benumbing pettiness of a sordid existence gives him the courage and the spirit to lift his eyes to the level of every man, however far above him, with a sure sense of fundamental equality.

It is the knowledge that he is a man as any other man

whatever his station; that he is neither chattel, nor thing, nor possession, but an individual, a person, free in body, mind, and heart; in a word, the one thing that constitutes his earthly happiness is his freedom. That is the boon dear to the human heart beyond all the kingdoms of the world. And that, more than all else, infinitely more than all the treasures of this country, is the very heart and core of the love we all bear for America.

It is because America is the home of freemen, and because over all alike waves her sacred banner of liberty, that we love her with a love next only to that we owe to the Kingdom of God. It is because every man living on her sacred soil can say those three little words, "I am free," whether he be rich or poor; that whatever his race or color or creed, he can tread the earth upright, and freely measure the power of his brain and the strength of his sinews with all the other millions of men about him; it is because he has a government which he helps to make and an opportunity which he helps to create, that he is hemmed in by no legal disadvantage, that he is neither bondsman nor serf nor slave; it is because of this, and this alone, that every citizen of this land loves her with an undying love and strives for her stability and perpetuity.

Take away freedom from a nation and what is all the rest? The deep mines of gold and silver and copper, the endless wealth of industries, with the comforts and luxuries they purchase, — what are all these without freedom? Nothing, nothing, less than nothing. It is as if you had blinded a man and then in mockery bade him gaze at the beauty of the heavens. Even in a gilded cage the prisoner beats upon the bars, tears them and rends them, or dies still crying the heart-rending cry of the human soul — liberty.

And what is liberty? Since it means so much to all human life that nothing can take its place or supplant it, it is well to study just what it is and what depends upon it. One thing we know is certain, that upon our answer hangs not only our own individual happiness, but the very existence of America itself. For if it is true that America has given us liberty, it is truer still that liberty alone can preserve America. This is no paradox, but the simplest truth. Let us see. If by liberty is meant that every American is a law unto himself, then let me say here frankly and fearlessly that neither America nor any other land ever had the right to grant such liberty. For America, good as she certainly is, never has intended to be so good as to destroy herself. And nothing is more certain than this, that any nation granting to each man the right to be a law unto himself at that moment signs her own death warrant.

There certainly can be no need to labor this argument. Is there any one in the whole land who does not see that under such terms of liberty there can be neither crime nor criminal, neither court nor prison, neither law nor law-giver, nor property, nor rights, nor State, nor Government? Such liberty of America would mean her suicide. That much must be clear to every one. And since we see all about us courts and legislatures, the officers of government and the prisons for criminals, the clear interpretation must be that even American liberty means freedom with restraint, a freedom according to standards, fixed and settled by law. Indeed, liberty and law must always go hand in hand.

Now let me ask, since restraint must ever accompany true liberty, in what is a free man truly free? The only answer to that question is, he is free for good, not for evil.

Here we are at once before another all-important question, — what is good and what is evil? Since it is the purpose of civilized government to answer that question in every statute it frames, we pass immediately to the dilemma, between the horns of which every organized State must finally be driven, of either the absolutism of tyranny formulating its own inflexible decrees of right or wrong, and maintaining itself by force alone, or the divine right of justice resting upon the eternal principles of God and inscribed upon the nation's statute books as the highest guide to all her citizens.

This means, if it means anything at all, that as there can be no liberty without law, there can be no law without God. And so every human being in search of liberty must inevitably accept one or another of these three things, absolute anarchy, absolute state tyranny, or the law founded upon the eternal principles of divine justice; either the whim of a tyrant resting alone on force of arms, or sacred law founded upon the principles of religion, or no law at all. Let him seek and seek forever, but from this inexorable logic he can never hope to escape.

It follows very clearly from this that the State which throws off religion must by inevitable necessity accept either anarchy or tyranny and both end in utter destruction. No one who knows anything at all of past history can help seeing that this is the positive teaching of facts. The stories of Rome and Greece and Assyria and Egypt point clearly to this one only conclusion. Each one of those nations was founded on a religious basis of law. And whatever of strength they gathered or gained they wrested from popular faith in those principles. As in time the falsity of their superstition became manifest,

their false divinities were rejected. Yet utterly false as they were, they lent some fundamental ideas of a spiritual responsibility to a power outside and above themselves.

So long as that idea of responsibility lasted it gave strength to authority and power to the nation. When the people discovered the folly of their own credulity all authority went with it and anarchy was at the door. Soon luxury, effeminacy, avarice, and the whole family of human vices weakened every shadow of law, and the greatness and power of all these nations utterly disappeared. For a short while the tyranny of absolutism was substituted for the restraint in which even their superstitions served to hold them. But soon the tyrants met the usual fate of all tyrants, the door was suddenly wrenched open, the barbarian stood on the threshold, and a great empire had fallen.

It is a far cry from ancient Assyria and Egypt to America, and yet from out the graves of fallen empires the warning voice of history speaks to this youngest of the nations, our own America. But nearer, much nearer, comes many another warning. Not once, but a hundred times, have the modern Christian nations learned the awful cost of that lack of eternal vigilance which alone can safeguard liberty.

And to-day, poor blood-drenched Europe, though she strive to hide from her own eyes the true cause of this suicidal war, is at last thoroughly convinced that the Voltaires and the Vivianis, the Haeckels and the Nietzsches, the Tolstois and the Huxleys, the Kants and all the rest of that monstrous brood who for many years have poisoned the thought and embittered the heart of the student youth, are now reaping their terrible but abundant harvest.

The children before whose eyes the crucifix, the sign of renunciation and restraint, was torn from the wall of the schoolroom, and from whose little books the very name of God was blotted out in infamy, the generations trained in the selfish principle whose chief dogma was "Let us live for to-day, for to-morrow we die," are dying by millions. Unless an all-merciful God soon rescues Europe, only a small fragment will be left to tell the story, the bitter, heart-rending story, of how much sorrow and suffering it takes to lead a nation out from the blindness of infidelity up again to its ancient vision of God, of the law of Christ, and of the happiness of a Christian state.

No, the lessons are not far to seek, but who, even now, takes the pains to read them? To-day, while Europe is expiating its crime against God and its desertion of His law, in every square of our great cities an apostle of open infidelity is shouting his gospel, his appeal to the millions. Freedom, freedom, is their cry and their shibboleth. Free thought, free life, free love, that is their Trinity and their whole gospel. We know there are thousands, yes, hundreds of thousands, who are rushing to meet that cry, men who want neither law nor restraint nor government of any kind. Their conventicles are wide open; their existence is no secret.

But there are millions, yes, millions, and the number is growing yearly, who though not openly joining their ranks have accepted their principles. Any one who knows anything at all of this country must know that this is the actual condition of things; and knowing that, can he for one moment doubt that this government, this nation is on trial for its very life in a thousand tribunals all over the land?

Do you think that people like these who have cast aside God and law are merely looking calmly on while a few, by fair means or foul, are gathering in such wealth as even emperors have never dreamed? Do you think that the child, whose only catechism teaches him that God is a myth, that property rights are legal robbery, and that marital laws are sheer nonsense, is going to grow up to-morrow an inactive witness of the intolerable conditions all about him? Do you think that he is not waiting for the day when he will be big enough and strong enough to put into violent practice the lessons so sedulously taught him? The very streets of the whole nation are filled with the cries of every manner of doctrine against organized society, and all that it stands for, and everything upon which it rests. Here under our very eyes the axe is being laid to the root of the tree. We have only to look to realize that the very foundations of our government are menaced from a hundred different angles.

If ever America needed the whole-hearted love of her children it is to-day. If ever she needed to prepare not merely to guard against attack from without, but more, a thousand times more, against dangers within, which threaten her very existence, it is to-day, — dangers all the more insidious that they don the cap of freedom and clothe themselves in the garb of Guardians of Liberty.

I know there are thousands, yes millions, of our best citizens who see these dangers and are alert to their malicious and corrupting influences. But of all the vast array of those who love America upon none may she so surely and reliably depend in every need and emergency as upon the eighteen million Catholics who are proud to be at the same time subjects of the Kingdom of God on earth and citizens of America.

It is not we Catholics, but the leaders of all the non-Catholic bodies, who openly declare that Protestantism has lost its hold upon the masses; that every year hundreds of their churches are closed and those still left open are half empty. It is not we, but the Protestant leaders themselves, who say that the descendants of those who a century ago had a living faith in God, in Christ, and in the tenets of their belief, have in our own day drifted into open infidelity and skepticism that have eaten out the whole fabric of their faith.

If they who best know avow these things, then undoubtedly they must be true. And if this is true, then it means just one thing: that the moral fiber and the moral principles upon which alone this government depends for its strength are rendered just by so much the weaker; and it is equally true that American liberty has just so many less to defend it and to safeguard it.

We are making no accusations here; we are merely repeating the very words of hundreds of those who are recognized as leaders and prophets among their own co-religionists.

But side by side with these admissions is another fact which we know, and which they all know quite as well as we. One of the startling phenomena of the age is the tremendous growth of Catholicism in America, a growth so startling and so impressive and so urgent that each year it taxes to the utmost capacity the ever-increasing number and size of the churches and the tireless labor of Bishops and priests whose care it is to minister to them.

It is well for the present and future of America that this is so; for here at least is a religious organization upon whose sterling and steadfast worth she can abso-

lutely rely, as the very corner-stone of law and order, the prop and support of government, and a bulwark against the corrupting forces of anarchy and decay, of irreligion and infidelity.

Look out over the whole field of the nation's activity and tell me what other organization in that field has her experience in dealing with the great masses of the people. What other organization has won as she has, and as she to-day right here in America possesses, the full confidence, loyalty, and respect of the general population? Why are her churches forever overcrowded and her ministers forever overworked? Surely there must be an answer to this question.

Ask the ordinary man in the street and he will tell you. It is because no government owns her, but all government needs her. It is because she will minister to the rich, but not one or a thousand capitalists can purchase her or dominate her. It is because she holds the rich to a moral reckoning, and the richer and more powerful they are the less she flinches. It is because in a world which has gone mad for wealth she stands by the poor. It is because even from the poor she can still exact duty and virtue. It is because though she loves all the outcasts and victims of the selfish world she can unflinchingly make them throw down the arms of vengeance and take up the cross.

It is because she loves even the blackest sinner and sends to his knees the false-hearted pharisee. It is because before her altar all men are equal, not in word, but in very truth. It is because not one of the twenty millions who in America call her by the tender name of mother but knows that though all the world forsake him, whether in shame or disgrace, in sorrow or in black de-

spair, her arms are always open in love, through the whole day and through the darkest night, to strengthen him, to guide him, to comfort him. It is because of all the whole world he has found her alone always the same.

These and a hundred other motives, if you care to listen, the man in the street will give you as the reason for the Church's hold upon the people and the people's unwavering affection for the Church. And this wonderful and universal influence over the hearts of men is the reason why no one who has the welfare of the whole people at heart can afford to ignore her.

We are well aware of the suspicions with which she is regarded, the jealousy which her influence arouses. To the suspicious she answers, "Here are my principles, read them; they are no secret, but the same for all alike." And to those jealous of her influence she replies, "Is thy eye evil because I am good?" Though her enemies and those who distrust her ask her brutally, "What do you want?" and "What are you after here?" she answers frankly, honestly, and sincerely, —

"Nothing but liberty. We want only what is our right, the right of every legitimate organization in this whole country, — no more, no less.

"We are strengthening the nation by strengthening the moral fiber of the whole people. We teach them to love America even when often they can see small reason for unselfish affection. We teach them to obey your laws and respect your authorities; we care nothing for your mines, your wealth, or your riches. We are neither a trust nor a syndicate who seek to control your franchises or exploit your resources. We inculcate truest patriotism founded upon divine law. We are here to help men

to keep alive the light of their souls, the hope of heaven, the love of God. That, and that alone, is why we are working here. And for that we demand and insist upon our perfect liberty, — a liberty which in the end brings far more help to you than you can summon from any other organization living under your flag.

"We have not committed to this country the safeguarding of our lives, our fortunes, our property with any other understanding than that in return for our loyalty you guarantee us protection in what to us is the most essential of all human rights — religious liberty.

"We ask no favor. Your protection of our liberty is no favor; it is a part of this dual contract between our country and ourselves. We pledge ourselves to keep our part; see to it that you keep yours as sacredly. We have a right, an unquestionable right, to legitimate representation in all the affairs of the country. If you discriminate against us, you are not keeping your contract; we are not getting true liberty.

"If because a citizen is a Catholic a thousand plausible pretexts are set out to discard him and discredit him in your cabinets and your courts, you are not keeping your contract: this is not liberty. If you stand by inactive while under your very eyes, yes, through your very mails, which we pay for, we are insulted, scurrilously maligned and openly vilified, in filthy journals and indecent literature, unfit to be printed or read, spread broadcast that dupes and bigots may be poisoned against us, so that we may be robbed even of our public rights, then you are not keeping your contract, — this is not liberty.

"You are only wounding the hand, the strongest hand

held out to help you; you are spurning the aid of those whom again and again you have found in your hour of direst need the most willing to die for you.

"Oh, yes, we know very well the whole litany of accusations against us: that we give only a divided allegiance, that we are scheming for government."

These are all lies so patent that they need no answer. Indeed, those who fling them out will never listen to any answer. But I am going to answer them once and forever here to-night.

As a cardinal I may be supposed to know what I am saying on this subject. And on my word as a gentleman of honor I am speaking the simple, absolute truth.

I have known intimately, personally, and officially three Sovereign Pontiffs, — three Popes of the Catholic Church. I am a priest now thirty-two years; I am a bishop fifteen years, and a cardinal five years. I have had the closest relations with not only the Pope, but the whole Roman Curia; I know well every priest in my Diocese, and every Bishop in this country. Yet never, never in all that experience, have I ever heard spoken, lisped, or whispered, or even hinted by any or all of these, anything concerning America and American institutions, but words of affection, of tender and kindliest solicitude for her welfare, never a syllable that could not be printed in the boldest type and distributed throughout the land; neither plot nor scheme nor plan, but only sentiments of admiration and love. If there is plotting, I ought to know it. Yet absolutely and honestly of such things I have never heard even a whisper.

This is my answer to all these miserable insinuations. That I know the truth, I think no one will deny; that after such a pledge I am still concealing the truth, that

I must leave to those who, I repeat, will never listen to any answer.

The Catholic civil allegiance divided? Look across the sea to where all Europe is in arms. Every Catholic is fighting loyally, giving his very life for his own country. Though some of these countries have merited little gratitude from any Catholic, still the very priests are in the trenches, each a defender of his native land. Where, I ask of any honest witness of these facts under his very eyes, where is this divided civil allegiance? And the Pope, — is there one in this country who after this war will ever dare to accuse the Pope of interference in civil affairs or of weakening the loyalty of citizens?

Behold him, the universal Father of the faithful, looking out over all the world, and weeping and praying for the peace of all the nations, offering solace and counsel to all alike, — a lonely, pathetic figure like Christ, — begging the world to listen that he may heal all and help all. The world knows the truth to-day of the position of the Pope in relation to all the nations. Not another word is needed.

Our country, — the land which above all others we love most, — God keep you free from such enemies, the worst of all that confronts you, whose hate would rob your most faithful sons of that for which they love you, — liberty, true liberty, blessed liberty, the freedom to worship God.

Beyond our lives we love our faith, and with these lives we stand ready to defend the land which gives us liberty.

These are the sentiments of every Catholic throughout the land; these are the sentiments of every member of

the Catholic Federation of America. It is that these sentiments may be better understood and more widely known that Federation exists and works and strives.

The great metropolis may well be proud of this gathering here to-night; yes, and America may well thank God that the Catholic Church, heeding neither malice nor slander, goes peacefully along her glorious way, fortifying the souls of men with the hope of a blessed immortality, and building up the strength of the nations as she passes. For they who adore the King of Kings and recognize His dominion over all the world are always they who also learn to bow reverently to the just mandates of earthly authority.

Such, America, is your good fortune, — that while from a thousand sides your very existence is threatened by false and pernicious principles, the Catholic Church and this Catholic Federation stand ever ready in your defense, by safeguarding the sanctity of law and the sacred principles of government.

The Catholic Church and all her children abiding here love America with a sacred and undying love for the liberty she has promised to secure for her. Let America also learn to love the Catholic Church and Catholic Federation as the stanchest safeguard of American liberty.

FEDERATION WORK[1]

I THINK we all realize, ladies and gentlemen of the Federation, that yesterday was an epoch-making time in the history of our cause. You know how wonderfully yet simply such movements as this develop. Some great, compelling idea based on the fundamental principles of human duty calls out to the mind and heart of some individual, who may not be a powerful figure in the world's affairs. Doubtless this is an illustration of God's ways, the methods He takes to prove to mankind that things do not depend on what men generally hold as important. So some comparatively unknown person hears His voice as the young Samuel heard it in the night-silence, and once having heard it, can never forget it. That summons begins to work in his soul and mind and gives him no rest.

The pressing needs of the times add their voices and their call to the insistent, subtle voice of God, and then, before people in general note what is going forward, in some remote corner of the world, fifty or a hundred souls begin to feel the stir of that living idea and again the needs of the time urge them to advance that idea. The cause grows, and at length a mysterious and urgent courage strengthens those who have heard the call to such a degree that the advocates are now burning with enthusiasm, cannot hold themselves back any longer, and go out to make the idea known at large.

[1] Address at fifteenth annual convention of Catholic Federation of America, at Cathedral College Hall, New York, August 21, 1916.

Still in accordance with God's will they go to some one in authority who knows little of them or of the idea that means so much to them. The Lord has not chosen the one in authority to initiate the idea, but to aid in its development. He takes the matter under advisement. He knows well, as do all set in important places in the Church and in the world, that he must go slowly, that he must ascertain the motive behind the new movement, whether it be a human motive, some attempt at personal aggrandizement, some plan of ambition, or the cause of God.

The investigation goes on quietly and steadily, but the one in authority is not allowed to rest or put the matter aside. There are many other calls on his attention and energy, and all these have an insistence and force of their own. Oftentimes these other influential calls and their advocates in pursuit of their own advantage strive to put obstacles in the way of the movement that has grown quietly to such proportions that it begins to have enemies. In such a situation it will often be noted that people of the highest station, people undoubtedly of the finest spiritual motives will say, "Do not pay any attention to this new movement; it will stir up trouble. We have enough enemies now; let us be satisfied that things go along smoothly."

In the course of time they who had heard the call of God and had become enthused with it, possessed by it, recognize the danger and speak out in their turn. They say in the courage that the justice of their cause gives them: "Oppose this movement that we advocate if you will; use all the human influences in your hands; make all the trouble for us that human interest dictates; try to ignore us if you choose. Such opposition will not succeed because this cause of ours is in God's hands and He

will look after it." So matters proceed until those in authority recognize the new movement for what it really is, see the need of it and the strength of it, and the cause grows and pervades the minds of people with such insistence and power that after a while what God intended all along becomes manifest and the world realizes that a new force for good is abroad in civilization and that the movement is irresistible.

All the great world-movements begin in this way. This is especially true of those in God's cause, the Crusades for instance. Conditions called for devoted and single-minded action and it was forthcoming.

As I looked over the immense audience last night here in this metropolis of the country with its tremendous wealth and influence I thought of the little Federation that ten years ago began its work in Boston. When I went to the meeting I found there about forty men, none of them rich or powerful or influential. None of the great politicians were there. It was not a gathering of what is called "influential people," but of forty good men. There were no priests present; it was an assembly of laymen. They talked things over seriously and in a prayerful spirit. Then and there I decided to throw myself into that movement and do what I could for its success.

Looking over the ground and weighing public opinion we saw plenty of obstacles and very little prospect of help. But now after ten years of constant and persevering effort on the part of those men and of others who gave themselves to the cause we behold the results. Last night's meeting showed what the movement had grown to be.

I felt proud indeed when I looked around and saw that vast assemblage, saw that learned and saintly man, the

Archbishop of New York, His Eminence, Cardinal Farley and the beloved Archbishop of Baltimore, His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons. There was with us too the representative of our Holy Father, the Pope. As I rejoiced in the presence of these great representatives of the Church and looked across that great audience which was estimated at twenty thousand, the thought came to me, "At last our efforts have achieved results and we are in a position to make them effective."

I am proud and happy that this meeting in New York has been such a success. It could not be otherwise. Once New York City, with its Cardinal and active force of splendid priests, takes up any movement in the cause of God, it is bound to succeed. It is bound to succeed not only here but throughout the country. There is a natural impetus given to anything that gains the championship of a great metropolis like this that is felt everywhere, and you will see that in a year from now all over America they will want and will have Federation.

Dear Bishop McFall is here, though in his customary modesty he is trying to escape notice. He is the Father of Federation, in whose heart that fruitful germ was placed by the grace of Almighty God. What a thrill of devout satisfaction it must give him to behold the surpassing success of this movement so well launched and now on its triumphant way!

The voice of God has been heard and heeded. The world is listening, and our solemn duty really begins. Woe to us, if after the divine seal has been set on this work, as the scene of yesterday so significantly proved, we are unfaithful, if we let selfish motives sway us, if we are small and unworthy in our efforts in its behalf. This is a matter in which our sense of responsibility must be

as broad and unselfish as is the Church herself. There is no room for lesser ideas.

A great meeting for the cause like that of yesterday should fill us with a great humility, and cause us to say in all sincerity, "Non nobis, Domine, non nobis." If any individual or group ever tries to divert the movement from its rightful and sacred purpose, it will be our duty to work all the harder to keep Federation true to its primal aim, true to God; to make Him our leader in all our hopes and efforts.

I hope that within five years, if God spares us all, the triumph of this beneficent movement will be manifest throughout the country, not in any political way or worldly fashion, but in God's way. But we must work patiently. I have often impressed this upon our men in the past decade. Always there will be some who say, "We want to do something at once; we want to see immediate results." That is not the way to build solidly and effect lasting good. The great thing is to wait and watch, pray and work, enlighten and teach. This is the necessary course of preparation. Then when the day of real action comes we shall know it and be ready for its duties. Thus will the forces of good be mobilized and the members of Federation will stand, as Leo XIII said, "like a great wall in the defense of truth, as a bulwark of the Church of God."

It is needless for me to ask God's blessing for this work. His blessing is manifestly upon it and upon every one of you who has in the slightest part helped in the building up of this great force.

A generous Master is Almighty God. He rewards a thousandfold even the little things we do in His service and for His children. When it is a case of building up

a defense of His Church, in His cause, you know that your reward will be proportionately bountiful. In this consciousness and with this heartening confidence let us struggle through manfully, patiently, faithfully, perseveringly, and God in His good time will crown the work.

THE NECESSITY OF REST[1]

Our Blessed Lord in becoming man took upon Himself our humanity and became man like unto us in all things except sin. He came as a model of human life. He came to teach us not merely the road to heaven, but how to live on this earth. He has been from that time until this day, and will be until the end of all time, the model of all human life.

There were two things in that wonderful life of our Blessed Lord which stand out preëminently as worthy of imitation in this workaday world. The first was His wonderful activity from the moment He took up His public life until He laid it down upon the cross. He worked assiduously, devotedly, perseveringly, and untiringly. It was the work of God in its intention and purpose and end. From early morning until late at night, day in and day out, He gave His strenuous efforts in teaching, illustrating, inspiring, healing, and aiding. In all this He never spared Himself, but gave Himself completely to helping and healing mankind; soul, mind, and body.

And now comes the other beautiful and pathetic side, the human, in that life of our Divine Lord. We all realize that no man can work as He did, because He had behind His human nature the power of God. Yet He worked really as man. He became fatigued as man, tired, worn out as man, and lest that example might be so far above human nature as to discourage us in any attempt to imi-

[1] Address at Framingham, Wednesday, September 20, 1916, at breaking ground for Rest House for the Sisters of St. Joseph.

tate Him, He showed us that He, too, became exhausted physically; that He, too, was at times wearied in mind and discouraged; that He, too, needed rest and repose.

In this modern world, in these days of activity and energy, in this country most of all, human nature seems to be constantly inspired to more labor. It is a world of striving, of work, of energy. Indeed, just in this particular phase of Christ's life we see lessons which the world, especially our world, would do well to heed.

The life of our Lord was not only a life of labor, but He knew how to take repose, how and when to rest. He knew when to cease His toil when spent by labor, not to undo the force which God gave Him by strain and overwork, but at the right time, and in the proper place, to retire from it and to forget it all for the moment, for the purpose of gathering strength to labor more diligently in the great cause of God.

It is a great thing to be a pioneer in anything, to lead the way to a new enterprise, like the founder and benefactor of this institution of rest and recuperation, a place which, like the home of Martha and Mary and Lazarus, will be given up, as that was, to Christ, for moments of repose, of rest, and of labor.

The founder of this institution may well, in many phases of his career, be called a true pioneer, in the great business and mercantile institutions of Boston, and indeed of this country, in so many of the Catholic movements which have interested him from his youth and which he has helped to carry on from start to finish, in upholding the hands of ecclesiastical authority, and now a pioneer in this wonderful enterprise of providing a resting place for those who have given their lives for the cause of God. Up to the present I know of no other

instance where a benefactor came forward to provide a place for rest and repose.

Many are the works and benefactions for work, as well there may be, but it took a man not only with a diligent and active brain in a high mercantile profession, but a man with a heart that understands human nature, to provide a resting place for the Sisters of St. Joseph.

And such a resting place! A place far removed from the turmoil, noise, and care, even of their own life in their schools and academies and hospitals, and other works to which they devote themselves, a place where really God's sunshine seems to bring special benedictions, where the air will give vitality to tired nerves, wearied bodies, and fatigued brains.

Surely this is one of the greatest works in the history of the Diocese, because it represents a phase of religious life which hitherto has been entirely overlooked. Now when the activities have reached a point where human service and strength are at the breaking point, Almighty God sends some one to meet that need and to provide not only this house, but, what is greater still, a living example of thoughtfulness for the women of God.

And with him, interested in all that he does, helping in all his good works and fine purposes, is his noble, Christian wife, a model of Christian womanhood. I know, dear Sisters, how full your hearts are of gratitude to God and to these servants of God. To these servants of God what can you give back in return? Oh, so much that no one else can give.

This house of rest and recuperation will stand as a monument for all time, a place where even in retirement, quiet, repose, and rest your prayers, and the prayers of those who come after you, will ascend to the throne of God,

asking benedictions for their benefactors and upon their families, for centuries after they have gone to the reward which God has promised to those who serve Him well.

As the head of the Diocese, I break this ground in the name of the Holy Trinity, and I ask Almighty God to send His blessing upon this place, upon all those who come to rest and pray here, and most of all upon our benefactors, those who out of their splendid generosity have given of their very own in order to make your lives easier, happier, and still more useful. May the blessing of God be on you all.

DIFFICULTIES OF RELIGIOUS WORK[1]

In answer to the very beautiful and overpowering address of Father Alexis, which he makes in the name of those present, I can only say that I pray God to verify all these good things in my person. It is the filial heart, the devoted and affectionate soul of Father Alexis that make him see the vision of so much accomplished in God's name, but the truthful ring of sincerity that accompanied his words is, as it were, a reminder of the things yet to be done. They tell what we hope to do.

Yet if we remain true to our Faith, great as this programme is, it must and will be accomplished. In the fulfillment of the wonderful designs of Providence, the welfare of humanity and the good of souls, there are two things always to be kept in mind.

The first is God's help, which never fails, and the second is our coöperation. The latter is the human element. Sometimes when it looks as if we were to succeed, we fall just short. This human element accounts for the fact that hope and desire fail to materialize. This is not the fault of God's design. The lack is in ourselves; we fail to see God's designs clearly, or else we have not the courage to carry them out as we do see them.

We who are occupied in the building up of the kingdom of God are often disheartened at the magnitude of the labor which demands such physical energy, such

[1] Response of His Eminence to the address of Very Rev. Father Alexis, C. P., at the Passionist Monastery, Brighton, Mass., Sunday, November 5, 1916, at the close of the Laymen's Retreat.

constant and enduring patience, such broad sympathy and understanding of the men and women upon whom we must rely to carry out our projects. At times confidence bears us upward and onward as it were on a mighty tide; we feel that we are on the verge of realizing something great for God and His Church, yet the unexpected seems to undo the work we tried to do and the tide of confidence ebbs. We must begin it all over again and renew that strong resolution that resolves and wins.

But we cannot do this alone; we must have the enthusiasm and united effort of those working with us. We must not allow ourselves to be stricken with panic when to our ears come false alarms which are intended to draw us toward worldly interests; when they who seek to destroy the work that is being done for God misrepresent and malign us. Every phase of these far-reaching problems has to be considered and prepared for; in the aggregate they constitute a tremendous task to be performed with ceaseless and unconquerable effort.

After repeated attempts and trials and relapses the task must be faced anew and the work carried on step by step and inch by inch. These are things realized fully only by those who shoulder the responsibility of seeing the work succeed.

The need must be met, the work done, the energy renewed, for we who strive in these days are laying the foundation stones on which the noble building must stand. Among the solid and enduring principles of the work I have labored to do, and whose realization I have hoped and prayed for, was this work of the retreats. We can never have a rock-ribbed Catholic population until we have a Catholic population that meditates, that realizes in the very fiber of its being the predominance of the spirit-

ual over the greatest material things; that goes back again and again and again to eternal verities and basic principles and realizes what they mean for us and the generations to come.

We can never begin to build until consideration, meditation, reading, and retreat have taken such an unyielding place in the heart and soul that nothing can remove them. And we are so building, thank God. The presence of Father Alexis and the good Passionist Fathers, who have done so much for the Diocese and the country at large in the work of this house of retreats, the presence of this goodly number of solid, substantial, God-fearing men, is in itself a guarantee that we are building well and permanently. May the blessing of God rest upon you, Fathers. Certainly the finest coöperation I can have is this work that goes down into the souls of the men of my Diocese. It roots out what may be unworthy and plants what is finest, noblest, and best. This is the work you have been doing and, God willing, the work we are all going to do.

The fruit is already in evidence. The day is fast coming when neither the ranters on the street corners, nor pretentious public journals, nor violent, vicious plays can deceive our good people. The will which comes from unshakable resolution to follow these principles will strengthen them to face the world indomitably and stand for what is right and decent, what is high and noble, for what is Christian and supernatural.

These are the only true elements of the best civilization now so much talked about, the best civilization of the past. The dead and gone civilization, false as it was to the core, prevailed for a while, was false because its upholders sought to deny the Christian principles upon which

everything lasting in human life and human energy must be built. In this great new world, America, so far as we Catholics are exerting influence, we shall stand by the old truths, the true principles — faithfulness, honor, virtue, morality.

May the blessing of God rest upon you all. I feel honored and proud to be here. What are the greatest honors to us unless they are accompanied by what I know, thank God, and realize — that you are with me in your prayers, that you are striving as I am striving to do something for God's work. Stand by one another, and live side by side with one another in unity for God and God's cause.

WEAKNESS AND STRENGTH[1]

THIS is for us all a day of unusual happiness. It is an indication of the constant growth of Catholic faith, love, and devotion in the Diocese committed to our care, and amid the anxieties of a busy and hard-working life, it brings a solace and a strength beyond expression.

I accept the beautiful address of the pastor of this parish, delivered in your name; accept it in the Catholic sense of course. We all understand the tribute paid to the head of the Diocese. It is a real tribute, and no one considers it as merely worldly praise or personal adulation. Such sentiments as these find no place in Catholic hearts. The Catholic heart, with its wonderful faith and out-pouring of devotion, voices itself on these occasions to the human beings who with all their weakness and feebleness are chosen for the government, control, and direction of the Church, in the name of Jesus Christ. These expressions of devotion and affection are demonstrations of the great Catholic spirit and heart of the people giving thanks for what God is doing through us, His children.

When our Blessed Lord sent forth His twelve Apostles, He knew full well their human weakness. He built His Church upon Peter, the rock, proof by God's omnipotence against the assaults of His enemies. He sent forth the Apostles to preach His Gospel and begin His Church. To human seeming Christ built upon the very weakness of men a world-wide institution and government. But as

[1] Blessing of the Chapel of St. Paul at Wellesley, Sunday morning, November 12, 1916.

He knew their human weakness, and as He loved them as friends chosen out of all men then living, He gave to them the strength and power from the Holy Spirit to go forth and do their mighty work and at last give their lives for Him. His strength was their greatness.

The head of this or any other Diocese accepts the heartfelt and appreciative words of his people in the spirit in which they are offered. We all need from time to time to feel within us the faith and work and generosity of the faithful. These realities are the best things that life holds for us, for we are all human beings, and take strength and consolation from the outpourings of devoted hearts.

God has chosen to deal with mankind through men. He knows the pride, arrogant and insatiable, of some who with Lucifer would be as God, yet He has not set Archangels to be His ministers in this world; He has chosen men. It was in accordance with this great divine plan that God sent His Beloved Son, the Word made Flesh, to found His Church and prepare men to be His ministers among the people. He knew too that human beings are drawn to one another and to God by "the cords of Adam," by human fellowship, spiritualized and strengthened by divine grace. This human touch, this human feeling, under God, enables the people to come with confidence and trust to their priests and bishops, because they know that these spiritual leaders are but men consecrated to God's service. The secret of the unanimity of Catholics is in this — not human consecration, but divine.

The great Sacrament of the Altar is to the eyes of unbelievers only a fragment of bread, a few drops of wine. But we believe on Christ's word that under these Species lives Christ Himself, by the consecrating words of the

priest. The Church exists, has its being and works ever on by the consecrating power of God, and this to us all is our glory and our joy.

My dear people, I lay these beautiful and touching words of yours here upon this new altar where the great Sacrifice of the Mass will be offered in your name to our Eternal Father. I cannot tell what all this means to you, but God knows; that is sufficient.

In passing, let me say that it is rare, indeed, that I find so excellent a type of a temple of God as the people of Wellesley now possess. This, of course, is due to the care and zeal of your pastor. I must congratulate the architect also, for as I look about even the smallest detail exemplifies the good taste and simplicity that are in their way the handmaids of Religion, helping to lift our hearts up to God. This church will be to you a source of satisfaction in your lives. May Almighty God send you His blessings and keep you in His holy faith, which St. Paul in his life so tirelessly represented and preached.

The world to-day is ever crying out to us to gain learning. This town is, in its own way, answering that cry. St. Paul's is a temple of the true learning, one of the greatest light-bringers of intelligence the world has ever known. The great Apostle who is its patron was one of the world's wisest men; he knew the wisdom of the Jewish Church; he knew the sublime sayings of His Master; he knew the teachings of the Greek and Roman philosophers, brought up as he was in a Roman town, yet, after all, he preached only "Christ and Him crucified." In the fullness of life and height of his career, he chose the principles of God in His relation to humanity, and, in his love for Jesus Christ, he threw himself into their exposition and the ministry of the Church with the whole mighty force

of his being. While he lived, he found "Christ and Him crucified" his greatest sustenance and his highest peace. This temple, dedicated to St. Paul, means much to Wellesley, — that there is only one learning, one real life, the love and service of Christ. May His blessing be upon you all.

SAINT PAUL[1]

THE words of your noble pastor have naturally found a responsive echo in my heart. He and you, the good people of this parish, have reason to rejoice with me in the building of this great temple for the glory of God.

Its very form and architectural beauty take my thoughts back to the Eternal City and to a church erected there by the beloved Pius X, of holy memory. This church in which we stand is almost identical with the basilica of St. Joseph, and for this reason it will bind the people in still stronger affection to Rome.

Father Ryan has spoken in kindly warning of the dangers of the times. There is very grave danger, not far distant from this sacred edifice. It is the growing tendency to separate science from faith and spiritual from material forces. Prominent educators are striving to undermine the foundation of all truth, the source of all knowledge, of all life — Christian faith.

These attempts are not new; they have been going on from the very beginning of Christianity. St. Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles, the patron of this church, was a great scholar, a man not only typical of his time, but typical of the present time. His early years were given over to worldly studies; he absorbed all that could be had in the schools of his country. He was seemingly never satiated, but sought, with all his might, to render himself of service to his nation, until the day when he

[1] At laying of cornerstone of St. Paul's Church, Cambridge, Sunday afternoon, November 12, 1916.

was stricken from his horse on the way to Damascus and miraculously received the light of faith.

From that moment to the end of his life, the energy of the man, multiplied by the strength of grace, impelled him to preach the Truth throughout the ancient Roman Empire, the lesson so much needed in his day and needed, too, in our day. He had knowledge and loved it, but his whole being was afire with the truth that knowledge without faith was a danger to the salvation of the soul.

Knowledge is good and of exceeding value; but faith is essential, and should go hand in hand with science throughout life. This is the lesson of St. Paul's Apostolate, a lesson which the world must heed: that mere knowledge is not necessary, but faith in God and practical religion (for those capable of appreciating the truths of religion) are essential for the salvation of the soul.

Dear, faithful people of St. Paul's Parish, I most earnestly pray that the Almighty may aid you to continue steadfast in the faith, that He will bless you and your pastor, and that we all may see the completion of this great edifice, where Christian faith and Christian knowledge together will forever dwell.

THE OBLATE FATHERS[1]

It is but right and proper that this celebration, commemorating the hundredth anniversary of that foundation known as the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, should be held here to-day, for many years ago the representatives of this Order here found fertile ground for development and progress in religious work.

This beautiful church itself is a striking example of what the Oblate Fathers have accomplished; it is a temple of God and a monument to them. It enables all to see what these men who gave themselves to Christ's service have done with the coöperation of the generous, wholehearted, and responsive people.

Pioneers and discoverers come to the realization of their dreams only after conquering obstacles almost insurmountable and rising above the severest hardships in mighty courage. The gold hunters in Alaska battled against tremendous odds and suffered untold privations to reach the goal of their ambition. Many sacrificed their lives in a fight to realize that hope.

In a higher spirit, for a higher and holier purpose, the missionaries of your Order, dear Fathers, suffered all these things, and many died gladly to bring to the people of those desolate Alaskan regions the salvation of their souls. This is true heroism for God's work.

Everywhere in distant lands, where difficulties were many and suffering great, these missionaries have gone

[1] Address at observance of Centenary of Order of Oblates of Mary Immaculate at Lowell, Sunday, December 3, 1916.

in their burning zeal for the saving of souls. I saw what they had accomplished in Japan when I was there as representative of Pius X of happy memory, and as my journey continued I beheld it elsewhere. No wonder, then, that they have won so much when all they asked was a field of labor, the strength and liberty to work in it, and the only reward they sought was to win souls to Christ.

The results of this tireless labor stand forth for all men to behold, — labor done in a hundred years. The Great Northwest is part of their victory. You, my people, can see around you the great fruits of their labor here. Day by day, year by year, for that whole century, this wonderful record of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, here and in far distant places, has been steadily wrought.

The Church throughout the world congratulates the Order to-day, even as the people of Lowell, thankful and proud of what you Fathers have accomplished here. You began your labors among kindly, generous people, and in God's good grace and with your perseverance those labors were bound to blossom and be fruitful.

Lowell is deeply indebted to you Fathers. You have done your duty well. The past has shown it under the directing heads of those revered, saintly men since departed: Garin, McGrath, Trudeau, Smith, and others. In the name of the people of Lowell, as well as in the name of the whole Diocese and myself personally, I congratulate you, and may God's blessing and protection continue over priests and people now and forever more!

CHRISTIAN CHARITY[1]

To grasp the real import of human life one must have sentiment as well as intelligence. He must, in a word, have soul as well as mind. Intelligence, mind, is always seeking to reduce everything to a formula, to the dead level of mere abstraction, with the result that the whole world is converted into a schoolroom, and a very uncomfortable one at that.

To the men of mere mind, all the wonderful experiences of life are only data, from which abstract deductions are drawn with the inflexible logic of the grim pedagogue, and these rigid deductions are again grimly applied to all emergencies, whether or not they fit. The results, as might be expected, are seldom satisfactory and very often utterly useless.

This is invariably the attitude of the schoolmaster unless corrected by a generous infusion of wholesome human sentiment. The more the schoolmaster attitude prevails in any community, the more inevitably will prevail this stupid and tyrannical method of dealing with human life and all its various forms and incidents.

Behold the process. Nothing is simpler and also nothing is more ineffectual. You sit at your desk, tabulate records, add up the column, strike the average, and then send out an official to apply it to every man, woman, and child he meets.

[1] Address to two hundred officers and representatives of the Catholic charitable guilds and societies of the Diocese, at St. Cecilia's Guild Hall, Back Bay, Boston, Sunday, December 17, 1916.

That ought to produce results, and so it does, — perfectly ludicrous ones, ludicrous to all except the pedagogue who has lost all sense of humor long ago. Now there is one institution in the world which has always resisted the attitude of the schoolmaster in dealing with human life. It is the Church. As a consequence, the schoolmaster, as a rule full of his own importance, has cherished a secret spite for her influence upon real human life.

The Church is a mother. She consequently knows and sympathizes with her family and keeps her eye on the pedagogue with his myopic vision, rigid face, and his hand on the ruler. When, as often happens, he attempts to make round plugs fit square holes, she reminds him that the world is not a little red schoolhouse, and that humanity is a family, not a formula.

"Put on your glasses and look out of the window," she says to him. "Do you see the landscape? How lovely it stretches out before us with its rolling hills and pretty valleys? The very essence of its beauty is variety, and variety means inequality. Would you, with your tiresome averages and tabulated figures, ruin the glory of nature, reducing it all to a dull monotony? My children, God's precious gifts — would you deal with them as if they were wooden images? Can you not see that the poverty of some of them is infinitely more beautiful, yes, more splendid, than the guilty wealth of others?

"Can you not understand that there are some weaknesses far less harmful than certain boastful virtues? Do you think you can make all men equally efficient? Even if you could, what would you do with this perfectly equalized efficiency? Do you think there are to be no valleys in human life, as there must be, if there are to be any hills?"

If the schoolmaster can have his way, the beauty of human life will consist in putting us all on perfectly symmetrical benches before him, and getting us all to recite in perfect unanimity the multiplication table, — first forward and then backward; and for relaxation from this somewhat fatiguing task we should, at perfectly exact intervals, be allowed to rise in our places, our hands by our sides and our heels well together, and recite, with perfectly well-regulated voices, "The Origin of Species." What a world this would be if the perfect pedagogue had his perfect chance!

We are in real danger of this sort of thing in American life unless we are well on guard. When the mother gives up her rightful place to the schoolmaster, alas for the child. There is a penalty lurking behind exaggerated material prosperity. It is the extinction of human sentiment.

When men are too busy counting money to play with their children they must pay for their neglect. When they have finished the counting they will have lost their children. When a community is so occupied that it surrenders its human problems to the professional social worker, trained along purely mathematical lines, it will find at the end of a certain period of time that all the problems of crime and poverty and unrest have been solved completely — on paper. The reports are all perfectly accurate, and if it then gets a moment to put on its spectacles and look out of the window instead of at the report, it will find that the same problems are still there and that nothing much really has been accomplished, except the printing.

I am well aware that it will be hard to get this into the heads of some people. With schools for the tabulat-

ing and classifying of every evil under the sun, and the advertising they get, and the well-paid posts they provide, the people are coming to a silly sense of security that reports are everything.

Now, I do not want to be misunderstood. I do not believe that reports are everything. I do not believe that reports are nothing. I think they are between everything and nothing — something. They are a beginning; of themselves they settle nothing. They may be a source of information if read aright. They may be completely erroneous if not read aright. The whole difference lies in just that which exists between the attitude of the exacting, perfectly mathematical schoolmaster toward humanity and that of the intelligent, kind-hearted Christian mother. It is the difference which exists between the exceedingly clever and perfectly methodical social worker and the Sister of Charity.

I am not condemning social service, much less the social servant. I am only pointing out that it is not the whole story — not everything. The perfect thing, pretty nearly everything, would be the combination of both, — social worker and Vincentian, whether male or female. That is the experienced and intelligent and good Christian.

When I hear some of the silly talk which comes occasionally from these superficial, scientific sociologists about conditions in the slums, I have to smile because I am thinking of what the honest poor have told me of their views of the other side of the picture. It seems so obvious to thousands of people, forced by circumstances to live in crowded districts, that clean hearts are far more important than clean streets.

There is a little hill town in Italy where the morality

of the men and women is well known to be well-nigh perfect. I shall never forget how one of its inhabitants described to me his fury at seeing the upturned nose and superior air of an American woman, twice divorced, who was scandalized at the lack of hygienic conditions in the back yards. Her reputation smelled to heaven on two continents; but she was deeply concerned about the proper disposal of garbage in out-of-the-way villages. Any one can learn the contents of a book on social science, but not every one who knows the book can do real service.

To come back to my first sentence. "To grasp the real import of human life one must have sentiment as well as intelligence" — sentiment that is regulated, guided, and directed by divine light, sentiment that is inflamed by divine love, and that sentiment is Christian charity. The attempt now for some time persistently being made to crowd the word charity out of the dictionary is a very clever maneuver. But it will not succeed. This procedure is not at all mere accident, it is systematic. It arises from that antipathy felt for the supernatural by those who would persuade man that mere human means are everything in life.

The method is not novel. It is the old proverbial one of giving a dog a bad name and then hanging or shooting it.

Here is an instance: Patrick, meaning patrician, a noble name, — but Patrick was the name of Ireland's patron saint. If you hate saints, you will have one motive for removing all honor from the name of Patrick. If you hate Ireland, you will have another powerful motive. So you begin by getting people to laugh at Paddy; and as parents do not like to have their children's names laughed at, the spineless ones, the time-serving

ones, will not call their sons Patrick any more, but, we shall say, Waldorf or Oswald, names meaningless to a Celt. Nevertheless, the trick works, and little by little the name of Patrick disappears, until a generation arrives that sees through the contemptible trick and brings back the proud name into the old high honor again.

Now you begin to see what is going to happen to the word charity if we allow this trick to be worked under our eyes. Charity means love. In the Christian sense, love has for its highest object, God. In that sense nothing can exclude God from love. Charity, therefore, means love of God prompting love of our fellow-man. This was the word which thrilled Christianity in the ages of faith, which rescued the slave, and aided the unfortunate.

It is a word sanctified by twenty centuries of holiest and noblest usage. No other word can take its place — no other word means the same. But it must go. The decree is launched. By whom? By those who would, if they could, put blind force in the place of God, and the university president or the professor of psychology in the place of Christ. Well, the word charity will not go. We know the trick now.

Charity is as dear to us as God, for God Himself is charity. Social service is not charity, never can be charity. Social service is at best an avocation. Oftener, in fact quite generally, it is an easy livelihood. It has its use, as every avocation, every trade has. But no hypocrisy! We know very well the distance between social service and Christian charity. Professionals may keep, if they will, their terminology, but they will never again destroy ours.

But I wish we could be sure that we had entirely escaped the contagion of putting mere human service in charity's place. I have not once, but several times, noted with pain that some of those immersed in the atmosphere, if they have not suffered asphyxiation, at least show some symptoms. The time-honored and well-tried methods of Catholic work among the poor are not quite up to date for these people. They quote to us a few pages from the textbooks to prove the superiority of scientific methods.

We want to know, and we do know, whatever there is of real value in sociology, and we mean to apply it. But it is the merest nonsense to ask us to approve and experiment with every fad that the newest faddist puts into print.

What has the Vincentian to learn even to-day from any of your modern professionals?

What is needed among us is less prattling about fads and more real work along approved lines. Do you remember the occasional youngster among us who talked through his nose with a twang to pretend he was a Yankee? What a surprise it must have been to him afterwards to learn that educated Yankees do not talk through their noses! He had, therefore, to unlearn the twang.

Well, the same thing is happening to that sort of sycophant in everything. The weak-kneed Catholic who is now so eager to run after every fad in social service will find after a while, if he is fortunate enough finally to reach the higher strata, that the best exponents of social work are unlearning many fads and are studiously copying Catholic methods.

What is needed to-day among all classes of Catholics

here in America is more confidence in themselves and less weak imitation and spineless subservience to what is called the spirit of the age, this up-to-dateness, this yesterday civilization with its cocksure methods and its empty boastfulness. By this time the world ought to realize that what is most needed to-day is not a new batch of fads, but a study of the ages of faith.

I wonder how the authors of all the new philosophies and the new religions predicting universal happiness, immediate and unfailing in this wonderful twentieth century, now feel as they look out over a world of devastation and ruin! According to them, the whole world was to be transformed suddenly by the brilliant light of modern learning into a blooming Paradise. It has been transformed — into a desert waste.

The two great nations which for half a century had claimed the monopoly of intelligence and cleverness and learning are now, God help them, both in the throes of the bitterest life-and-death struggle the world has ever known. Do you think that the intellectuals will feel humbled and diffident? Not at all. They are all busy again flooding the world with new recipes for Utopia. That is their business, and they will find as many new dupes as the latest and best advertised patent medicines.

The world will always want a Barnum. What is really needed is a good strong dose of vigorous, genuine, fervid, and thorough mediævalism.

People are erecting wayside shrines and calvaries in the streets of Protestant and Puritanic London, because the Englishmen returning from the horrors of the trenches have seen through all the hideous barrenness of modern British materialism, and they at least can never again offer incense to the money gods. That is a good symp-

tom. It is perhaps the best thing that this awful catastrophe will have achieved.

If only all the platform philosophers, and the parlor sociologists, and the glass-house optimists could be ordered to go to the front and stay there long enough to become genuine and sincere, and lose their false halos in the blaze of artillery, the world would be rid, at least for the rest of this generation, of some up-to-date fallacies and cure-all sociologies.

The one thing that England and Germany will realize when this is all over is, that the application of the latest up-to-date philosophy has landed them both back where they were before the Middle Ages.

What sort of progress is this new up-to-date sort? Where is the advance of these modern nations that are eager to rush blindly two steps onward and then take four backward? That is precisely what they are bound to do in a civilization without God. That is precisely what modern sociologists will do when they attempt to substitute social service for charity. We want Christian charity first of all, and then all we can learn of really tried and proved modern methods. We want absolute unity in all the works of Catholic charity in the Diocese. With that unity, with the spirit of true charity well organized and well ordered, we can accomplish with hundreds what others fail to do with millions.

We want those who have means — the means which God has given them, not for luxury or waste or selfishness or greed, but for the welfare of others as well as of themselves — to coöperate with those who have the will to aid others but lack the means.

We have among us wonderful examples of both, the well to do, who never forget their duty to others, and the

poor, who give themselves because they have not money. God will bless them both, does bless them both abundantly.

Alas, must I say it? We have those also who have prospered more and more every year until they are now rich, and yet continue to dole out the same niggard alms of earlier days.

We are all glad when our people at last come into a share of the good things of the world, if only it does not serve merely to congeal their blood and freeze their better natures. No one in the whole history of the world ever lost anything by Christian charity. It is only those who never give, or who refuse to carry out a good impulse, that lose inevitably.

I do not hesitate to say, much as I want our good people to prosper materially, that there are some now rich to whom the loss of their money would be the very best thing that could happen to them. At least the crust of silly pride which prosperity has raised around their former selves would be broken, and they would become again genuine, sincere, and truly refined,— qualities which money seems to have entirely destroyed in them. Be not deceived. We must keep our hearts warm, our blood red, our love aglow, or pay the penalty.

The penalty only begins in arrogance and coldness. It ends in blindness. Many a woman is utterly destitute with plenty about her. She has filled her life with vain things and she sits amid the ashes of illusion.

So let our men and women already interested in our charities redouble their zeal and enlarge their field. Let them awaken in their friends and acquaintances a similar love for generous activity and unselfishness. We want, above all things, good will. We want, with that, the will-

ingness to work under direction, to work according to approved methods, to work as energetic, warm-hearted Christians.

The world has its vain philosophies. We have the gospel of charity. Its end is God.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF FAITH[1]

I WAS thinking, beloved men, as I sat here and looked out once again upon this now almost familiar scene, how quickly time flies. It seems but yesterday to me, and I am sure it must seem to you but a very short time, since last we met on a similar occasion to celebrate the Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus.

Yet a full year has passed, and what a year to look back upon! Such a year of sadness, of terrible loss, of awful calamities to all the nations of the world! Even to us individually, how many private griefs have come. Into how many families death has entered and carried away the loved ones; how many beautiful, loving ties have been broken; how many irreparable losses have taken place. And yet it seems but yesterday.

That is the way our lives slip by. Through this swift stealthiness of time, the valuable hours and moments of our lives, almost before we know it, are gone, and we stand upon the shore of eternity.

But there are corresponding consolations, too. Your loving confidence in God, your allegiance and fidelity to your holy Faith, your filial attachment to the Holy See, and your loving submission to the laws of Holy Church, — are not these the sublimest things in our lives? Are not these the ideals which bring peace and happiness and consolation?

How full of disappointment life is at times. For all of

[1] Address on Sunday, January 7, 1917, at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, on the Feast of the Holy Name.

us, however roseate may be the hue of morning, before the day is far spent there are sure to be troubles and turmoils, tempests and storms that would wreck the happiness of our mortal lives, were it not for this sublime Christian faith which is represented here in the manhood of this Diocese to-day, and in so many temples of God all over the Diocese.

Looking back again over the year, we all have many things to be regretted, many things to be sorrowful for, many things for which to repent, but, beloved friends, the one thing we never need regret is our fidelity to the Holy Name and to what that represents. Think of what it meant to your souls, clean confession of whatever happened in your lives, of whatever troubled you, of whatever ensnared you; and the Holy Communion, that devout approach to our Blessed Lord and His coming into our very souls, lives, and hearts in the Holy Eucharist.

Dear friends, these are the only things worth having in life. Everything else will pass quickly. These not only remain for our own consolation here and now, but they are written in the book of Eternal Life. That is why our meeting here to-day means so much to all of us. It is a sign that we are trying to be faithful. After all, that is the only thing, it seems, that our Blessed Lord asks of us, — to try to be faithful to Him.

He will supply everything else, if only we desire and try to be faithful to Him, to be true to the faith, which is implanted in our souls, to be true to the Sacraments, which He has founded for our sanctification, to be true and faithful to Mother Church.

Then there will surely come at the end of the year, as at the beginning, the feeling which fidelity alone can produce, the feeling which loyalty alone can bring, —

peace of mind. We make mistakes, we succumb to weakness, but by the grace of God we rise up again filled with the hope of serving God the rest of our lives, dying in His holy grace, and living with Him forever in all His blessed eternity.

Beloved men, all through the year, from one feast of the Holy Name until the next one, I am praying God to keep fidelity in your hearts, in your souls, and in your lives. I know full well the innumerable temptations all about you, the false atmosphere of life, the follies that so perpetually thrust themselves into your notice. The only thing that will keep you straight and clean and clear and true will be this fidelity to God.

Faithfulness to His Holy Name means that you will be true to all the highest and noblest impulses, not only of your hearts, but of God's grace.

So, now, let us kneel before His Blessed Sacrament of love, thank Him for the year that is past, thank Him for the fidelity He has given us, because these are His gifts. Ask Him during the coming year to keep us strong and faithful to the love of the name of our Blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

A MAN OF DUTY[1]

THE Catholic custom, which is also the prescribed usage of this Diocese, is not to eulogize the dead, but to gather around the altar to celebrate the holy mysteries for the repose of the soul of the departed. Circumstances, however, sometimes warrant an exception, as is the case to-day.

There was much in the life of the man whom we mourn on this occasion well worthy of attention in these days, well worth pointing out for imitation by the young men now coming forward to take the places vacated by those who are gone. The keynote of his life, the impelling motive of his actions, was fidelity to duty of all kinds: to the Church, to his family, and to those who entrusted to him important responsibilities. He could not understand anything that was merely for show. His character was profoundly simple and straightforward. He regarded the substantial, the fundamental things of life as the only objects worthy of his attention.

To whatever task he was assigned, he gave himself whole-heartedly; that project absorbed his thought and energies. For this reason they who entrusted him with large enterprises felt an absolute reliance upon him. Once he understood a work, he carried it through faithfully to the end.

Mr. Ryan had a high sense of honesty and honor. He never cared much for money as such; least of all did he

[1] Eulogy at the funeral of James K. Ryan, at St. Aidan's Church, Brookline, January 9, 1917.

covet the wealth of others. His keen Christian sense of justice demanded only what belonged to him; that he always earned by his indefatigable industry. He never seemed to tire, because he concentrated himself entirely upon his work. He took the greatest pains to instill this spirit of industry into the minds and hearts of his sons. It was due to this steadfast trait that he conquered much that others considered insurmountable.

He was a faithful husband and father, a loyal friend. The circumstances of his death were sad indeed, but his family must look beyond this sadness to the contemplation of the splendid inheritance which he left them, an inheritance of true fidelity to every duty. He met death like a true soldier of Christ, with perfect faith and without fear. In one sense his death was not sudden at all, for he was always prepared for it, and when the end came, it found him ready.

We shall always think of him with affection and gratitude for what he was and what he stood for, and we shall offer up our prayers with Holy Church for the repose of his soul.

CATHOLIC MOTHERS[1]

CERTAINLY, the death of this dearly beloved woman, a true Catholic, Christian mother, was far from unexpected. It would be almost affectation to speak of grief on an occasion of this kind. We rather rejoice that Almighty God has taken to himself so devoted and so faithful a servant, after giving to her for so many years untold blessings. It is really not an occasion for sadness. It rather offers an opportunity for very important considerations. The death and burial of a priest's mother are sources of inspiration and serious reflection. I speak for the mothers of all priests, and, for that matter, for all Christian mothers.

It is generally true that every great man has attributed to his mother his finest gifts, — the finest powers of his mind, heart, and soul. That is conspicuously true of the priest, who, however humble his life or station, whether or not he finally realizes his ideal, is in embryo always a great moral man. Nothing else but the seed of moral greatness in his soul would ever have impelled him to seek the wonderful ideals which every candidate for the priesthood has deliberately chosen for himself.

What matter if the world has other standards? In this as in nearly everything the world is wrong. The truth is that every young man who aspires to the priesthood, who deliberately turns his back upon the ease, the con-

[1] Eulogy at the funeral of Mrs. Phœbe O'Donnell, at St. James' Church, Boston, January 11, 1917.

veniences, and the pleasures of life, and chooses a rougher and harder road to travel, has without a doubt the seed of moral greatness in his soul. The life of a priest is arduous. The fact that it is so noble does not make it the less difficult. The fact that he himself has embraced it means that he has deliberately undertaken a tremendous burden, not only for himself, but for all those intrusted to him; indeed, for all humanity.

One of the greatest motives that impels the young man to take that great step is the fact that he has had the inspiration and training of a wise and devoted mother. At home, even as a child, he saw in her an exemplar of the finest flower of faith. Her life was a supernatural one. She lived literally for God. There were weaknesses, there were defects, but the child never saw them. What he saw was the greatness of that soul, thinking always of God, praying always to God, facing every judgment of God, and thinking never of the judgment of the world.

That was the sublime ideal which she implanted in his breast, which finally bore fruit in the sublime dignity of the priesthood. It was the logical outcome of her magnificent spirit, for faith, while it tells man of things that are unseen, still has its realizing sense in the things of earth before us.

The logical sequence of the true Christian faith is that the priest, being God's representative, God's sacred minister, is worthy of love and veneration. So, despite all the so-called practical standards of life, she lived on that basis, — faith in God, love and veneration for the priest, which is so prevalent in the land whence so many such mothers come. In no other land, and perhaps in no other race, has there been among the male members

of the family this wonderful aspiration, so well conceived, the sublime ideal of the priesthood of Christ.

Such women are the great women of the world. They have brought forth the truly and the only great men of the world. We know what great generals are doing today. We know what so-called leaders of thought are doing. Unlike them, the priest is giving his whole life to the welfare of souls and humanity. Nothing can take his ideal from him. No matter how harsh or false the criticism of him or what he represents, he can afford well to smile at it. He knows, as no one else knows, the unworthiness of such judges.

That is the significance to me of this occasion, — the burial of such a woman. May God spare such types still among us, for men are laboring on every side to destroy the very ideal of womanhood. These noble women will keep the true type, the Catholic Christian type, alive, and they will keep it alive mainly by giving their sons to the altar as priests.

So, dear friends, I have no word of condolence to offer. I have only words of congratulation. You must be happy in looking back upon the life of this mother, a life not unique, thank God, among our Catholic womanhood, a life rather more common than rare. Again, thank God, and we priests of God may well thank Him for the gift of a noble mother. May she rest in peace. Amen.

FALSE LEADERS OF THOUGHT[1]

I HAVE been wondering of late whether the present awful war is due to a general confusion of mental processes, or whether the mental confusion prevalent everywhere just now is a result of the war.

Certainly, whether the war be the cause or the consequence, the mental attitude ascribed to very prominent people and manifest in their printed utterances is so confusing as to warrant the suspicion that the world has lost its head, that clear thinking has become a lost art, and that an age which is never tired of boasting of its scientific attainments has literally become absolutely befuddled.

As, day after day, we read the utterances of many leaders in government, in the school, and in art, we can scarcely believe our own eyes. Not only is to-day denied acrimoniously what the same man yesterday suavely affirmed, but, even in the same essay or speech or pronouncement, there are to be found the most glaring and obvious contradictions. Such performances seem like some ghastly joke.

But in reality it is no joke at all. For if such things, so far-reaching in effect, are to be considered as jokes, then it is the jesting of insanity. If, again, those who give utterance to them are really in earnest, it is a clear case of not only crooked minds, but, what is still worse, crooked intentions, and it is high time to send out the alarm,

[1] Address at annual dinner of the Holy Cross College Club of Boston, at Hotel Lenox, Wednesday evening, January 17, 1917.

arousing all to be on guard against the contagion and calling upon the public at large to think clearly for itself, and not swallow so quickly these sugar pills which look so innocent but are in reality mental poison.

A few instances will serve as illustrations. What is one to think of the monstrous outcry raised against religion because of this world conflagration, the very outcome of a half century of infidelity and war against religion bursting forth on the world?

The very men, who for fifty years had ridiculed, mocked, and fought the moral forces of Christianity, and by so doing had heaped up a mountain of inflammable material all over Europe, were the very ones who, once they had set the torch to the tinder and saw the flames mounting so high that nothing could then extinguish them, attempted to charge the whole damnable account to the Church which they had held in shackles while they set the fire.

When I read of the outbursts in France and in England against the Pope for not taking the side of the Allies, when they know better than any one else in the world that they for a whole generation have spent all their fury upon the Pope for daring to have an opinion about international law, I ask myself: Is this serious, or only another trap set for the Sovereign Pontiff, whatever he does, or even when he does nothing? Yesterday he was of no consequence; to-day a word from him seems to be the only thing that counts. Is this mania, or is it trickery?

When I read that the whole reason, as set forth by both sides, of this awful destruction of civilization is the love of culture or humanity, the question comes, Are they insane, or do they think we are?

When we have for years observed the underlying motives for all this terrible destruction and know that ninety-

nine per cent of it is natural jealousy and the rest talk, what are we to think of the column after column of platitudes about small nations and the love of righteousness?

Again, do they really think that we believe these assertions? If they do, how they must be laughing at us. Why, some of these men have played the hypocrite so long that they would not know righteousness if it were under their eyes.

What are we to think of ministers of the gospel who rend the air with hysterical cries against concluding a peace or even a truce? What especially are we to think of these very same individuals who, when the war began, declared openly that no war was ever justifiable and that no country should ever enter any war?

Is this war-madness, or is it merely the result of a life-long habit of illogical thinking and irresponsible chattering?

What again are we to think of these same clergymen who never by any chance talk of anything else from their pulpits but party politics, and yet, like true Quixotes, arm themselves cap-a-pie against any union of Church and State — a thing which, outside their own pulpits, nowhere exists?

Is this a sort of insanity, or is it again the mere shouting of any old catchword which suits?

I could go on for an hour giving concrete instances of this sort of vicious twaddle, culled from the daily press and even from serious essayists, but let me call your attention to the latest exhibit, the latest and most startling, and perhaps the one which gives the clue to all the others.

Dr. James Henry Leuba, professor of psychology at Bryn Mawr, has published lately some very interesting results of his recent investigations and inquiries among

professors and students of our American colleges and schools.

He finds that more than fifty per cent of the most distinguished professors in American colleges are atheists — do not believe in God. In fact, only twenty-seven per cent of the more eminent believe in God. Moreover, pushing still further his investigations, he finds that only thirty-five per cent of the more eminent professors believe in the immortality of the soul.

After such consoling results of his investigation, listen to his conclusion: —

"If these groups do not include all the intellectual leaders of the United States they certainly include the great majority of them. Most of them are teachers in schools of higher learning. In that capacity they should be and doubtless are in a very real sense moral leaders. There is no class of men who on the whole rival them in the influence exerted upon the educated public and upon the young men from whom are to come most of the leaders of the next generation.

"The situation revealed by the present statistical studies demands a revision of public opinion regarding the prevalence and the future of the two cardinal beliefs of official Christianity, and shows the futility of the efforts of those who would meet the present religious crisis by devising a more efficient organization and coöperation of the churches, or more attractive social features or even a more complete consecration of the church membership to its task." [1]

However confused is the mind of Professor Leuba of Bryn Mawr on the question of religion and its importance, however mixed his phrases when he attempts to

[1] Boston *Sunday Herald*, January 14, 1917.

prove the antagonism of religion to mental freedom, in this much at least he is clear, — that the vast majority of professors of note in colleges and institutions of higher learning are infidels, agnostics, and atheists; that these are the real leaders of America to-day, and that their pupils, of whom already the vast majority do not believe even in the immortality of the soul, will naturally be the leaders of the nation to-morrow.

Here, indeed, is food for thought. Here, indeed, is a problem which confronts the whole nation.

Is it possible that these facts are known to the fathers and mothers of this country? Is it possible that what the nation must now look forward to with boastful pride is, that America in a short time will be the greatest infidel country in the whole world?

Is it to this that the land of Columbus and Washington and Lincoln, all devout worshipers of God and believers in the sublime destiny of America under the benign influence of Christian faith and Christian morality; is it to this mental and moral decay and death that their country will soon be inevitably reduced?

Mr. Leuba seems to be very sure of his future, sure that no effort on the part of believing and God-loving men and women of America can now avail to fasten upon her citizens the fetters of a faith in God, which seems to him and his colleagues to be an indication of mental weakness and moral slavery.

Ah, no; he and his fellow moral leaders will see to it that not a vestige of Christianity is left in the land.

But, thank God, we are not yet all of us so sure of all this as the eminent professors of pedagogy and psychology. On the contrary, we are sublimely confident, that before the dread fate has overtaken this nation, blight-

ing its hopes and paralyzing its life, something will take place of which Professor Leuba, with all his knowledge of psychology, seems strangely ignorant. The men and women of America, — the plain men and women who make small pretense at ambitious learning but who, nevertheless, have what these intoxicated professors seem to have bidden adieu to, stern common sense, — realizing finally the wrecks, intellectually and morally, that have been made of their sons and daughters by the utterly unscientific method of these self-styled scientists, will arise in their just anger and indignation and empty every school of these impious tyrants with all their hypocritical chatter about mental freedom. American men and women will make it clear once for all to the whole half-educated brotherhood of atheists that this country will accept no such godless leadership. They will demonstrate that true learning and true science can never exclude God and the soul from their programme, and that such an attempt, thus far under cover, but now brazenly revealed at last, must end. These sane men and women will give these eminent leaders such a lesson in practical psychology, the psychology of a just and righteous wrath, that they will cease to rob the whole people and nation of America of the two most precious possessions she still holds, — belief in God and a care for their immortal souls.

For years the Catholic Church has been cautioning America against these growing evils in the training of youth. For years, by dint of tremendous sacrifices, our people have warded off this danger from their own children. Until now the only answer has been either a mocking smile or a bitter frown. But now it is not we who warn, but Professor Leuba who exults. Christian parents, what is to be your answer?

A LINE OF DEFENSE[1]

THERE is in the Church no other work, after the training of priests, more important than that of the Laymen's Retreat Guild, for it corresponds to a new need which is the result of new modes of attack on Catholicity.

Every day we read of discoveries in explosives that make this war more terrible than any other that has ever played havoc with civilized nations. These discoveries make it necessary for the nations at war to invent new means of protection, stronger forts, more formidable weapons.

What holds good in regard to the nations at war, may be applied to the warfare that has been going on against the Church for nineteen centuries. Every day new means of attack, new explosives, new shells are invented to destroy the Church. If her enemies were guided by the experience of nearly two thousand years, they would realize that the inner strongholds of the Church are impregnable; that they have never been taken, for Christ has promised that the gates of hell shall not prevail against her.

The watchmen on the tower of the Church never sleep. They discern each new enemy as he approaches, and warn the leaders and the people to prepare for the new assault. When the enemy trains his guns on her position she is ready. She has at hand the weapons and the strength necessary to repel him.

[1] Address at Monastery of Blessed Gabriel, Brighton, Sunday afternoon, January 21, 1917.

The mode of attack on the Church changes with every age. In the past one of her dogmas or one of her practices was made the target of the onslaughts of her enemies. When the forces of Protestants assembled before her gates the Bible was their great weapon of attack. They accused her of keeping the word of God from the people, and they set up the Bible as the only rule of faith. In those days, the Church reminded them that the Bible was indeed a rule of faith, but that it was not the sole rule of faith; that the Bible was subject to every sort of false interpretation; that she alone held the full deposit of faith, of which she was the sole guardian.

She warned them of the dangers of private interpretation, which she pointed out to them could not fail to bring about disintegration and destruction of faith. Her words are being verified to-day in so clear a manner that he who runs may read.

But now the attack has changed. It is the Church that is defending the Bible. Protestants have thrown it to the winds. They no longer hold it to be the sole rule of faith. Private judgment and higher criticism have drawn so many contradictions from it that it is no longer regarded as an inspired book, but simply as literature to be respected or despised, according to the whim of the reader. The Catholic Church is the only one to-day that sets any value at all upon the Bible. With the fall of the Bible from its former place of honor, has come about the absolute rejection of the supernatural.

While in former days one doctrine or practice of the Church was attacked, to-day the very foundation of all religion is the objective of the onslaughts of the enemies of the Church. They strive to uproot all religious belief in the minds of the people. Led on by certain so-called

educators, these forces would cast out as a superstition all belief in God. They tell us we are weak-minded because we still retain our belief in the Almighty. They have seized on the schools and are instilling their venom into the unfortunate youth who come under their malign influence. That they are madmen, abnormal and crazy with the insistency and ingenuity of the lunatic, is clear from their writings. Nevertheless, they have succeeded in bringing about a condition that is alarming.

While we are not affected directly by this propaganda, yet the danger is like an epidemic. The poison is in the air. It is apt to infect any one who is not strong. We must be on our guard. We must see to it that we keep our faith in a healthy condition.

To offset this pernicious miasma, the Church is bending all her efforts and making innumerable sacrifices; she is building up her schools and colleges to preserve the rising generation from this poison.

THE TWOFOLD DUTY[1]

When I heard how successful this bazaar was bound to be, it made me very happy. In this country our churches have no money from the State, no money from the Government, and we are very happy that they have not. Our churches are supported entirely by the free-will offerings of our good people. We are very glad and very proud of that, because it brings the Church and the people very close together. The priest feels that he needs the people, just as the people feel that they need the priest.

From this comes the splendid condition of things for which we in America have reason to be proud, and that is the universal love and affection that subsist between the priest and the people.

The history of the Church in New England is comparatively a story of recent times. Of course from the beginning Catholics were the pioneers, coming here to evangelize the Indians, but the actual settlement of Catholics in any considerable numbers began only a little over a century ago. It is not long since we celebrated the centenary of the first Catholic church in New England.

Then the course of immigration came this way, and little by little, where there were almost no Catholics, now in this Diocese we have a million. Throughout all New England we have altogether over three million Catholics, with hundreds of churches, every one of them built by the generosity and the sacrifice of priests and people.

[1] Address at the Bazaar for the benefit of the Sacred Heart (Italian) Church, Boston, January 24, 1917.

No rich man built our churches, and we are glad of that, because we did not want to have the churches tied up with any individual or any trust. We want the churches to be the property of the people, so that the poorest can say: "I contributed my mite, I gave what I could to build that church for the glory of God." He can go into the church and feel that he has as much right there as the proudest and richest of those who come to worship. I am profoundly thankful to God that this same spirit is animating our Italian people here in Boston.

This nation of ours, which was founded on a strong confidence in the principles of democracy, gave to men who longed for freedom the first real opportunity in history, gave it in a new land which they could develop themselves without being hampered by the autocratic traditions of the Old World. That confidence of the Fathers has been justified by events We have to-day a country whose like is not to be found anywhere else in the world. It is a land of freedom and opportunity.

Every man here is equal before the law, the poor have the same civil rights as the rich. We should strive to give back something to the country. We Catholics are happy and glad to contribute to our beloved America, and we make a contribution which we think is unique, and that is, absolute fidelity and loyalty to the laws and the government of this country, and to all those splendid fundamental principles which maintain society at its best.

You then have a sacred duty in return for all that this land gives you. This is to give a practical demonstration of your love for a land that offers you so much and has already given you such a hearty welcome and an opportunity to make the best of your lives. You should be proud to be among the first in obedience to all lawful

authority, in loyalty to the institutions of the land and allegiance to its flag.

Indeed, in the building up of this Church of the Sacred Heart you are fulfilling part of this duty. You are building not only a house of worship for yourselves, but a tower of strength for the whole nation, because in that temple of God are preserved and maintained the sterling principles of order, without which no government can exist. Every time you go there to worship our Blessed Lord and kneel in prayer before Him, you hear not only the word of God, which recalls things of the supernatural life, but also the inspiring word of the highest principles of law, obedience to law and order and government.

This church, therefore, is going to be a monument, not only to the faith of Italian Catholics, but a monument also for the conservation of the best interests of government in this country.

CHRISTIAN CALMNESS[1]

It is one of the most pleasant duties of my office to extend on occasions like this my sincere congratulations on the truly noble and fruitful work which you are doing among Christ's poor. It is the fashion in these days to do good, to the blare of trumpets and amid the acclamations of the press. But the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul have always remained true to the tradition of their founder, that the best and least humiliating aid which man can render to his neighbor is that which is given without publicity, and which seeks no recognition, beyond the gratitude of those helped, except the approval of God.

Nor is the work of the Vincentian confined to the rendering of material assistance, for this would be but an ineffective and temporary remedy. This, too, is the reason that secular charities with all their resources and all their enterprise accomplish so little lasting benefit. The problem of poverty and its attendant evils is far deeper than lack of material things. It includes sin and discouragement. It is emphatically a problem calling for the wisdom and experience of the devoted Catholic layman.

Therefore, it is not to be expected that the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul would measure the good done and the service rendered by any array of statistics, because it is of the very essence of your work that it should be performed without publicity, and also because you cannot make statistics or tabulations of the love

[1] Address to the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul at the Cathedral, at closing of retreat, Sunday, February 25, 1917.

of your neighbor any more than of your love for the Lord.

But this does not in the least detract from the satisfaction you feel as Vincentians over the visits you have made, the souls you have strengthened, and the aid you have given during the past year. And I, in the knowledge that is mine in virtue of my office as spiritual head of the Diocese, know of your work and appreciate it. Your Conference is a blessing to this neighborhood and to the city.

One of the great prerequisites of good work is calmness of mind. Excitement only throws everything into confusion and blinds people to realities. It is necessary then for the perfection of your charitable work that you should not be carried away by any winds of emotion or the gusts and varying currents of public opinion that prevail everywhere at this time. The first duty of the prudent man nowadays is self-restraint. These are troublous days; there are many instances of high feeling and of outbursts of passion. You must strive to keep yourselves from being swayed by these influences and must keep on your steady course, ruling your emotions by Christian common sense.

The war now raging on the other side of the Atlantic is unprecedented in its magnitude and its slaughter. There have been terrible conflicts in the past, but none approaching to this one in wholesale horror and destruction. Wise men seek the causes of this war. There is one fundamental cause. Nations, governments, and the people at large have driven God out of their daily lives. In their dealings with other nations, governments have refused to consider the laws of God. But God cannot be excluded from the government of this world, and when

men attempt to rule the world in a way directly opposed to divine laws, strife and bloodshed cannot fail to follow.

It is a terrible trial, and we who cannot but read and hear of this frightful visitation would be less than human if we did not feel dread and profound sorrow. But we must not forget that God rules this world. He may allow these things to go on that in the end good may come to the human race, but He will not permit His people to be tried beyond their strength. When in His infinite wisdom it pleases Him to put an end to this scourge of war, He will find a quick and sure way.

Faith, then, provides a weighty reason why we should remain cool and abstain from outbursts of emotion. Moreover, we must take into account that the reports we hear and read in the daily press are varying and contradictory. Accusations are bandied about without proof. If we allow ourselves to heed the statements of those who openly show their partisan spirit, we cannot hope to be guided by reason, but shall be swept away upon a torrent of emotion. The daily press strives to be fair and impartial, but it is necessarily handicapped by the conditions that obtain to-day. So, until things are clearer, we must suspend judgment.

But the agitation of the public mind is not caused entirely by prevailing conditions. There are agencies at work that deliberately seek to confuse and inflame the minds of men. One of these is the mercenary writer, who is willing for a price to advocate any sort of a cause and stir up trouble. Another is the political demagogue, who does not hesitate to delude the people for his own ends and to incite them to violence that he may reap his evil harvest from the popular tumult.

In the face of all this your duty is plain: to remem-

ber that the affairs of the world are in God's hands, and that His purposes will be fulfilled; to continue your noble work quietly and calmly in the full confidence that its fruits will remain, and to keep in your hearts that Christian peace and tranquillity characteristic of the devoted children of God.

A CALL TO ARMS[1]

THERE is but one sentiment permissible to-day — absolute unity. In the midst of the solemnities of Holy Week, our Civil Government, speaking with the authority which alone rules the whole Nation, decreed that we are at war.

The President of the United States in recommending this action ended his historic plea by calling God to witness that he could do nothing else. That these events of tremendous import to us and to the world happened while we were still on our knees around Golgotha, only added to their tragic meaning.

Our country is at war; our Nation therefore needs us all, every man, woman, and child of us, to strengthen her, to hearten her, and to stand faithfully by her until her hour of trial has passed and her hour of glorious triumph shall arrive.

So up from our knees! Our souls have gathered strength of sacrifice from the sight of Calvary. Our hearts are only the more deeply stirred to loyalty by the sight of Him who gave Himself to death for love of us.

God and our Nation! Let us lift up that cry to Heaven. Neither base hate nor sullen anger may dim the glory of our flag. But let the love of true freedom, blessed, God-given freedom, which above all other lands our country has cherished and defended, be the thrilling power that will quicken our pulses into a still greater love of America than we have ever known till now.

[1] Pronouncement on the occasion of the President's Proclamation that "A State of War exists between the United States and the Imperial German Government," April 6, 1917.

We are of all races; to-day we are one — Americans. Whatever we can do in honor and justice, that we must in conscience do to defeat our enemies and make our flag triumphant.

Christ is risen. He has triumphed over iniquity and death. Let us look up to where He now sits in glory, and read anew from the story of His passion and His triumph the greatest of all lessons man can ever learn — that evil is conquered only by divine courage; that death has no terror for the man of faith, and that not all the riches of this world are worth a passing thought in comparison with the things which endure forever. Let us hasten now to act. We have spoken enough.

May God preserve and bless America.

STANDING THE TEST[1]

Let us ask Almighty God to bless all those who have coöperated in the work of Federation during the past year and who have contributed to its success and growth.

The principles underlying Federation are not new or original with us; they have been gleaned from the study of the great men of the Church, who were enabled to accomplish what they did for God and for the improvement of spiritual conditions in mankind by the very means that Federation is employing to-day.

The greater and more needful a work, the more difficult it is. But the forces opposing a great movement like ours serve a good purpose; they stimulate the exertions of individuals and organizations; they bring into play generous activity, vigilance, and perseverance. The powers of evil only increase and intensify unselfish and determined effort for the triumph of right principles. The martyrs of the Church faced every opposition, human and inhuman, and, by remaining steadfast to their Faith, won the approval of God and glory for all His children. They stood the test.

This is the crucial thing for all united in the defense and promotion of any great principle — to stand the test. The present war is an illustration. War is always horrible, the last resort of a nation compelled to defend its rights and honor against lawless aggression. The people of this nation are undergoing the test of their worth as

[1] Address to the delegates of the Federation of Catholic Societies of the Archdiocese of Boston, in St. Alphonsus' Hall, Roxbury, Sunday, May 13, 1917.

citizens. The trial may be long and severe and the hardships entailed far greater than we now realize, but we feel within ourselves that no sacrifice of comfort, or even of life itself, can be excessive in behalf of the principles of humanity and the institutions on which this nation depends, and which it is our glorious privilege to safeguard for ourselves and for posterity.

In this struggle, also, millions will doubtless learn to realize the basic principles of moral life; will learn how contrary to God's law are injustice, dishonesty, and false witness. War brings these facts in their true light to the consciousness of the individual and of the people at large.

War reveals, too, the value of life, by making it imperative to risk existence itself in defense of right principles. Every man, woman, and child in this land knows that the nation must be upheld, even at the cost which the crisis demands of them.

The nation assumes absolute power over everybody; it does not ask, it demands. This right to command is from God. Obedience to this supreme command means sacrifice and suffering for all, for those who take part in the actual fighting, and for those who are left at home. But all this is only in accordance with the duty owed to the nation which protects its citizens and insures to them the blessings of orderly government. Religion makes a like imperative demand on individuals, though this too imposes sacrifice and suffering for the abundance of the spiritual life.

The world needed these lessons. We may not understand the meanings and purposes underlying this war, but of one thing we can be certain: through it all the plans of Almighty God are being carried out. Since the world is so disturbed and is driven almost to the

breaking-point, something proportionately great and needful is being worked out by God's will. There are conditions almost hopeless to be remedied, deep-seated evils to be eradicated, and essential principles to be vindicated. It is in the spirit of coöperation for this great purpose that we must endure the sacrifices involved.

Cardinal Gibbons paid us a high tribute when, speaking recently in Washington, he said, "We must have a strong Catholicity as they have in Boston." Now this strength must be increased and devoted to good purposes, each one of us doing his part. Since the Church is the greatest moral force on earth, it is the duty of Catholics, especially in organizations like Federation, to strive with all their might against the forces of evil and exert themselves in behalf of the many good causes that need their help and energy. It is not a matter of money, but of strong and active Catholic sentiment proving itself in acts.

Catholics want only their rights, but they will brook no discrimination against these. There are many forces in the world around us opposed to these rights, but such forces will not prevail. The enemies of God have not "put out the lights of Heaven" as they hoped to do. Those lights are plainly visible now from the trenches in France. We want, with God's help, the lights of Heaven to guide us all the time.

With no feelings but those of love, charity, forbearance, and patience for all, even our enemies, but with firmness for the right because it is God's right, we face the situation. If we are called upon to make even the supreme sacrifice of our lives for our native land, we will do so willingly, because the sacrifice will be made also for God and the Truth.

CHRIST'S MILITIA[1]

You have assembled here this morning to receive the great Sacrament of Confirmation. There could be no more appropriate time than this day, within the octave of Pentecost, the Feast of the Holy Ghost, because, as you know, in Confirmation the Holy Spirit enters into your souls and makes you strong and perfect Christians and soldiers of Jesus Christ.

Among the manifold misfortunes that have come upon mankind as a result of Adam's sin is a twofold penalty, — a darkening of the mind and a weakening of the will. The grace of Confirmation is designed to repair this loss, to bring enlightenment to the mind and strength to the will.

You know very well that life is not a simple thing, but complex, that temptation does not present itself plainly, but in devious ways. This, in fact, partially explains the ease with which Satan misleads people to their undoing. He confuses the mind so that evil is mistaken for good, and then he works upon the will by arousing the passions or the besetting temptation of the individual. A strong access of grace is needed to overcome this influence, and Confirmation gives that grace.

In order that the sacrament may effect the greatest possible good, it is the rule of the Church to assemble those about to be confirmed before the altar of God and there explain to them the meaning of the boon that is about to be theirs; to remind them of the solemn duties they are assuming, and to make it plain to them that by the grace

[1] Address to Converts about to be confirmed, at the Cathedral, May 30, 1917.

of this sacrament they must be prepared to suffer for the Faith, and, if need be, to die for Jesus Christ.

If ever there was a time in the history of the world when the futility of the world is revealed to itself, it is now. Without a doubt God reveals His purpose out of the darkest night. He is revealing His eternal purpose in these solemn and gloomy times. Will men see that purpose and seeing it will they follow it? God alone knows. Again and again He has revealed the lesson of life to mankind.

At least you, beloved children in Christ, have good reason to rejoice to-day. You know the saving truth revealed to you by your holy Faith — that the sole purpose of life is to know God, to love God, and to serve God. There is no other way to know God. Look out upon the millions of men and ask yourselves, "Do these people really know God?"

And yet this is the very purpose of the intellect and mind of man — to realize there is a Creator of heaven and earth who was our first beginning and will be our last end, without whom we can do nothing, with whom we are strong in everything.

How little that knowledge of God influences men's lives! Do they really study or care to know God? And when they do, with the diverse creeds and the dissensions, with one church contradicting another, with members of the same church flatly contradicting one another in the doctrines of their own church, how is poor, confused human nature ever to know God?

Yet this is the very first purpose of our being, the very first object of our intelligence. Is it not clear that despite all this confusion Almighty God has revealed Himself clearly, unmistakably, definitely! This revelation cannot

be the object and purpose of a thousand different sects.

Here at once is shown forth the unity of faith in the Catholic Church, the Church of God. There is no difference of understanding, nor is there misunderstanding. The Church, with the voice of God, with the authority of God, teaches clearly, definitely, and unmistakably that there is a God, who God is, the qualities of God and His relation to us. Even the simplest child as it begins to understand itself understands the voice of the Church.

We have before our eyes almost daily awful instances of the errors into which men are led, when they reject God's light and seek to solve the riddle of this world by their own unaided intelligence. According to their perverse and blasphemous philosophy, they have tried to make God only finite, as one of themselves, because they refuse to admit the existence of an Infinite Being. Thus it is that on account of an obstinate turning away from the light of Revelation the men of genius, the great scholars with all their learning and mental acuteness, lack the knowledge possessed by the workman in the ditch, because they persist in seeking God only in their own willful ways. The godless wisdom of the twentieth century is not new; it is only the repetition of that pagan knowledge of ancient days that lost itself in pride and degenerated into the grossest forms of idolatry.

The highest and greatest wisdom that men can gain is that which enables them to know, love, and serve God. All other wisdom, no matter how profound or impressive in its influence on life and the world, is of little worth compared with it. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven" is the great command uttered alike to sage and simple man.

But the grace of Confirmation is given to us not only

to make us strong and perfect Christians, but also soldiers of Jesus Christ. Let us observe the conduct of valiant soldiers who go forth to fight for their country.

It so happens that this is also a day when civilly we honor the soldiers who have died in their country's cause. Their example and noble faithfulness must certainly hold a lesson for you and make it plain that the first duties of a soldier are obedience and courage.

These men who laid down their lives for this nation gave a remarkable proof of their love for their country, and it is our duty to honor their memory. To-day our country is facing another crisis in its life. The honor paid to the memory of those who died for the United States of America must stimulate all of us in our purpose to love beyond any other land this land which God has given us, this land which God has so blessed in a thousand ways.

While you are strengthened by this Sacrament of God and are firm in the faith of your holy religion, you will be steadfast in faith, devotion, and love for this country and for what it stands; and so there will come to you this double benefit, your confirmation in Christ and in the love of God, and the strengthening of your patriotism in the love of this our blessed country. May God bless you all!

THE CATHOLIC POSITION[1]

I BEG your leave, ladies and gentlemen, to say a word concerning the great movements which are occupying the thoughts and stirring the emotions of all America in these days.

I am constantly being invited to address all sorts of assemblies and meetings on these and similar matters but, unfortunately, I can accept only very few such invitations, especially at this season when my regular occupations, always assiduous enough, are more than doubled.

So, if you will permit me, I should like to state once and for all, as clearly as I can, what our position is in order that there may be no misunderstanding now or hereafter.

That position may be summed up briefly as the only position possible to-day for every loyal American, either now when we stand in the face of grave difficulties, or later when perhaps even greater difficulties may confront us. Our position is founded on duty and not on emotion. This is true of the stand which every true Catholic takes in the face of all the grave responsibilities of human life; and when, as history well demonstrates, the Catholic has assumed his position on the principle of duty, human and divine, nothing in the world can move him from it.

Those who do not know us think that our religion is emotional, but they are utterly mistaken. Emotion is

[1] Address at the Boston Opera House, Thursday evening, June 21, 1917, on the occasion of a concert given for the benefit of the 101st U.S. Regiment (formerly the 9th Massachusetts).

fitful, passing, evanescent. The Catholic, once having espoused any cause upon the basis of duty as a divine principle, never lays it down until the cause is justly and rightfully settled. If you want an example, you have merely to look at Catholic Poland, for centuries oppressed, partitioned, persecuted, yet still upright and demanding justice, or at Catholic Ireland, for centuries wronged, abused, maligned, and still to-day unconquered. Look again, under our very eyes, at the glorious little Catholic nation, Belgium, overrun, despoiled, wrecked, yet absolutely unyielding; or at the Papacy, traduced, deceived, yet never flinching, never yielding.

Surely there is more than emotion here. It is the faith, the divine faith, which never dies and never fails until the wrong is righted, until injustice yields to justice.

When Napoleon, at the height of his glory, stormed and fumed in the palace at Fontainebleau before the weak, aged Pontiff whom he dragged from the Vatican to be made a tool for his selfish schemes, the unconquerable Pius VII gazed at the strutting tyrant, calmly folded his thin, wasted arms, looked him coolly in the face, and for an answer quietly replied, "Non Possumus."

History makes it clear, that, whatever the personal or national temperament of a Catholic, once his duty is clear, he is firm as steel and as immovable as a mountain.

The air is rent by a thousand strident voices, shouting hysterically a thousand different slogans. All this is poor service to the nation. It is nothing but emotion loosed to the point of hysteria, and only serves to confuse still more the minds of the people. Nothing will be gained by that now; and in the years to come, when peace has returned to all the earth, many will be far from proud to be confronted then with their own utterances of to-day.

Duty, not emotion, must control the minds and hearts of the people of America, if they are to rise to the fullness of their strength in these trying times.

Now what is that duty? Let me state it as briefly as possible. The civil authority of our nation by a perfectly legitimate act of authority declared us at war. This declaration means that every citizen of America, bowing to that sense of obligation which he assumes as a citizen, must do his fullest, conscientious duty toward his country and for her defense.

The manner and place for the fulfillment of that duty are for our legitimate government to decide. Our simple and sacred duty is obedience to that authority. Let me say here that, as events move forward, it will become more and more manifest that he who will fight the hardest and the longest in the sacred cause of our country's defense will not be the emotional militarist, but the peace-loving Catholic, fighting not for the love of war, but through the divine sense of duty toward his country.

He will not be found waving flags or blustering about patriotism. Perhaps when the call comes, tears may bedim his eyes, but he will go out quietly from the lanes of peace with the marching millions. He will kneel for God's blessing as he goes. He may not go light-heartedly, — the highest and most solemn duties need not always be joyful ones, — but he will go, nevertheless, grimly determined to do his full measure for America just because America has called for his fullest service. It will be those quiet, determined men with God in their hearts upon whose courage America must most rely.

Let us have done once for all with these bewildering orations, with these endless insincerities, for, if they aim to fire men's courage, they only increase their confusion.

The one thing that is now necessary, and the only thing that will stand firmly through all the vicissitudes now before us, will be this principle: our country is at war and we are bound before God to render it our fullest service. Hate no one, despise no one. The nation that enters war for hatred's sake has already lost even before the first battle is fought.

That position once clear, our country may feel assured of the absolute loyalty of all her children. That is our position with regard to this war, with regard to every war, and our duty towards those who suffer by the effects of war is equally clear.

If to-day our faith must be stronger than ever, so must our charity be wider and warmer than ever. Our brave young men will need a million consolations which we must supply. While they are performing nobly and loyally their duty, we must see to it that we are not lacking in ours. All the consolations of our holy faith, and everything that human ingenuity can devise for the lessening of pain and suffering must be provided by us generously and adequately.

We must send along with the brave hearts who go to fight under the standard of our nation another band of kindly, generous hearts that go to serve under the holy banner of the Red Cross; and here, let us solemnly charge those responsible to see that that banner of the Cross is kept holy. The Cross is a religious symbol. Woe to those who desecrate it by pettiness, or bigotry, or shameful vanity, or dissension. Let that standard be set up wherever there is danger or suffering, and there let it represent all the tenderness, all the largeness, all the purity of the love of Christ for suffering humanity.

To make these things possible, let us all give and give

generously, so that from the very beginning the treasury of mercy will be full to overflowing. It is the time for the rich to be princely in their generosity, but I know that even the poorest among us will not be satisfied unless he has given something cut of his poverty. Somehow, it is the blessed pennies of the poor which God most bountifully blesses.

Let us do our duty to the Red Cross now, and, when next Sunday comes, we shall go before our altars, and kneeling, say: "Lord, what I could do, that I have done," and "Lord, dear Lord, grant to the tired world soon, very soon, Thy blessed gift of peace."

THE MISSION OF TRUTH[1]

THE occasion of our meeting to-day is the blessing of this new movement which materializes in the form of a car which is to carry speakers to various parts of the city and state for the purpose of making Catholic Truth known.

Our Blessed Lord, being truth itself, had for His sublime mission the spreading of truth among men during the years of His public life. He devoted all His energies to diffusing a knowledge of God and a knowledge of the duties of man towards God and towards his neighbor.

There is a certain knowledge of God inscribed in the human heart and made known through the voice of conscience. Conscience, however, has often proved an insufficient guide because of the confusion which often arises even in the mind itself, and because of the passions which sway it. There is needed an external and authoritative teacher. Our Blessed Lord, therefore, founded His Church for the purpose of bringing a knowledge of God to all mankind. To His apostles He gave the command, "Go teach all nations." This mission is universal both in fact and by right.

No power will ever silence the voice of Christ's Church. It teaches with the same authority as did its Author. "He that heareth you, heareth Me. He that despiseth you, despiseth Me, and he that despiseth Me despiseth Him that sent Me." Its authority is at once universal and divine. This authority vested in Peter and the Apostles is transmitted to their successors, the Bishops of the Church Universal.

[1] Address on the occasion of the blessing of the new auto van of the Catholic Truth Guild at the Cathedral, Sunday, July 1, 1917.

All through the centuries, from the days when the teaching body of the Church began its work until to-day, that mission has been fearlessly fulfilled. The world has, from time to time, tried for its own ends to destroy the truth. When it could not cajole, it threatened; when threats failed, it exiled, imprisoned, and put to death, but the Apostolic Band has never failed in its duties, nor will the powers of evil ever prevail against it.

The Church has God for its Author, and is the divinely appointed teaching body, the guardian of truth. No one, on his own private authority, may interpret the divine teachings. Thus is truth absolutely safeguarded. It has always remained and must remain always unchangeable, the same.

Error is transient and fickle. Truth alone stands the test of application and is suited to every condition and phase of humanity.

While the authoritative voice of the Church rests with the Bishops who govern and rule it, it is imparted, as occasion demands, to the priesthood to proclaim the truth, and to those of the laity who labor under the direction and with the blessing of that Apostolic line for the purpose of making the truth of God better known and better loved.

Now, for the first time in America, comes this novel method of spreading the Kingdom of God among men. This auto car will bring glory to God and truth to man. It is a most modern way of making God known where otherwise, perhaps, He would remain unknown.

The Church blesses everyone and everything that lend themselves to the glorious service of spreading the truth. So in the name of the Church we gladly bless this devout project, initiated by fervent Catholics to make the Church known wherever this car may go.

The Catholic Truth Guild is the offspring of a movement now well known throughout America, the Boston School of Political Economy. Its founders, Mrs. Avery and Mr. Goldstein, still remain the force, the brains, and the heart of the work.

We cannot pass without stopping for a moment to consider how singularly blessed this movement is under its present leaders. Mr. Goldstein is the representative of a great race, which in its time had the unique privilege of being the chosen people of God. Yet this nation which was especially honored by God rejected Christ, His only begotten Son. When Jesus came into this world, He found no place whereon to lay His head. He was unknown and unwelcomed. And the reason is not hard to find.

As long as a nation, people, or race struggles through every vicissitude towards its end, it remains humble and strong, and its vision is clear. When, however, the days of triumph are succeeded by those of luxury, and wealth has entered and sapped the strength and the manhood of the nation, then humility departs and with it the realization of the sovereignty of God. The influence of luxury, love of glory and of power completely change its ideas. So, when the God of truth appears, its eyes are blinded. "He came unto His own and His own received Him not."

Nevertheless, that universal Church, which Christ, whom they rejected, founded, is still open to the Hebrews as to all of the rest of humanity.

Mr. Goldstein represents that race with all its wonderful traditions and all its history of religious experience. He has found in the Church of Jesus Christ the power and strength which Judaism, in the greatest days of its glory, rejected.

The other instrument in the hand of Providence for the accomplishment of a great purpose is Mrs. Avery. When the great religious crisis which took place in England first manifested itself under the reign of Henry VIII, through pressure of royal authority the people of England were robbed of the Faith. Yet for fully a generation they remained faithful.

It was not the fault of the people of Judea that Christ was not accepted as their King. We all know that for an instant their eyes were opened to His divine character and that they led him in triumph up to Jerusalem. It was the Pharisee, the politician of his day, thirsting for power and working upon the jealousies of Rome, who condemned our Saviour; it was not the people of Judea. They were deceived by those who should have known better.

The same is true of England. It was not the people who rebelled against the authority of the Church. It was the King, who for his own selfish, ignoble purpose broke away from the Faith. It was the courtiers who flattered him for their own ends. The people were basely misled and deceived into a position which, for a full generation, they themselves scarcely understood. They still thought they were in communion with Rome; that they were members of the Catholic Church.

But as one generation followed another, there arose the condition, which we now see before us, of a whole nation adrift from direct union with the Holy See.

Countless thousands since then have yearned for reunion with the Church, and God has given the answer to their prayer by a personal union which their nation and race had denied them. Day by day a clearer understanding is being effected. A calmer view of things as

they existed then is being taken. Men realize that the change was very little religious, almost entirely political; that the children of that generation had been defrauded of their birthright.

But the gates of the great universal Church are wide open to all. Mrs. Avery, having passed through that experience, and having studied profoundly the causes that led the nation of England and the rest of English men and women not only in England but here in America away from the Apostolic union, has seen the great principle of truth, that truth that cannot be divided.

Both Mrs. Avery and Mr. Goldstein have yielded to the impulse which every honest man and woman feel in these days, and seeking truth entered to the fullest degree the field of socialism in a less accentuated form, with the purpose of finding the truth.

Before they received the true light of Faith, they went forward fearlessly and examined what that field offered as regards the duty of man towards man, the relations of the rich and the poor, the employer and the laborer, the capitalist and the proletariat. They investigated and achieved such distinction in that field that no one to-day can say that their present position is due to a lack of knowledge.

Both in the religious and in the social fields they have experienced all the various phases, and, in the end, God gave them His precious light, because they had yearned only for the truth. With not a single regret, but with the humility of children, they retraced their footsteps and went back over the ages into the Universal Church of Christ. Like eager souls, who have experienced the consolations of the Catholic Faith, they are expending themselves that others may know the treasures which

they have found. That, in a word, is the origin of this movement.

God has blessed them; they have found unspeakable happiness in their glorious Apostolate. He has given them strength and courage to carry on their great work. They face their labors with the courage of Apostles, caring not what the world says or thinks, because they labor conscientiously to impart to others what they know to be the only comfort and consolation in life, the full knowledge of Catholic Truth.

They have associated with them others animated by the same motives, men and women who have studied profoundly of truth in all its relations to God and to man. They are possessed not only with the zeal, but with the humility of the Apostles, and will go forth in patience and bring forth fruit a hundred-fold.

The basis of all their efforts will be charity, love for God, love for humanity. Founded on this virtue, their mission will be a patient one.

Their mission is not alone to speak to those who understand. That would be comparatively easy. It is to make the Church of God known to those who have not the light of faith; to penetrate the fogs and mists of the human mind and brush aside little by little the obstacles that obstruct the true vision of God. All this requires almost infinite humility and patience. Mere orations, however eloquent they may be, will never do this.

Truth profoundly realized and intimately grasped will bring to their lips the simple, clear, straightforward words which, backed by the power of God and warmed by His spirit, will bring forth wonderful fruit even in places where it is least expected.

Their mission is not merely human; it is divine. Ani-

mated with the spirit of faith and zeal they will not fail, because God's work cannot suffer failure.

Let the Infant Child in the manger, or the poor rejected Christ upon the Cross, abandoned, yet overpowering the world, be your inspiration. Go forth on this glorious mission with the true spirit of Christ. Let success only stimulate you. Irritate none, except as truth irritates falsehood; be fearless, but placid; be tireless, but patient. The public at first may be surprised and may not approve. A thousand false principles are being proclaimed in various places. Yet there are those who will listen to the doctrines of the Church and to the application of her principles to the needs of the day.

A last word. In these trying times we must not forget our duty towards our country. We must, while stimulating the love of God among the people and the love of man for his neighbor, also stimulate a love for the land which gives us shelter, which protects us, and protects our religion. We must be grateful for the favors that America has bestowed on us all as individuals and as Catholics. So, under the banner of the Cross and the Flag, may the Guild of Catholic Truth proceed on its humble, simple, but triumphant way.

THE VOCATION OF THE TEACHER [1]

This large assembly of the teachers of the parochial schools of the Archdiocese is a most inspiring sight to me, to whose charge the education and training of Catholic youth of this Diocese have been entrusted. When we behold these various communities of Sisters and Brothers all engaged in the noblest of works, the training of the hearts, souls, and characters of the young, we realize that this assembly stands for the highest and most essential things in life. In a work of such tremendous moment, perfect concentration of forces is the first requirement. Your annual institutes are accomplishing and fulfilling this very necessary purpose.

Years ago the work of our schools, always excellent, was more or less divided. Each religious congregation labored as an independent agency. For this reason much zealous effort did not enjoy the stimulus of unity, which alone can secure the best results.

An assembly of many congregations is a lesson to all, that, whatsoever be the purpose of each congregation, whenever teachers are laboring in any diocese or division of the Lord's vineyard, there must be unity of system and unity of action with each congregation gladly offering what it has to give for the advancement and success of the entire organization.

In all the world there is no vocation nobler than the teacher's vocation, save the priesthood. This very nobility of the religious teacher's life is the source of perfect joy

[1] Address to the Teachers' Institute, at Boston College High School, on Wednesday, August 29, 1917.

and satisfaction. Our Holy Mother Church, with the spirit and the wisdom of God, offers peace to all who aid her in the fulfillment of her divine mission. Never tyrannical, the Church accepts human effort, sanctifies it, ennobles it, lifts it to a supernatural plane. Here is the secret of all happiness in life.

Because our sacrifices in a great cause have a value enduring for all eternity, generous souls are eager to give up all things, for they find perfect pleasure in this offering. Each teacher here has given her life for this sacred work. This is indeed a tremendous sacrifice. Were there no permanent inspiring influence to help you bear courageously the brunt of battle, poor human nature would too easily succumb.

But Holy Mother Church knows how to make a life of sacrifice peaceful and happy. You are happy because of your faith and hope and love of God. You are ennobled, sanctified by this holiest of thoughts; that you do not labor for temporal success or gain. The world holds nothing for you. Having given your lives to God, you find your perfect happiness in Him.

Is not this fact self-evident? Go to the class-room of the religious teacher. See the little children, their faces beaming — radiant with happiness. They but reflect the joy of their teacher's soul. The religious teacher has found happiness at its true source, the union of her soul with God. The world knows nothing of all this and fails to comprehend it.

The Sister or Brother, simple, calm, self-controlled and self-possessed, is a complete mystery to the restless, uneasy man of affairs of to-day. For this poise and quiet concentration are the normal, natural results of the true religious life. They grow and develop through prayer,

meditation, self-examination — the constant measuring and weighing of things in their relation to the eternal designs of God.

Meanwhile the world looks on in amazement and wonder. How is it possible for these delicate women to lead such trying lives? They work incessantly, day after day, month after month, with scarcely a moment's respite. These teachers face their tasks with no thought of worldly enjoyment. They never seek the distraction of ballroom, theater, or party.

Ah, the world does not know the secret. The world cannot grasp the meaning of a life sacrificed for God. Unable to comprehend the purpose, the world is utterly ignorant of God's generous compensation, perfect joy and happiness of heart and mind for time and for eternity.

Shall we for one moment forget that the characteristic calm of our religious teachers exerts a powerful influence in the class-room? The children know and feel the peaceful, purposeful bearing of their teacher. The youngest are keen enough to realize that it is not merely to train hands and minds that Sister labors. Her life is spent in training souls.

Whatever is presented, observed, corrected, and accomplished takes on the same wonderful glow — it is all for the honor and glory of God. How overpowering this thought! Religious do not reflect continually on these facts. They have no need of such reflection. These facts are the warp and woof of their lives. Thus unconsciously peace and patience, self-control and persevering endeavor, enter into the very souls of the children, preparing them not for mere human success, but for eternal life.

How quickly the native keenness of children makes them feel their teacher's power? Their little hearts open

wide before it; they grow to love the Religious with a tender spiritual love — a love far different from that given to parents.

In later life these lessons of love are never forgotten. The influence of the religious teacher never passes out of the lives of her pupils. In the face of trials, difficulties, temptations, the picture of the class-room returns, and with it the vision of that patient teacher, model of sacrifice and self-conquest for the glory of God.

The world does not thank you for what you do, nor does it appreciate your blessed influence. This of itself matters little. Almighty God thinks of you and thanks you. Here is your consolation, your all-sufficient reward. All that you have given, you will receive again a thousandfold.

My dear Sisters, much as I might desire it, it is impossible for me to visit each of your schools and thus become an eye witness of your splendid work. Father Hickey does this work for me. In this connection, what I must recommend again is greater and more perfect unification of labor and effort in the upbuilding of the system of instruction in this Archdiocese. We must continue to unify, — for we are working for a definite purpose, — we want the best possible school system.

This is our aim — to make our schools, our academies, our college, our theological seminary, the very best educational institutions in the world. I call God's blessing on the college, on all our academies and schools, on all our Sisters and Brothers laboring so zealously in this portion of God's vineyard for the thorough Christian education of Catholic children.

CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS [1]

OFFICERS and men, soldiers of the Republic: I come to you to-day to beg God to bless you, to keep you, to strengthen you, that, come what may, you may be found faithful to God and country.

Your duty has called you to high service, a service which demands sacrifice, yes, even perhaps the greatest of all sacrifices. As Christians you will not fear, as Americans you must not flinch.

I know you well; your virile manhood, your pure hearts, your noble faith. I know also that with God's blessing you will not falter.

You constitute a large part of the great heart of America, which yearns for a lasting peace and is willing to offer her best that all the peoples of the earth may be rescued from the perpetual menace of war, and all the cruelties of constant conflict.

The head of Christendom and the leader of democracy, our Holy Father the Pope and our peace-loving President, are both working for the same ultimate purpose, permanent peace, and their united endeavors, with God's help, will surely win.

And you, with perfect, serene faith in our Holy Pontiff's prayers, and unfaltering confidence in our President's purpose, will, by your courage, your self-control, your obedience, your discipline, aid powerfully the tremendous spiritual force resulting from the noble

[1] Address to the officers and men of the 101st Regiment at Camp McGuinness, South Framingham, Friday, August 31, 1917.

rapprochement in intention and sentiment of the two greatest influences in the whole world, the head of the old historic Church and the head of American democracy, the two powers which will, God helping both, in the end succeed in routing this specter of awful war and binding all the peoples of the earth in understanding and amity.

"The basis of all future peace must be justice, and fairness, and the common rights of mankind." These are our President's own words, which I know to be the identical sentiments of the Pope.

Your intrepidity, your holy courage, your noble determination to give all that you have and all that you are for this ideal, will compel all Europe to listen, and at last to accept the final settlement of this awful tragedy, which is destroying civilization and the welfare of the whole world.

Fear nothing; God is with you. You are going forth to conquer war. America has voiced her own war cry; it is, Peace — Peace unequivocal and enduring.

Fear nothing; God is with you. In the loneliest of your hours until we meet again, remember God is with you. He will watch over you in the silence of the night, and He will stand beside you in the din of battle.

Wherever you may be, you will feel His comforting presence. You need never be alone, although, like all those who serve a great cause, you are leaving all you love for that cause.

Jesus Christ, your Redeemer, your Brother, your Friend, will go with you step by step. Lift up your hearts, for the day of triumph will be brought nearer every day by your own noble fidelity to America's purpose and America's endeavor.

May the God of your fathers bless you and preserve you. Every day until we meet again, I shall pray for you and toil for you.

I may not go with you in person; would that I might, to strengthen and guide you on your pilgrimage. But, in my stead, your chaplain will be beside you to give you the Bread of Life, to keep your hearts and minds pure, and your souls strong against temptation. He loves you as I love you, for you are our own dearly beloved sons.

And now, with all the fullness of affection of a father and friend, I wish you Godspeed upon your great mission.

God be with you until we meet again, and God grant it may be soon.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION[1]

My message is to that vast army of loyal, zealous teachers in the Catholic parochial and high schools and colleges and universities, who realize the paramount importance of teaching religion to the American youth.

By the Bishops of the Church the holiest interests are entrusted to your keeping. Under the guidance of your Bishops, who are, by right divine, the teachers of their flocks and have the grave responsibility of assisting you in your labors and directing you in your efforts, you must strive earnestly. On your part, you must be faithful to them, for you are but helpers of the hierarchy in the feeding of the flock of Christ. Teaching is not a thing apart, a profession isolated from the general work of the Church. It is but one portion of that sacred ministry of the Word, the teaching of which was first entrusted to the Apostles and after them to their successors, the Bishops of the Church, for all time.

There is no disunion or dismemberment in the Church's ministrations. No man and no body of men stand apart in the Church's wonderful organization. There are coördination and subordination all along the line of the whole Diocese, with all its varied activities, to the Bishop, and of the Bishop to the Holy See. In the last analysis, according to that wonderful system that runs through the whole Church, the episcopate is entirely responsible, and the episcopate, governed by those wise regulations which

[1] A pronouncement on the ideals of Catholic education, which was published in the educational supplement of the "New York Sun," September 8, 1917, and republished in "The Pilot." September, 1917

the wisdom of the Holy See has framed for its guidance, entrusts this particular share of its multiform labors to those who by vocation and training are best fitted for the task.

It is this union of all, through the episcopate to the Holy See, which constitutes the real strength of the Church's position. In whatever work is undertaken in the name of the Church, whether it be the administration of the Sacraments, the preaching of the word of God, the teaching and training of youth, or any other phase of spiritual ministration, there is the ecclesiastical régime for the guidance of the mind toward truth and the forming of the will toward goodness.

Pius X, wise and practical as he showed himself to be in every act of his wonderful Pontificate, stood for organization and unity, and his constant cry to all those offering their services and aid in every work — moral, intellectual, or social — was, "Stand with your Bishops; seek their counsel and direction and follow their guidance scrupulously."

Your work, if you hope to make it truly efficacious, stable, permanent and truly progressive, while at the same time wisely conservative, must be no exception to the general system which controls and directs every activity in the whole Church all over the world. You must strive first and last for united effort under the Church's constituted authority. No work has succeeded for long without this, and the work of Christian education, all important as it is, cannot be suffered to undergo hazard and risk.

Union, harmony, alliance, organization — these must all be the watchwords.

What a glorious opportunity awaits you here and now for God and country! Outside the Church's pale men

are groping in doubt and darkness for the great principles upon which all civilization and society rest. Where the light of faith has gone out, there is naught but gloom and confusion. The very simplest and most fundamental truths are being questioned. Out of darkness millions of hands are reaching for something that is secure. Out of the babel of myriad voices, each crying its own panacea, arises only the dismal discord of a vain and purposeless philosophy. Amid all the splendor which prosperity and wealth show forth there are a pathetic hollowness and shallowness which foretell great moral danger. The children are stretching forth their hands for bread, and many a heartless scheme called education is offering them only a stone.

A generation has arisen which is famishing for the food which nourishes the whole man. It is cruel beyond words to behold the methods by which their tired-out brains are crammed full with the dry and fruitless morsels which have not a drop of moisture, not even an atom of nourishment, for that in man which is his best and innermost self.

What is it to me that the planets are peopled, if I am starving here, and my planet has neither hope beyond the grave nor consolation in moral anguish! What does it matter to me, if by the wonderful wireless message my words are carried over oceans, if on my little bark, in which all that life holds for me is contained, I must toss unguided upon the boundless sea, with no port into which I may safely and securely enter at last!

Is not all the meaning of science man's fuller happiness? And if the key to eternal happiness is lost, what boots it to be possessed of free entry to every palace in every kingdom of the wide world?

What is education in the end but the preparation for life? And what is life? Here begins the confusion which ends in the destruction of the very primary principles of education. If life is but the passing chance of material happiness and sensual enjoyment, a materialistic philosophy will frame its base view of education upon that degraded foundation, and the schools will turn out monsters with neither mind nor soul.

If the conception of life be utilitarian, the schools will turn out money-machines. If the scope of life be considered merely intellectual acumen, the schools will develop clever criminals. All these views of life are radically or essentially false, and therefore every system of education built upon them as a foundation is radically and essentially false. The truest philosophy the world has ever known, after its investigations, its experiments, its reasonings, and its deductions, has always knelt at the feet of Religion for its final answer to the all-absorbing question, What is life? And religion the world over, under whatever name, in whatever guise, has ever been the only exponent of a sufficient answer to this question.

Here again, though all religions differ in their definiteness of response, they all agree in this, that somehow, in some way, man is not meant for this world alone, and that life in its fullest sense is more than mere thought or intellect or mind, and that that indefinable something which men call "soul," and which is more than mind, is at the very basis of each individual human being.

But there is only One in all the world who has taught humanity what life really is, whence it comes, and what its destiny is. Jesus Christ, the Way, the Truth, and the Life, revealed to a world, which had wandered into every realm of false philosophy and false belief, the only true

conception of existence and destiny. To know, to love, and to serve God, whatever our position, wherever we are, and whatever we do, this is the sublime and only answer to questioning humanity.

His Church alone has held true to His answer. She loves every revelation of true science, because it reveals to her more clearly the knowledge of Him who is all truth. Firm as the pillar and ground of truth, she watches unmoved the vain speculation of idle dreamers, who to-day are famous and to-morrow are forgotten. She has sent forth her children, her apostles, her priests, and her holy religious into all lands to learn as well as to teach, and they have weeded out and sifted all that human learning and research have gathered, and have woven into a solid and compact system those principles upon which the very best and noblest education must rest securely for all the ages to come.

Again and again restless minds, tired of the solemn grandeur of perennial principles, have rushed into novelties and experiments, but again and again they have turned, tired of their vain search, and have sat down at the feet of the Eternal Master. This country has had its share of fruitless experimentalists. The pendulum has swung far, almost to the point of escape, but let us look around us and take courage from the open and public declarations which to-day the men acknowledged to be the leaders of education here and about us have the honesty and sincerity and, let me add, the courage to proclaim. They are tired of mere experimentalism, and the parents and society at large are even more weary than they, and they are returning a wiser if sadder group of men from the fruitless search after the famous intellectual Eldorado to the simple and solid principles of centuries ago, adopted

and used by the Catholic Church; namely, that true learning and real education consist in the building up of the whole man, and in that rebuilding the structure of the moral edifice must have an infinite preponderance and care.

So, you who form the teaching body of the Church in its scholastic branches, learned priests, members of the great religious orders whose history is the story of education, stand firm in a fearless conservation with the Eternal Mother of truth as your guide. While clinging tenaciously and rigidly to the wisdom which she has wrested from the ages, accept only that which is really an acquisition from what the present offers.

St. Benedict, St. Thomas, St. Ignatius, St. Joseph Calasanctius, St. John de la Salle, the great founders and world-famed professors of the grand universities of Europe and the illustrious organizers and framers of common school education! What has a later world to offer that can compare with the learning, the wisdom, the sound judgment, and the magnificent devotion of these intellectual glories of the Church and humanity?

What other men in all the world have conferred such lasting good upon all society as these truly great educators? I am not arguing for a stand-still attitude. I know the value of progress well, but I also know that not everything that calls itself progress is truly such, and that not infrequently the man who has mistaken his path is far wiser to turn back to the secure road rather than lose himself irretrievably and to no purpose in the growing entanglement which leads to nowhere. I am firmly convinced that in some instances we have been rather inclined toward the influence of experimentalism, of which the atmosphere all about us is full, and that we have been too sensitive of being considered old-fashioned.

Let us stop and seriously ponder what these new fashions have produced. What are their fruits? Formerly universities turned out men of solid learning with minds solidly based upon sound principles, with a real knowledge of the best literature of the age, and with what is even of more value, a profound and habitual love of study. What they knew they knew well, and their knowledge, if not embracing every ephemeral theory, was thoroughly broad and comprehensive. Their minds were fitted for whatever specialty they afterward chose to pursue. Their culture was, as it were, pyramidal, with the foundation broad and secure of both mind and character, and upon this foundation they laid a superstructure of refinement and cultivation which pointed ever upward as it rose. The classics were household friends. These men thought as well as read, and they could write something well worth reading. There was a dignity accompanying their learning which gave them nobility of thought as well as refinement of manner.

What have we now in the place of this? The foundations are abbreviated and curtailed, until, indeed, so little is left of them that whatever is afterward built upon them, no matter how high it may reach, is in perpetual danger of tottering. Modern educators are in perpetual labor in their endeavors to invert the pyramid, with the manifest result that each successive stratum added only makes the structure more feeble, and what is still worse, the pyramid is pointing downward. It is time to invert the process, and return to the normal methods. There is such an attempt at futile general culture that solid training is being overlooked, with the result that instead of a compact, well-constituted organism of knowledge, moral as well as mental, there is a spreading out

of a thin veneer over so large a surface that it takes but a short time and little wear to penetrate through the thickest part of it.

It is principles, principles, principles, the foundation stones of life, which are needed to-day. The mere glow of satisfaction which comes on the day of graduation is soon dissipated in the rough-and-tumble of life, unless those principles of the moral and intellectual order are laid so deep and strong that even if for a moment they are slightly disturbed they can never be really moved or shaken.

Now let me come to my conclusion with this word, the expression of a sentiment of complete and well-warranted conviction. It is a word for more religion than we are getting now in our common school and college training. Woe to us all, if whatever else we do, we are lacking in this. If, untrue to our stand, we are carried away by a vain ambition to run after purely secular standards, we shall utterly and absolutely fail in everything, for the very purpose of our existence will be lost.

The children, the young men, the young women who to-day fill our schools, academies, colleges, and universities, are delivered into our hands for one special and distinctive purpose, — that their souls and hearts and minds be instructed, trained, and formed upon the mould of Catholic faith and Catholic principles.

No school or college can shift this responsibility. The children of to-day will be the Catholic men and women of to-morrow. They will have to face a world cold in indifference and even frigid in infidelity. The devotions of their childhood will do much to keep them untainted, but in the fierce battle which the natural and merely human and humanitarian are now waging against everything super-

natural and divine, nothing but profound and intimate knowledge of foundations upon which their faith rests, the divine authority of the Church, and the main and salient points in their Church's history, can save them from ubiquitous perils, which, more than any one else, the professional man and the man in public life must inevitably face. More and not less instruction in religion is the demand of the hour.

It will be your glory if something is done to insure, especially in the colleges, a more serious, more interesting, and more solid course of instruction framed for the college curriculum. Even as a matter of mere intellectual training nothing could commend itself more, but over and above and beyond that, I repeat, it is the very reason of your existence.

And now I have only to wish you Godspeed in your work, a work than which none is more noble. Unite in the firmest union with one another and with all those whose duty it is to watch over and guide and direct the welfare of the Church and the progress of the faith in this country. Under their direction stand firm by the old landmarks and accept the best only of that which is new. Go forward courageously with your eye fixed on the star of faith set immovable in the heavens.

Train up minds and hearts to the knowledge and service of God. Send forth from your schools men and women knowing well what they know. Give to the Church and to the State what both have a right to expect from you, faithful hearts grounded fixedly in Catholic faith and devotion, and citizens, who, next to God, will love their country so well that to serve it faithfully and loyally will be to them the greatest of earthly honors.

RELIGION AND SACRIFICE [1]

For the priests and people of this parish this day is one of great happiness in which I have come to take a humble part. When we gaze upon the extraordinary beauty, the majesty, the dignity of this temple of God erected here by the wonderful faith and coöperation of our good, toiling people, we feel the inspiration of this occasion. This church means so much. It is the embodiment of the noblest traditions of all the Christian centuries. The Catholic church in the smallest village of the world represents not merely that village, or the civilization and the love of art of that particular little colony; it embodies the tradition of twenty centuries of devotion and love of faith.

Religion is sacrifice, the meaning of which the modern world seems to have forgotten. Religion nowadays is to be made a matter of joy and happiness. Everything painful must be put aside. That, however, is not the Christian idea of religion; it never has been the teaching of the religion of Christ, who died for us upon a cross, the most painful of deaths.

Christ and His Church have taught men to overcome suffering by sacrifice; not to flee cowardlike from the little pains and torments of human life, but to go forth and face them courageously, nobly, and fearlessly. To be afraid of pain is to fear one of the many agencies which purify life. To cultivate pleasure in the modern

[1] Address at the dedication of St. Mary's Church, West Quincy, Sunday, September 30, 1917.

spirit is to forfeit everything that is noblest and best in the human soul.

To-day when devotion to pleasure, to money, to mere material progress has choked the soul of humanity, the Church alone constantly preaches Christ's lesson of accepting and conquering pain and everything that is disagreeable in life.

The world has experienced the hollowness of the gospel of pleasure and material progress. What stands out ennobling the minds of men and fitting them for battle array in defense of the highest rights of humanity, is not the doctrine of pleasure, or of denying that pain exists; but the Catholic Christian doctrine, which teaches that to conquer the world we must suffer and, if need be, die.

The doctrine of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ creates the highest type of patriot. Without religion there can be no patriotism.

Such were the sentiments of the great Washington, that wonderful mind, statesman, and seer who understood well that to build up this great Republic we must have the foundation of religious ideals sunk deeply in the hearts of the people. When this is properly understood men will give their lives freely and gladly to defend it.

This church, beloved children in Christ, stands as a perpetual monument of the sacrifice of an honest, hard-working people.

Your fathers and mothers, by the tears they have shed, by the sweat of their labor, by the sincerity and the ardor of their faith, have really built this church. You have contributed out of your better material condition, but had it not been for their fidelity where would either your faith or this church have been to-day?

God has blessed this church. Come into its peace and

kneel before the altar, and, in these troublous times when the world is so full of sorrow, here let us as Catholics and patriots beg God's blessing not only upon this locality, but upon our beloved country and what it represents. Ask Almighty God here to stimulate a true love of country, a true patriotic feeling in every citizen of this wonderful and blessed land. Ask Him to stir up a fervent devotion to our country and its institutions and its laws, which will enable us in peace and prosperity to persevere in the ways of God.

Yes, beloved people, we have a duty as Catholics and as Christians to be doubly patriotic, doubly filled and enamored with the love of our country. We have always been willing to stand by and for the laws and institutions of the country in which we live. Fidelity to our land, whether it be our native land or adopted country, is the first principle of Catholic life.

So let us to-day be shining examples of the love which comes from religion, the true and profound love which is willing to overcome the evils of the world by sacrifice; and let us keep before our minds forever the vision of the Cross of Jesus Christ, for in that Cross is salvation. We cannot escape our crosses; they will come unbidden. We gain nothing by running away from them, but we gain all by steadfastly facing and bearing them for the love of Him who bore His cross for us. May the blessing of God rest upon you all, priests and people.

PRACTICAL PATRIOTISM [1]

THE President has called upon every American to do his utmost to make the Liberty Loan a success, and I am here in response to that appeal.

I have already done my duty in the purchase of these bonds, but it was suggested that, by making known by this method my intense desire to be of service in this national crisis, I might perhaps help in creating a wider interest in the taking up of these bonds.

The times are extraordinary and call for extraordinary methods. Our soldiers and sailors will need everything we can do for them, and it would be a crime for any of us to be indifferent to the tremendous consequences which would result to this country in the unthinkable event of our failure to do our full duty at this critical time.

I am happy to say that I have personal knowledge that the Catholics of the country are striving to perform their full duty, and I have the authority for this from all the civil and military authorities of the land.

In some of our regiments nearly all the soldiers are Catholics, in others more than half, and in others still at least from thirty-five to forty per cent.

I am in constant touch with our Catholic chaplains in the various encampments and they have assured me again and again that our boys are giving a splendid account of themselves in religion and in discipline.

[1] Statement on the Liberty Loan made at the Federal Reserve Bank, Boston, October 16, 1917.

We are proud of what our boys are doing, and on our part we must do everything we possibly can, I repeat, to keep them in good condition morally and physically.

This loan will help towards that end, because not only will it help to feed and clothe our soldier boys properly and well, but out of it also will come the support and sustenance of the chaplains, so that not only as citizens, but as Catholics, we are profoundly interested in the success of this loan.

STATE AID[1]

THE question of State aid for private institutions has been thrust to the fore in such wise that it cannot be ignored. Like every burning question it has different sides. One thing is certain, and that is that there is such a thing in this question as a distinctly Catholic side.

That side has a legitimate right to be voiced, as the Catholics form a very large proportion of this community; and in a democracy the point of view of a very large portion of a community cannot be ignored.

I am going to state that point of view here and now, as the natural spokesman of my co-religionists, who are also my fellow citizens.

The Catholic viewpoint has a distinctly legitimate right to be heard, and in voicing it, I am not claiming any other privilege or prestige than that right which I hold as a citizen of this State.

I have no doubt that those who have thrust this question to the fore will, as usual, sound the alarm that the Church is thus entering the political field.

For all answer to that imputation, I repeat that I am simply standing on my rights as an American citizen.

Now let me state, as clearly and as tersely as I can, our position on this question of State aid. I start with the assumption that the purpose of government is the order, prosperity, and peace of the whole community. If this principle were clearly understood by all the people, but especially by legislators, much of the confusion and con-

[1] Address to Federation of Catholic Societies at Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Roxbury, October 28, 1917.

sequent disorder arising from ill-advised legislation would be avoided.

Taking, therefore, that principle as the background of our reasoning, let us study the present situation as regards the attitude of the State with regard to private institutions.

In every State we find two kinds of institutions, — those controlled entirely by the government, and those controlled by private individuals and corporations. The duty of the State to maintain and support the first category, namely, those controlled and directed entirely by the State, is of course obvious. The whole question turns about the relation of the State towards institutions controlled either by private individuals, corporations, or trustees.

The reason for the existence of these private institutions, whether educational or charitable, is that there are, always have been, and always will be, special wants and needs and circumstances in which various groups of the general community are especially interested, and these institutions are founded precisely to minister to these special needs.

The State as such is directly bound first and foremost to its own institutions, but so long as these private institutions, founded and maintained by groups of individuals within the State for special educational or charitable needs, do not conflict with the well-being of the State, but rather add to that well-being in special and peculiar and particular ways which the State itself cannot use, it stands to reason that the State or the government of the State, far from impeding the beneficence of those private institutions, should look upon them all with a kindly eye, and, when possible, should encourage them in their growth and development.

This for two obvious reasons: first of all, because they are aiding the State in ways in which the State itself is powerless to act, or at least in which the State has wisely inhibited itself from action, as, for instance, in the matter of religion and the teaching of morality based upon religion; and secondly, because of the very practical consideration that these institutions save the State immense sums of money which, were it not for these private institutions, it would be absolutely necessary for it to expend.

It would seem hardly necessary to enter profoundly upon this argument. Who can deny that the Massachusetts General Hospital has saved the State millions of dollars? Equally, who can deny that the Church schools, while doing a work directly beneficial to the State, yet which the State itself cannot do, save millions of dollars for the community?

These facts are so obvious that they hardly seem to require more than a statement of them. I repeat, the only thing that need concern the State is, that these institutions interfere in no way with the order, welfare, and peace of the community, but rather that they further all three of these purposes of government.

So, I think that it must be absolutely clear, to everybody who can reason at all, that a wise government, especially if that government be a democracy, not only welcomes the existence of these private beneficent and benevolent institutions, but from time to time, as necessity or need urges, aids them in the measure it finds itself able to do so, by moderate financial assistance, equivalent to very much less than that which the State would otherwise be compelled to expend, and by the negative method of exempting them from taxation.

This I cannot repeat too often, for the double reason, that these institutions are of immense assistance to the welfare of the State in ways which it cannot reach, and because of the enormous saving of money to the State by these very institutions.

This, without question, ought to be the normal attitude of a wise and impartial government towards private beneficent institutions; and as a matter of fact and history, this has been the attitude of Massachusetts up to within this recent period of agitation.

The figures are at hand which show beyond the possibility of doubt, that the government of Massachusetts has voted during the last fifty years upwards of fifteen millions of dollars to various institutions of learning and benevolence. So now, when suddenly a small but noisy group of individuals clamors for a radical change from this very reasonable attitude of the State it is the most natural thing in the world to ask, "What is the cause of this complete reversal of sentiment?"

We are not left to guess the reason; it has been stated very clearly by the leaders of this dissident faction. In plain words it is this: "Hitherto the grants given to private institutions were those frankly and openly for the maintenance and encouragement of Protestant institutions, and, to our mind, that was all right. Now there is danger that in the future the citizens of Massachusetts belonging to the Catholic religion will ask assistance and aid for some of the institutions of their faith, and this, according to our position, is absolutely wrong."

Here, then, we have in their own words, clearly expressed, their absolutely partisan attitude, namely, so long as the State assists financially the private institutions under Protestant control, the State does right; but

we must see to it that in no way will the State favor or aid the private institutions of Catholics.

Stripped of all its rhetoric, here is the plain position of those who, after laboring in secret for several years past, have now openly urged upon the State legislative action by which no Catholic institution shall ever be assisted or aided from the public funds.

To expect the Catholic citizens of this democracy to accept such a gratuitous insult is to attribute to them a servility and a cowardice too mean for words to express.

The fact that the wording of the Amendment was changed to exclude, in theory at least, all institutions, neither robs the Amendment of its malice nor remedies the inherent injustice thus forced upon the State in violation of all the principles which we have hitherto upheld and which I have already explained.

Its malice is so one-sided and so obviously partisan, that no mere cloaking of general terms can cover it. I do not say now that those who framed the Revised Amendment either saw its full malice or understood its complete bearings, both as against the obvious duty of the State, and especially as against Catholic institutions.

I feel certain for instance, to speak quite plainly, that Mr. Curtis, who now has the doubtful honor of having the Amendment named after him, would be incapable of either wanting to rob the State of one of its most splendid prerogatives or of robbing the future citizens of this State of the glorious right of legislating for themselves.

I have known him for years, and my knowledge of his character precluded the thought of any such intention on his part. But we are not dealing with persons, but with facts; and the fact here is that this Amendment, now

proposed for ratification by the people, is by its very nature undemocratic, unjust, absolutely short-sighted, and absolutely injurious to the welfare of the State of Massachusetts.

We are asked, think of it, citizens of Massachusetts, first, to destroy by one stroke of the pen all the power for good that this State shall ever have towards keeping alive the good work and the welfare of all its very finest institutions, of which all of us have been so proud.

Moreover, and again think well on it, we are asked to rob the future citizens of this State of their most fundamental rights, namely, of providing, as they shall see best in their day, for the things which concern their highest welfare.

We are asked, and again I beg you to reflect well upon it, to enkindle anew all the flickering embers of partisan agitation and religious prejudice, and that at the very time of all times when we have the most absolute need of perfect unity.

We are asked, consider it well, citizens of Massachusetts, to strangle our kindly feelings toward one another, merely to quiet the howlings of a group of vicious bigots, whose howlings will, nevertheless, never cease, no matter what is done to appease them.

For no one can deny, who knows the facts, that the Curtis Amendment never would have been thought of, were it not for the hope of quieting, at least for a while, this quarrelsome element of our otherwise peaceful community.

We are asked to do all these things under the pretext of impartiality, but we have no reason to believe that there is anything impartial in the minds of those who for fifty years have witnessed the giving of State aid to Prot-

estant institutions and have seen nothing but good in it, but who to-day have only one desire and one purpose, to create legislation antagonistic to the interests of their Catholic fellow citizens.

Is it surprising that our people absolutely refuse to believe that the literal meaning of this Amendment will ever be carried out?

Is it surprising that they feel absolutely certain that, even if this Amendment passes, it will still mean only Catholic exclusion, and that plenty of loopholes will be found to continue the State aid of all other institutions?

Certainly, considering the trickiness and deceit which are so characteristic of the leaders of this vicious faction, it would be nothing short of criminal stupidity for us to accept their oily protestations as being anything but utterly insincere and unworthy of trust.

No one regrets more than we the position in which we now find ourselves. No one can say that we created the situation. We have asked for absolutely nothing.

I am not thinking now of the miserable fifty thousand dollars which a few of our needy institutions were given in their time of dire stress. When that is put on one side, and on the other the fifteen millions lavishly distributed to all sorts of other institutions, we can still repeat: "We have asked for nothing and we have received nothing."

And, citizens of Massachusetts, let me ask you to consider just this plain fact. While our people, the poorest in the whole community, the least able to contribute, were giving out of their scanty earnings the blessed mites for the rearing of our noble Catholic institutions, which are a part of the glory of this Commonwealth, they stood by silently and saw the Massachusetts Legislature distribute, with a lavish hand, million after million, to aid in the

upbuilding of institutions in which they themselves could never have a word of control, nor receive one cent's worth of benefit; to which they could never look even for assistance in trouble or aid in difficulties, unless forsooth they were willing first to forfeit their own self-respect, in the forfeiting of their highest and noblest spiritual rights.

This is what I want you to notice most of all, that in all this absolutely obvious partiality, our people have never uttered one word either of envy, jealousy, or complaint. Centuries of injustice have inured us so thoroughly to such one-sided action that we have become almost too callous to it.

No one can accuse us of attempting to stop the generosity of the State towards Protestant institutions, or to any kind of beneficent institutions other than our own. Our people knew only too well that we had no one to voice our cause, for let us admit it quite frankly, here and now, those few who could do that remained dumb.

It may be that they knew that to speak was useless, and after all, even those who were supposed to represent us in the legislative halls have again and again been recreant to their highest duty. But whatever the cause or whatever the reason, certainly the fact is, our share in the State's benevolence and good-will has ever and always been totally eclipsed by the less modest demands of the various denominational representatives all about us.

Yes, let me repeat, and I beg of you to consider this, we have never murmured; we have been, in a word, not only unenvious, but magnanimous.

We have actually rejoiced that, since alas, we had no one to place our needs in evidence, at least others were not as impotent as we.

In return for all this, think of it, what do we now re-

ceive? At the time when, with the keenness of a jealous vision, it was foreseen in certain quarters that at last our voice, too, might at least begin to be audible, even before we have a chance to speak, the door is slammed violently in our faces, and we are informed that, now that they have gotten all that they have asked for, the fountain is dried up. For this bitter, gratuitous, uncalled-for insult, we are asked to give thanks.

Citizens of Massachusetts, there are some things that no self-respecting man will ever consent to bear.

We cannot believe that the mass of our fellow citizens mean us to be thus intolerably dealt with.

We cannot believe that the bulk of those who disagree with us in matters of religion intend us to be thus insultingly discriminated against. For that, I repeat, is at bottom the full purpose of this Amendment.

Are we to believe that those with whom we are dealing every day socially, financially, and commercially, on a basis of friendship and kindly democratic equality, under all the appearances of professed good-will, are, after all, only masquerading their distrust, their suspicion, and their hatred?

Are we to believe that even in nineteen hundred and seventeen our men are indeed to have the privilege of going out and offering their lives for the Republic and for this State of Massachusetts, but that, nevertheless, when it is a case of dealing with us in these affairs in which we require kindly consideration, we are still only to be snubbed and rejected?

Citizens of Massachusetts, do you want us to believe these things? Do you really stand side by side with those bigots who accuse us of wanting to pilfer from the treasury of the State?

Do you, to be quite personal, think that we, native sons of Massachusetts, educated under her protection, reared side by side with you; we, who have worked with you and played with you; we, who have rejoiced with you and mourned with you; we, whose goings out and comings in day after day you know fully and completely; we, your fellow citizens and co-workers, have secret designs upon the welfare of this State and this country, as these vicious agitators repeatedly declare?

Do you really believe this, and are all your demonstrations of friendliness and coöperation only a cloak to conceal all these utterly stupid and vicious notions?

Are you going to show by numbers, by accepting this Amendment, that in reality you repudiate us and all our willingness for service? We cannot believe such things possible.

Or, if you force us by your action to accept that position, then do us the favor to tell us so openly, that we may really know where we stand.

For we are American citizens, as you are, and we give our lives and our blood as readily as you; and, Amendment or no Amendment, we shall stand unflinchingly upon those rights and we shall never cease to vindicate our honor, of which a petty, vicious little group, unworthy of the name of Americans, are constantly attempting to rob us.

We have been patient, we shall still be patient until patience ceases to be a virtue. We shall await anxiously your verdict. We still hope that you will stand with us in preserving to the honor of this State one of its noblest privileges, to assist all those in need of aid, who think of nothing else but their highest duty to the State. The Constitution as it stands in this matter of the Bill of

Rights is clear enough and good enough to be allowed to remain just as it is.

The purpose of this Amendment is to cripple the power for good which every State ought to possess. After all, we are only pleading to let well enough alone ; but if your verdict is both against us and against the State's power of beneficence, do not blame us if never again we will rest under the illusion that we are being dealt with fairly and in a friendly spirit.

OPPOSITION A DUTY[1]

THE duty of all those who wish to stand for good government and peace in this community is by this time perfectly clear and must be doubly clear to every true Catholic.

One week ago, I stated emphatically our position with regard to the Sectarian Amendment. Since that time we have heard on all sides a jumble of words talked all around the question but really never touching it, and not one writer or speaker, since I have given my arguments on the question, has even so much as attempted to dispute them.

A score of reasons have been assigned, but not one of them is a real reason. The only conclusion that one can gather from this endless screed is this: First, that those who for years have been working against every show of fair play for the Catholic citizens of this State and country now have a fair chance of putting this anti-Catholic measure through; and, secondly, that those who for one reason or another, in good faith or in bad faith, voted for this measure in the Convention must not now change their position.

But this is neither reason nor argument, as any clear-minded person can see. It is simply adding stubbornness to ill-will, and such motive for action is unworthy of any rational being.

Again and again we read that no insult is intended to Catholics. This is merely smooth talk, which can deceive nobody.

[1] Address to Guild of Laymen's Retreats at St. Gabriel's Monastery, Brighton, November 4, 1917.

I think I need not reiterate the words of my address to prove clearly the insult — intended by some unmistakably, unintended by others certainly — but clear as the noonday sun, nevertheless, to all who have their eyes to see.

The Catholic position has been stated too clearly to require repetition; and now, let me say, it has been stated so clearly that any man calling himself a Catholic, who, after the clearest light poured upon the whole situation, persists in advocating the passing of the Amendment or votes for it himself is guilty of an action of which, let us hope, he may have the grace some day to repent. But the effects of his action will work out an incalculable wrong which one day he will rue.

If further proof were needed to demonstrate to such Catholic legislators the falsity of their position, they certainly have it in the fulsome compliments now paid them by the very same group which, until yesterday, could not find epithets vile enough to hurl at them.

That in itself ought to be convincing proof that they have really entered the camp of the enemy.

In the past all Catholics were roundly abused because they did not repudiate them and their policies.

Now the bigots are the ones who not only open their arms wide to receive them, but even acclaim them as their own heroes.

If anything further were needed to open the eyes of such Catholics, surely they have it here. All this adulation will continue just so long only as their disloyalty to their own may last.

We stood by them when the air was thick with denunciation and abuse, not that we always did or could approve all that they were doing, but because we saw only

too clearly that the same things might be done openly by others with impunity and even with praise.

We refused to condemn one side and let the other go unscathed. We have never consented to play the rôle of the Pharisee.

Now we witness the spectacle of those who yesterday defamed them, maligned them, caricatured them, placing upon their courageous brows a crown of highest honor. They, who yesterday were openly designated as undesirable citizens, to-day are being offered the loftiest pæans of praise.

I for one feel certain that no one will be deceived by all this. They are merely the thirty pieces of silver in disguise, and they are being offered for the same sole reason.

No Catholic of Massachusetts will, I feel sure, allow himself to be thus deceived.

After all, what if there have been misunderstandings? Even the wisest have been at times deceived. But to sin against the light is a sin against the Holy Ghost, and the penalty for that is an awful one.

The meanest, the vilest thing that any man can do is to betray the confidence, the perfect trust of a friend.

We are trusting our very safety for the future to every son of the Church, and we feel certain still, that, when it comes to the test to stand by us or betray us, they will do their honest duty.

A MANIFOLD THANKSGIVING DAY[1]

It is certainly a very beautiful thought, a fine sentiment, beloved children in Christ, that brings you here this morning before the altar of God to offer your prayers for the souls of those good and great Irish men and women who have given up their lives throughout the world for the greatest of all causes — the right and the truth.

I have before me the men and the women of the Irish societies of this community, and it gives me pride and happiness to recognize in your presence that fine Irish sentiment that puts God before everything, that even in the darkest days can still see God's light beaming from the skies and through the mists, bringing its message of consolation and hope.

It has ever been characteristic of the Irish race that by the purity of their hearts and the chastity of their souls they discern God ruling this world. They have a vision of Him in every phase of their lives, and no calamity, no sadness, no grief, and no suffering of the centuries, has ever been able to blur that vision. This is the secret of their unfaltering confidence in the ultimate triumph of their righteous cause. Occasions such as these keep alive the love of their race and affection for that cradle of their race, dear old Ireland.

In this custom of Thanksgiving Day all over America we see the working out of a great Catholic ideal — the union of the family. To the Catholic, the living members of the family are not the only ones who come to mind to-

[1] Address to the Irish County Clubs, Cathedral, Thanksgiving Day, 1917.

day, but also of that precious circle are those now dead and gone. It is no merely material feast day. It is the gathering of the whole family in the communion of saints, for in the presence of our beloved dead we gather the true lesson of human life, that what is eternal only is worth living for, worth dying for.

Oh, beloved children and sons of the Irish race and the Catholic faith, so long as the light of your religion illumines your mind in this way, the hopes of your race can never be blasted. Be not deceived by the ephemeral cries which the world raises from time to time, for a race is never like a single weak human being who may be crushed. A great race never dies. A race passes through its hours of trial, but these hours of trial are but periods of purification.

Let me keep before your pure minds your clear faith, the one thing which your religion has always taught you — that after all God is justice, and in His own time, and in His own way, He brings out of oppression and suffering the triumph of the truth and the right.

On this Thanksgiving Day we have reason to thank God, and especially to thank God for the dead of Ireland, living still, whose memory for centuries stirred the hearts of those they left behind. Let us thank God again that we are here in this wonderful and blessed country, America, for remember that if we are sons of the Gael, we are also children of America.

All the people of this land have somewhere beyond the seas the nest, the cradle of their race. Every one living here, in this blessed land of America, except the Indian himself, has both a fatherland and a land of his fathers. He has a land which for centuries was the cradle of his race, and this land of lands which is his own beloved

fatherland. Every one with true Irish blood loves and reveres Ireland; he also has an undying, holy love for this great land, America.

Now on this Thanksgiving Day, let us raise our hearts in gratitude to God that America is in this war. Whatever ideas one may have of the cause of the war among European nations, or whatever the purpose of each individual nation in going into the war, let history decide. But this we know to-day, and for this we ought to be filled with righteous pride, that America is in this war not for greed or selfishness, but only to maintain the principles of righteousness and justice.

God only knows what might have happened were the nations of Europe left to battle against one another without some great, unselfish arbiter. That arbiter is America, who will see to it that no mere force or might, no mere greed for greater power or more territory, will triumph, but that the great, the sublime, the holy ideals — justice for all, the rights of small nations, the independent sovereignties of distinct peoples — will triumph in the end.

No other nation has ever taken up the sword with a nobler resolution or under more glorious inspirations. Hitherto America, like every other nation, was bound to fight either for its independence against others or for unity among its own people. But this time it is not for itself in any sense, neither is it for greater wealth, nor greater power, nor greater glory, but simply and solely that right and not might shall prevail, that each individual people shall be respected in its own sovereignty, that not the power of arms but the power of truth shall be the arbiter in the world's destiny.

Therefore, it is the duty of every one of us here in

America, no matter what our race or our racial history may be, to stand for America in this tremendous conflict of right against might and keep her in this righteous cause by every means in our power.

On this Thanksgiving Day, thank God above all things that you are true Americans, believing in her highest ideals, faithful to her highest inspirations. Irishmen, remember to-day, it is to God and America that Ireland must look for the vindication of all that her dead have died for. It is because America has not been willing to stand idly by that the children of every small nation of the earth may rejoice that there is such a country, such a blessed land as America.

Therefore, while you are Irishmen, true to the traditions of your race, let it be doubly true also that you are fervent, loyal, patriotic Americans. May God bless you all.

THE IDEALS OF POLAND[1]

It gives me great happiness to welcome you, children of great Poland and children of the Catholic Church, in the mother church of the Diocese on this feast of Thanksgiving. We see in your presence the glory of your people, for you come here to-day to give voice to the highest ideals of your race and your nation, fidelity to the great undying principles of the Catholic religion and eternal love and affection for the mother land of your noble race.

You are here this morning to recall the mighty deeds of one of your heroes who came to this country to assist America in her battle for the right, for that freedom which has so long been denied Poland.

To-day, before the altar of God you kneel not only to ask His mercy for the souls of departed heroes, but to keep alive in your hearts and souls the memory of those great men whose deeds are the embodiment of all your aspirations as a people and a race.

The world is undergoing a tremendous test. War has brought a dread, a fever, and a chill upon the hearts of humanity. Men are dying by the millions. Out of this welter of blood God alone can bring the truth and the right.

Yet in the midst of sorrow, trouble, misery, and even defeat, our Faith teaches us to see the God of justice who will one day recompense the right. Beloved chil-

[1] Address to the Polish Catholic Societies, at the Cathedral, Thanksgiving Day, 1917.

dren of Poland, when we think of all that your nation has suffered, when we recall that again and again through the centuries she has felt the tyranny of a foreign power, that her children have died not only for their own rights, but often merely on account of the greed and the selfishness of others, our hearts are filled with admiration and pity, for nothing has ever daunted or ever quelled your nation.

To-day you are here in the church of God, firm in your determination to keep the highest ideals of your race alive forever; and oh, beloved people, remember there is only one thing that can do this. Neither greed, nor momentary power, nor material triumph will ever accomplish any lasting good. The present war will prove that such things in the end are all in vain. It is the noble aspirations of the soul of a nation, which is a thousand times defeated, yet never conquered; which can never die so long as it sees above the world, and the mere triumph of might and greed, the eternal right, that will stand the test of time.

For this reason, despite your woes and sufferings, and the afflictions of your great nation, you are still virile in your holy faith and in the knowledge of the right; and, God helping, the day is fast coming when right will triumph over might, for America has entered this tremendous world struggle for no other purpose. She could no longer stand aside, for again and again history has proved that, after all, the most powerful nations of the world often battle for no other purpose than for greed, for gold, for power; but America has entered this terrible struggle to bring triumph to the right. We stand for the weak and small nations, for the victory of truth over the brute power of material strength.

Beloved children, I know your love for Poland; it is written in every act of your lives. I know your love for the Church; you have sacrificed everything, but never have denied your Faith. You have proved your loyalty to Christ and the Church through long and bitter centuries.

Now America is to gain in your love and in your strength new power and new energy. America to-day is your best and truest friend. She is fighting for your highest aspirations and ideals. Let us ask Almighty God on this day of thanksgiving to bless America and to keep alive the noble spirit of faith, the high ideals of the Polish people in this, their adopted country. May God's blessing descend upon you, upon your families, upon your nation, and upon all the poor and lonely suffering ones who during these last three years have passed through so much misery and so much agony in forsaken and suffering Poland.

May God bless you and reward you a thousand times for your fidelity to the Catholic faith and to your ideals. To-day the memory of Kosciusko rises as an inspiration to love God more, to love the light more, to love the truth more, to love the Church more, and to keep forever unsullied the ideals of your race and of your nation.

While insuring these, let us doubly venerate this land and love this country, which eminent, among the nations, is standing for what is finest and best, what is most lasting and eternal — the triumph of right over might.

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